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SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIES

RHODES—BARNATO—BURNHAM

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. HAMMOND'S PERSONAL COLLECTION

I

IT was my good fortune to enjoy for seven years an intimate association with Cecil John Rhodes, who was not only the most remarkable man I have ever known, but, take him all in all, the most thoroughly to be admired.

I was his friend. I was engaged with him in the active management of great business enterprises. I was his companion in adventurous roamings through trackless wilderness inhabited by ferocious beasts and hostile savages. I have been with him in camp where lions roared close at hand, to be kept off only by a wall of fire and the firing of guns, and not prevented even by such means from snatching our donkeys or occasionally a negro boy.

Thus I may fairly claim to have known Rhodes well. I can testify that he was far from being the selfish and ruthless man his enemies declared. His character was exactly the opposite. Fairness and justice were guiding principles from which he never swerved. More than once I have heard him say: "Always put yourself in the other fellow's place. Any trade that is not satisfactory to the other fellow is not satisfactory to me." And again: "I have never in my life met anybody with whom it wasn't just as easy to deal as to fight."

Ambitious, yes, but on a grand and noble scale. He cared nothing for money except for the power its possession gave. "I do like power," he said to me. He liked to control great affairs and would say that he "loved the game."

This man, who was called the empire-builder, who "thought in continents," had started in life with almost every possible handicap. The son of a poor English clergyman, and one of the youngest of nine children, he was moneyless and sickly. In the hope that his health might be benefited, he was shipped off at seventeen years of age to an elder brother's farm in Natal. A year after his arrival in South Africa there arose a great excitement over the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley. There was a rush of wealth-seekers to the scene, and the boy, eager for a chance to gain sudden fortune, hastened thither, making the journey of several hundred miles in an ox-cart, and carrying with him no other equipment than a spade, a bucket, and a few well-thumbed volumes of Latin and Greek classics.

Kimberley in those early days—the year was 1871—was a place neither inviting nor healthful. It lacked sanitation and was beset by fevers. Young Rhodes found it hard to get wholesome food, and it would not seem that his diamond-digging yielded him immediate riches. By desperate frugality he managed to save enough to make a trip each winter to England, where, at Oxford, he studied diligently. There was one year when he was too poor to go. His health was still

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wretched, and there came a time when he was told by his physician that he had only six months to live. But this was a man who defied adverse conditions and overrode obstacles. He obstinately refused to die; and only a few years later he personally controlled the diamond business of the world, having formed the greatest business combination ever established up to that time, which produced nearly all of the diamonds, regulated the supply, and fixed the prices.

It was necessary to fix the market price for diamonds to avoid the cutthroat competition which had obtained prior to the consolidation of the properties. So severe was this competition that the market price of the stones was actually below cost of production, and the industry was on the verge of financial collapse. At that time Cape Colony was dependent for a considerable part of its revenue, and almost entirely for its maintenance, upon the diamond industry at Kimberley.

This diamond trust has since grown to enormous proportions, and in effect has a monopoly of the world's diamond business, a very large percentage of the sparkling stones from Kimberley being sold in America. The output could be much increased were it not for the danger of congesting the market.

My first meeting with Cecil Rhodes was in 1893. I had gone to South Africa as an expert in gold-mining, to act as consulting engineer for B. I. Barnato. Barney Barnato, as everybody called him, was one of the most extraordinary characters in that land of extraordinary men. His life was one of romance. He was a Whitechapel Jew, who had gone to South Africa penniless, but who at the time of which I speak had become a diamond magnate. He had also important gold-mining interests at Johannesburg.

It was my job to manage and develop Barnato's gold-mining properties, and I had brought with me from America several first-class mine-managers. Barnato desired to employ me under contract for a term of years, but I refused to engage myself to him for more than six months, saying that if at the end of that time he did not consider it worth while to pay me a larger salary and give me a share in his profits I would prefer to look elsewhere. For the time being, however, I had no reason to be dissatisfied with the salary Barney gave me. He paid me handsomely; and certain engineers of other nationalities, jealous of the intrusion of American engineers into the field, spoke of me rather unkindly as "Barnato's white elephant." Under those circumstances it was natural that I should be particularly eager to make good.

In the course of the six months I perceived two great opportunities for Barnato, and placed them at his disposal. One was the acquisition of a large mining area, as yet unworked, on the eastern end of the Rand. It offered a prospect of millions; and I may add that, as a result of subsequent development, this area became most profitable. I had secured a short option on the property and urged Barnato to purchase it, but he was so occupied with other mining propositions far less important that he failed to avail himself of the big chance.

The other opportunity was much more speculative, but promised fabulous profits in case of success. It was a scheme for deep-level mining. Up to that time the companies had been content to confine their activities to comparatively shallow workings below the outcropping reefs or veins. My proposition was to dig down into the depths. Since then many hundreds of millions of dollars have been taken from the deep levels, whence, indeed, most of the present-day output of gold from the Rand is coming.

But it was Cecil Rhodes who grasped this great opportunity when I presented it to him, and who carried the scheme into effect.

At the termination of my six months' contract with Barnato I resigned my position, and almost immediately thereafter I received a telegram from Rhodes, who was at that time Prime Minister of Cape Colony, asking me to come and see him at Cape Town. I lost no time in responding to the summons, and, when I saw him, the upshot of our talk was a proposition by him that I should take charge of all his gold-mining properties. He offered me a most liberal salary, and readily assented to my stipulation that I should be responsible to him alone, and subject to interference by nobody else.

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B. I. Barnato.

From the autographed photograph in the possession of Mr. John Hays Hammond.

Barnato was much surprised and taken aback by my departure from his employment, though I had given him timely notice, telling him that, inasmuch as he was disinclined to follow my advice and pursue a more energetic policy, I felt compelled to resign in preservation of my self-respect, and lest I be deprived of opportunities to become identified with the great engineering problems on the Rand.

Barney chose to consider that Rhodes had played him a mean trick. He went to see Rhodes and, thumping the table angrily, he said: "Suppose you had a chef whose culinary skill you highly valued, and that I were to hire him away from

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you. You wouldn't think that a decent performance on my part, would you? Of course not; and yet, in getting Hammond away from me, you have done exactly that kind of thing." That this was wholly unjust the explanation I have made will show.

Notwithstanding our business rupture, Barney and I always remained good friends. After the Jameson Raid, when I was in jail at Pretoria charged with complicity in that enterprise, he remained six months in the town on my account, doing everything in his power to help me. Later on he was present at a dinner given in honor of other men and myself on our release from prison, and in the course of a speech was kind enough to say that he regarded me as his best investment, and that he was sorry he had not followed the advice I gave him.

Barney was a financial genius. If he were alive to-day and without a cent, I would grubstake him with a few thousand dollars, and, launched with that small capital in Wall Street, he would soon have all the money there was in that speculative centre. He had the reputation of being shrewd, perhaps excessively so, and by some was regarded as not over-scrupulous, but he possessed many virtues.

His end was tragic and lamentable. A few months before his death he had formed a corporation to take over all of his mining interests. On his advice many of his friends in England had purchased shares in this new company. There was every reason to suppose that Barney's representations as to the value of the shares would be realized; but unfortunately a financial depression arrived in London, and the Barnato, in common with all other South African shares listed on that market, declined greatly.

Barnato, who was in Johannesburg at the time, became much depressed. Being compelled to return to London to meet his disappointed shareholders, this prospect weighed so heavily on his mind that he threatened to commit suicide. His nephew, "Solly" Joel, and other friends made it their business to keep watch over him on the voyage to England, and so carefully did they guard him that he did not succeed in carrying out his threat until the day before the steamer touched at Madeira, about ten days' sail from Cape Town.

While pacing the deck arm-in-arm with Joel, Barney said: "Solly, what time of day is it?" "Solly" released his arm for a moment and Barney seized the chance to jump overboard. His body was recovered.

That was before the days of wireless. Had Barney lived to reach Madeira he would have learned that the market had taken a turn upward, that the shares he had sold to friends were actually standing at a premium, and that he would not have to suffer the humiliation of facing a disappointed crowd of shareholders.

To-day, under the able management of "Solly" Joel—who, by the way, was a prison-mate of mine at Pretoria in connection with the Jameson Raid—the Barnato group is the greatest group of financiers in England, surpassing even the Rothschilds in money power. It controls the diamond industry and also many of the most important gold-mines of the Rand.

In the early days of diamond-mining at Kimberley, there was a law forbidding anybody to own more than one claim. This was repealed, and immediately thereupon Cecil Rhodes, who at the time was only twenty-seven years old, undertook to consolidate the properties, organizing the De Beers Mining Company (named after a Dutchman who had a share in the enterprise), and acquiring nearly half of the diamond-producing area.

The concern known as the De Beers Diamond Mines was the first great industrial trust (as we call such combinations nowadays) ever organized. At that period we had not yet begun in the United States to develop "big business" on any such scale of magnitude. It is easy to imagine the power which control of such sources of inexhaustible wealth eventually placed in the hands of Rhodes.

Rhodes was an adventurer on a colossal scale. He planned mighty things and never hesitated at a great risk if a proportionate end was to be gained. His vision, courage, and resolution are well illustrated in connection with the story of the deep levels.

As we sat about our camp-fire one

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evening—Rhodes, Jameson, and I, on a trip through Mashonaland—a discussion arose between Rhodes and myself about the future of the Rand. He wanted to know how long the life of the Rand mines would be. I told him that geologically there was no reason why it should not last many more years; that from an engineering point of view there was no limit to the depth to which mining might be carried. Then I went on to explain that, whereas outcrop claims were selling anywhere from $10,000 to $100,000 per acre, we could pick up all the other land for deep-level mining at $50 to $100 per acre, providing no one discovered what we were trying to do. I figured that, allowing for the cost of sinking shafts to a depth of 3,000 feet, his profits would be twenty or thirty times as great as those yielded by the enormously costly outcrop lands.

"Why would it not be good business," Rhodes asked, "to sell the outcrop-company holdings quietly, buy all the ground along the deep levels for ten or twelve miles, and start mining at 2,000 to 5,000 feet?"

"I recommended that to Barnato," I said, "but he was too busy with other things to bother about it."

"Let's send a cablegram to London at once!" Rhodes exclaimed.

About two o'clock in the morning my secretary—now Lord Saye and Sele, a fearless adventurer, a D. S. O. man, and a crack-shot—started with only a couple of natives, on a 500-mile ride across dangerous country to the nearest railroad station at Mafeking, with a cable to the London directors of the Consolidated Gold Fields. The cable, signed by Rhodes, was briefly this:

"Have decided best policy for company would be sell out our entire holdings in outcropping companies. Do this at once. Hammond approves. Cable reply."

It took over a month for our representative to cover the land journey, receive the reply, and rejoin us near the Zambesi, a total ride of over 1,000 miles. And this was the wording of the directors' reply:

"We don't understand your cablegram. Do you wish us to liquidate company? This cannot be done without full explanation to directors."

Rhodes was furious. He was not in the habit of having his explicit instructions disobeyed. He sent back this cablegram:

"Do exactly what I instructed you to do at once without asking questions. I take full responsibility."

This time the London agents obeyed. When we got back to Johannesburg several million dollars' worth of shares had been turned into cash at very high prices, the market being then at the height of a boom. We immediately set machinery in motion to acquire all the land we wanted, and, though there was no end of haggling by some of the parties in interest, we finally got nearly all we were after, and the whole deep-level plan of mining was mapped out and started. We had to spend millions before we reached a trace of gold, and more millions before we won a single ounce of metal. But within two years we made $10,000,000 profit on the transaction. Had it not been for deep-level mining, the Rand would have been nearly exhausted by now.

There is one bit of unpublished history that may as well see light now. It will show how near Rhodes came to controlling the copper output of the world.

The near coup was scheduled for 1895. By this time the new gold-mines were pouring out millions and millions of dollars' worth of their precious product, and we could have raised $200,000,000 or $300,000,000 of capital without trouble. The memorable Secrétan Copper Syndicate, which aimed at buying up the bulk of the world's stock of copper and boosting the price, had collapsed ignominiously some time before this. The brilliant but erratic Frenchman had gone about things the wrong way.

Rhodes, having managed to establish control of the international diamond business, was interested in the idea of acquiring control, not of finished copper but of all the principal copper-mines of the world, so as to be able to regulate output and price. He succeeded in interesting the Rothschilds, who controlled the great Rio Tinto mine as well as another large mine in Mexico. Alfred Beit was also behind us, as were all the resources of the De Beers and the Consolidated Gold

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Fields—the whole representing hundreds of millions of dollars.

I laid out plans at Mr. Rhodes's request for control of Anaconda and other American properties, and the scheme was so far advanced that I was to leave for the United States early in 1895 to complete the American end of the deal.

Unfortunately the Jameson Raid came on. I was in prison for six months, and then Rhodes went to Matabeleland to quell a serious uprising of natives in that territory. So the whole gigantic plan fell through.

When twenty-three years old, Rhodes, with four other young men, addressed a long letter to the Prime Minister of England, Lord Beaconsfield, telling him how the empire ought to be run. Not very long before his death he said to me: "I have never deviated from the policy laid down in that letter."

He liked to get out a big atlas and talk about the future of China, of Mexico, and of other countries, trying to look ahead fifty or a hundred years, and speculating as to what the relations of the various nations of the world would be, what conditions might mutually attract some or repel others, and so forth. Always he was a great admirer of America and the Americans.

On one occasion, studying the map of Africa, he swept his hand from the Mediterranean to the Cape, and said, "I want to see that all red!"—meaning, of course, all British. Of such an exalted character were his real ambitions, not for himself personally but for the welfare of mankind, and most particularly for the expansion and aggrandizement of the British Empire.

In the last-named direction how marvellous were his achievements! Entering the Cape Parliament, he brought about soon afterward the acquisition of the whole of Bechuanaland, more than twice the size of the British Isles, and became its virtual ruler. At thirty-seven years of age he was Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and before reaching forty he had taken the first steps toward annexation of the vast domain known to-day as Rhodesia, which has an area greater than that of France, Prussia, and Austria combined.

Every tourist "doing the proper thing" in South Africa brought, if possible, some kind of written introduction to Rhodes. He had for a long time in his employ a colonial of gigantic stature, who, dressed in the ordinary clothes of a Boer farmer, acted as his secretary. The arriving visitor from afar would be met by the secretary, who would take his or her hand in his huge paw, shake it gravely, and offer a hospitable chair. Then he would bellow out of the window: "Boy, bring coffee!" And presently would enter a half-naked savage who poured out a cupful of the steaming beverage from a black iron kettle, just that moment removed from the fire. By this time any glimmering of the polite and judicious phrases which the tourist meant to inflict upon Rhodes had probably vanished from his mind.

Such a man as Rhodes could not fail to create in the hearts of many men a devotion so utter that they would gladly have died for him. But, as was inevitable, he had plenty of enemies, and not a few of the bitterest. Some of these were women, one of whom, a noted South African writer, inspired by jealous rage, published a most scurrilous and venomous attack on him. It greatly angered thousands of his friends, but did not seem to annoy him in the least, and not one answering word did he condescend to utter.

There was one man of whom we jokingly said that Rhodes had picked him up out of the Milky Way and elevated him to the status of a fixed star of magnitude. Again and again Rhodes had to refix him, financially and politically. Nevertheless, he became obsessed with the idea that Rhodes owed everything to him, that he was the original maker of Rhodes, and that the empire-builder was jealous of him. Finally he assailed Rhodes in the most vicious way in a political campaign, which resulted in his own inglorious defeat.

A few months later, sitting around a table in a hotel at Bulawayo, several of his friends were joking Rhodes about this man's attacks, and one of them said: "Now, Mr. Rhodes, I suppose it is time for you once again to set his star in the heavens." With a whimsical smile, he replied: "I suppose so. You know the

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poor devil is stony broke again." And yet this ungrateful individual, who owed so much to Rhodes, had accused him of every sort of despicable action; personal and political.

In 1896, while in Matabeleland, whither he had gone to quell an uprising of the natives, he received a cablegram from the House of Commons ordering him to come to England at once and be tried at Westminster for complicity in the Jameson Raid. His cabled reply read: "Investigation can wait. I am busy fighting Matabele."

When he was good and ready he went to London to be tried. The proceedings were impressive enough to frighten any ordinary man; but not so Rhodes. Lords and commons were just "plain folks" to him. At the trial he, the accused, dominated the scene. The Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) dropped in, and they shook hands, with a pleasant word or two. While the examination was in progress Rhodes called for beer and a sandwich, and answered between mouthfuls the questions addressed to him.

The morning after the first day of the trial I was travelling by an early train from my home at Chiselhurst to London, where I was to have breakfast with Rhodes at the Burlington Hotel. In the compartment with me were two Englishmen, who were discussing the testimony Rhodes had given the day before. From their conversation I soon perceived that they were friendly to Rhodes; but they regretted that many of his answers to questions had seemed evasive, and feared lest an unfortunate impression might have been thereby conveyed.

At breakfast I reported the incident to Rhodes, who, after a moment's reflection, replied: "Perhaps that is true. My trouble was that I could not recall many of the facts about which I was questioned." After a lapse of several months, during which time he had other momentous problems to solve, he had forgotten many important details.

I said to him that, as he had nothing to conceal, I thought he would be wise to make some sort of statement to that effect. This led him to discuss the matter with other friends and myself, among whom were Beit and George Wyndham, and as a result, at the next day's session of the trial, when questioned about his knowledge of the sending of certain telegrams (one of which, I believe, I had myself sent to Jameson), he admitted that he was not certain of the facts, but declared that he would assume entire responsibility for any telegrams or letters sent in his name by Jameson, myself, and others who figured prominently in the raid. Taking the bit in his teeth, he expressed his willingness to assume the entire responsibility for the raid—a frank and courageous avowal which elicited unbounded admiration for Rhodes throughout all England, even on the part of his political enemies. *Punch* printed a cartoon representing Rhodes as a giant being tied down to the ground by his Lilliputian investigators.

One of the investigators (on a parliamentary committee) was Labouchere, the publisher of *Truth*, a bitter and unscrupulous enemy of Rhodes, who had charged the latter with having benefited on the stock market by the Jameson raid. Rhodes offered vigorous objection to him, unless he should apologize for the slander, and the upshot of the matter was that "Labby" was forced to withdraw his injurious allegations, acknowledging that they were based entirely upon vague and unfounded rumors.

Some days after Rhodes had given his testimony I was with him at a meeting of the shareholders of the British South African Chartered Company, which controlled the political and financial affairs of Rhodesia. A most cordial greeting was accorded him by his shareholders, and afterward he was the recipient of an enthusiastic ovation by a large crowd which had gathered in front of the building to get a glimpse of the famous Englishman.

Rhodes never sought for the lime-light. When in London he was hard to find and still harder to interview. At social gatherings he was rarely seen, though it is easy to imagine the eagerness with which he was sought by the rich and great. Trappings and conventions made little impression on him. Indeed, there is no doubt that he rather enjoyed shocking ultra-conventional people.

He hated a poser. Any man who for advancement relied on his clothes, his so-

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cial position, or the deeds of his ancestors was due for some severe bumps if fate threw him into the path of the Colossus. His indifference to personal danger was often a cause of much anxiety to the men who fought by his side. They were young men, and reckless enough, but he went beyond even their limit, and by all laws of chance should have been killed many times.

In March, 1899, Rhodes visited Berlin, where he had an interesting interview with the Kaiser. The monarch asked him what he thought of his famous "Kruger telegram," sent at the time of the Jameson Raid, and Rhodes replied: "I will tell you, your Majesty, in a very few words. It was the greatest mistake you ever made in your life, but you did me the best turn one man ever did another. You see, I was a naughty boy, and you undertook to whip me. Now, my people were quite ready to whip me for being a naughty boy, but directly *you* did it, they said: 'No, if this is anybody's business, it is ours.' The result was that your Majesty got yourself very much disliked by the English people, and I never got whipped at all."

I have heard it said that Rhodes was a cold-blooded man who would not hesitate to sacrifice his best friend; and, after the arrest and imprisonment of myself and "fellow plotters" at the time of the Jameson Raid, I was told that our misfortune "was not worrying Rhodes much." This is refuted by information I afterward received from persons who were with him when he heard of our death sentence. He was almost frantic with anxiety about us.

A few months after our release I met him in London at his hotel, where many important persons were waiting to see him. Ignoring everybody else, he grabbed me by the hand, saying: "Hammond, I want to see you, old fellow!" He took me to his bedroom, and was greatly affected when he told me how anxious and distressed he had been about the four leaders, and especially about me, as my wife was in delicate health at the time.

Some time later, in 1897, my wife and I were invited to a dinner and reception given in honor of Mr. Rhodes by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, one of the most famous women of the Victorian age, at her house in London. After we had been greeted by the baroness, Mr. Rhodes, who was receiving with her, stepped forward to speak to my wife, whom he had not seen since 1895, when, just before the Jameson Raid, we visited him at Cape Town.

Warmly grasping my wife's hand, he said: "Many things have happened since you and I last met. I remember that you asked me then if I ever spent a sleepless night, and I said no. But since that time I have spent many sleepless nights. Often in my adversity I have recalled the pleasant visit you paid me, and have wondered if you did not look upon me as a man with the big head. I must have seemed to you so cocksure and self-satisfied. Is that not true?"

My wife replied in a tactful way, but did not deny that Mr. Rhodes's conjecture was not wholly unfounded.

To which he replied: "Mrs. Hammond, I have had a terrible setback; but I am confident that it will be a good thing for me, and that in the future I will be a much better and more useful man, because my perceptions are now awakened to many things which formerly I did not recognize or realize."

Rhodes had the reputation of being a woman-hater, but he was by no means a misogynist, though he might have been regarded a misogamist. He was wedded, it was said by his friends, to Africa. But his life would have been more complete and no less full of achievement if he had been married to the right woman—at least so says my wife and other women who knew him. While I have said Rhodes was not a woman-hater, he was averse to wasting his time on women of mediocre intellect. He formed a great admiration for my wife's intellectual ability through a coincidence. One evening at his home, Groote Schuur, Cape Town, we were engaged in a discussion, when my wife sustained her argument by quoting from Marcus Aurelius. Rhodes seemed surprised that she had read Marcus Aurelius. He interrupted the discussion by asking my wife and me to accompany him to his bedroom, and there, lying on the night-table at the head of his bed, were two well-thumbed books—the Bible and

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Marcus Aurelius. He said he never went to sleep without reading something from both books.

II

To imaginative youth Africa stands for mystery, endless deserts, jungles and dark forests, towering snow-clad peaks, the lost Mountains of the Moon, cataracts beside which Niagara is a small affair, multitudes of black slaves, elephants, lions, camels, and other strange denizens of the zoo. It means ruins of ancient cities, great gold camps, diamond-mines, strange tribes and stranger customs, cannibals and pyramids. It is the land of adventure.

To the student Africa means destroyed nations, vast tombs, and the thoughts of men long dead, given to us to read on miles of stone carvings. It is still the land of adventure.

To the hard-headed, unromantic business man, who cares nothing for the past and little for the future, it is the land of greatest risks and quickest returns. It means miles of mills grinding out gold day and night, without ceasing, grinding it out literally by the ton—the greatest gold camp on earth, a vast black army of Kaffirs digging forever in endless underground galleries. It means diamond-fields, supplying the whole world with those sparkling stones; copper too, and zinc, lead, tin, iron, coal, rubber, ivory, palm-oil, and spices. It is still the land of adventure.

"To the statesman and philosopher Africa beckons with a seductive finger. During thousands and thousands of years every great race of mankind has marched into that mysterious continent. They have built cities and founded countless colonies, but a fatal blight has ended all. It is truly the dark continent; the very blackness of her people is but a symbol of the death that lurks within her. The tracks of a hundred nations all point inland, but none return."

Thick walls were built by Vasco da Gama along Africa's shores, and the continent was laid at the feet of his sovereign—in vain. Napoleon touched it for a moment, fought a romantic battle, and wisely withdrew. The fierce Turk held a corner for a time, and his power has crumbled to dust. Latest to appear on the scene are the nations of modern Europe, whose struggles for possession of its vast areas and incalculable wealth have been like those of a pack of wolves. It is still the land of adventure.

But to-day a nation has been newly founded in Africa—the only one, properly to be so called, since Egypt, the land of the dead, perished as a power. Its boundaries reach from the Congo to the Cape. In itself it constitutes a mighty empire, and it owes its creation mainly to the genius of Cecil John Rhodes.

This is the story of the winning of Rhodesia, a vast territory in South Africa, which was added to the British Empire by the almost unaided efforts of that amazing man, Cecil John Rhodes.

Rhodesia embraces an area of 440,000 square miles; exceeding the combined area of our New England, Middle Atlantic, and East North Central States. It includes all of the region extending from the Transvaal north to the borders of the Congo State and German East Africa. On the east it is bounded by Portuguese East Africa, Nyasaland, and German East Africa, and on the west by the Congo State, Portuguese West Africa, and Bechuanaland. In acquiring this territory the British came into collision politically not only with the Boers but also with King Lo Bengula, paramount chief of the Matabele, the most warlike and powerful of South African native tribes.

About two hundred years ago two of the strongest colonizing powers in Europe established themselves at the Cape of Good Hope. Here they fought and bickered while wars raged between their respective mother-lands. England, gaining control of the sea (a factor always decisive), was able to give her colonists in South Africa substantial aid, while Holland was finally compelled to leave hers to their fate. But the Dutch colonists were a hardy lot, and, turning inland, they gradually forced their way northward, fighting innumerable hordes of savages and losing great numbers of their people. Every spruit was a battle-ground, and every kopje an outpost costing blood. Their struggle with the war-

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like and ferocious Matabele is one of the most heroic episodes in the history of South Africa.

The Matabele are the Zulus of Rider Haggard's stories, touched up with romance. In their country, Rhodesia, are located King Solomon's mines—the veritable diggings from which that many-wived monarch got his great stores of gold. That the novelist should have located them just about where they actually were was purely a literary accident, inasmuch as their discovery postdated the publication of his book. Haggard himself told me that he put the mines where he did for no other reason than that the region was unexplored and therefore inviting to his imagination.

The abandoned workings for gold are scattered over a wide extent of territory. There are, perhaps, a thousand miles of them, a mile or two here and a few miles there, in southern Rhodesia—the Land of Ophir of the Bible. The black slaves who got the gold for Solomon extracted it from quartz-rock, their method being to build a fire against the face of the vein and when it was well heated to throw cold water upon it. By this means the rock was cracked and disintegrated, the fragments were ground to powder between rocks, as the Mexicans grind their corn, and the powder was washed, the gold thus obtained being converted into ingots by melting and pouring it into soapstone moulds.

To get back, however, to the Matabele —those formidable savages are, as Rider Haggard describes them, remarkably intelligent, of superb physique, and tremendous fighters. Their nation, when the white men first encountered them, was organized on a plan wholly military, and its chief business was war.

The Matabele are only an offshoot, so to speak, of the Zulu people, and it is desirable here to explain how they came to be in Rhodesia as the result of a migration northward. In the first half of the nineteenth century the Zulus had a great king named Chaka. There never was a ruler more absolute; and, when he intrusted a military undertaking to one of his generals, he demanded that it be successfully accomplished. If failure resulted, the unfortunate commander and all his men were ignominiously beheaded on their return.

On one occasion a general called Umzilikaze was sent with 10,000 warriors to attack some powerful neighboring tribes. He fought hard and desperately, but could not conquer them. Knowing that to return to Chaka with a report of failure meant certain and disgraceful death, he said to his men: "Why not conquer a kingdom for ourselves?" The idea proving acceptable to them, he turned into the northern part of what is now the Transvaal, subdued the natives there, and established himself as an independent monarch.

Later on, he came into collision with the Boers, and a long and terrible war ensued. One incident of the conflict was the massacre of 2,000 Boer women, children, and old men in a laager of ox-wagons which the fighting Dutchmen had been induced by clever savage strategy to leave temporarily unguarded. To this day the valley that was the scene of this direful tragedy is called the Valley of Weeping.

The Boers, after two years' fighting, wore out Umzilikaze, who was compelled again to march into a new country and start his kingdom afresh. This he did in Matabeleland (now part of Rhodesia), where he quickly brought under subjugation a population of 300,000 Mashonas, so that his power and influence covered a territory several hundred miles square. Joined by numerous warriors who deserted Chaka, he became the first king of the Matabele nation, which, modelled on Chaka's military plan, was forever at war with the surrounding tribes.

When Umzilikaze died his son, Lo Bengula, took the throne. He was a huge man, in later life so enormously fat and unwieldy that he had to be carried about in a cart. It was a custom of his to exact from visitors propitiatory gifts of champagne, of which he was extremely fond, and it was required that the wine should be of superior and expensive vintage.

Every year a great feast and dance was held at his capital, Bulawayo, and at the conclusion of the festivities the King stepped into the middle of the kraal and hurled a spear. The way the spear

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pointed when it struck the ground indicated the direction in which the regiments during the following twelve months were to wage relentless war. By always keeping their spears wet with blood the impis maintained the power of the Matabele kingdom. The name Bulawayo means the place of slaughter.

About twenty years after the cessation of hostilities with the Boers, Lo Bengula found himself confronted by white adversaries of a new and different type, led by a beardless man of commanding stature. This man, unlike the Boers, was gentle of speech, disposed to be fair and just in his dealings with the natives, and willing to buy and pay for what he wanted instead of resorting to ruthless seizure and violence. More remarkable yet, he always kept his given word. In his tongue there was no fork, in his heart no hatred, in his hand no sword.

The new white man was Cecil John Rhodes. A born master of men, he was at the same time practical, imaginative, and even romantic. He was a model of simplicity, yet there was about him an element of the inscrutable. In some men he inspired a violent hatred, and in others a sentiment of worship that made them feel it would be an honor and privilege to die in behalf of any cause he might espouse.

Rhodes had the directness of William Penn, and his courage was of a type that I have never seen in another man. Looking back nearly thirty years, one is struck by his far-seeing wisdom, made manifest by subsequent events, and cannot but admire his fine strategy in acquiring a foothold in Mashonaland ahead of the Boers.

It was his controlling mind that directed a great "trek" of the English to the north—a movement undertaken with a view to heading off the Transvaal Dutch and preventing them from gaining the plateau of what afterward came to be known as Rhodesia.

Before this could be accomplished, however, it was necessary to come to an understanding and make a bargain with Lo Bengula, who claimed sovereignty over all that territory. Rhodes dealt with him with characteristic frankness. He told him about the great empire of which England was the centre and her African possessions only a fringe. He bade him lay aside his spear and come under the rule of a power far mightier than that of the Boer.

As a result a bargain was struck, and Lo Bengula sold to Rhodes the least valuable part of his kingdom, then called Mashonaland, receiving in payment thousands of modern rifles, great quantities of ammunition, and a large sum in gold. Thus did this new country come into the possession of the white man. To establish occupancy there Rhodes gathered together a remarkable band of frontiersmen, whose task it was to push into the wilds 500 miles beyond the end of the most northern railroad. They were an advance-guard of civilization; the real conquest of Africa had begun.

The men who composed this advance-guard were as fine a type of the Anglo-Saxon race as could be found anywhere in the world. Burnham, Selous, Gifford, Collenbrander are names that will rank in the history of South Africa as do those of Frémont, Houston, Crockett and Hays in the story of the winning of our own West. They were young men, full of hope, enthusiasm, and red blood. No rivers were too wide, no deserts too hot, no forests too dense for them to cross and penetrate. Amid the grassy hills of Mashonaland they established farms and villages, started mining operations, built roads, and in short began to develop all the activities of civilization.

This was the state of affairs in Mashonaland when, in 1893, came the outbreak of the first Matabele war. It arrived like a bolt from the blue, unexpected and entirely unprovoked. Later it was ascertained that the cause of it was the emancipation by Rhodes of 200,000 Mashonas whom, in Mashonaland, the Matabele had previously held as slaves.

An impi (regiment) of 2,000 Matabele warriors was sent into the new-built town of Victoria to seize the freed Mashonas, many of whom they slaughtered before the eyes of the white people. Then Inyao, the general commanding the raiders, told the whites that the next time he had occasion to visit Victoria he would do to them what he had just done to the Mashonas.

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So gross an outrage and so impudent a defiance were, of course, not to be tolerated. Within a few hours mounted messengers and runners were sent out from Victoria to all parts of the district, and every white man hurried to the town. A meeting was called, a force of volunteers was quickly organized, and every firearm and cartridge was requisitioned. It was decided to punish the Matabele and without delay to attack Inyao, whose camp lay only two miles distant.

Forty men were all that could be mustered and provided with horses for an attack upon 2,000 well-armed savages. As this little force advanced toward the Matabele camp, many of the warriors picked up their weapons and stood in line, wondering what in the world so small a body of white men meant by approaching them in fighting formation.

The forty men dismounted and fired a volley into the blacks, killing a number of them. Inyao himself fell with several bullets through him. This sudden attack astounded the whole impi, and they retreated in the direction of Bulawayo. It afterward appeared that they had positive orders from the cautious Lo Bengula not to kill any white men—else, doubtless, they would have promptly enveloped and wiped out the little command.

Lo Bengula was gifted with an intelligence far beyond that of the ordinary African king. He realized that a struggle with the whites might in the end be disastrous for him. But his counsels were overborne by the younger warriors, who believed that they were invincible, that they could establish a kingdom reaching from ocean to ocean across Africa, and that they could drive the last white man into the sea.

Thus it was that the Matabele nation, the greatest black power in Africa, came to deadly grips with Cecil Rhodes.

It was obvious that after such an outbreak of hostilities Lo Bengula would not be able to hold his fighting men in check. Rhodes was in much the same position, because the war spirit among the settlers had risen so high that they were determined to assume the offensive and invade Matabeleland, rather than retreat through 500 miles of wilderness, abandoning their towns, their farms, and their stock, and even then to run the risk of being slaughtered on the road by the swift-moving impis of Lo Bengula.

The grim determination of the white man, when stripped of the veneer of civilization, is more relentless, more persistent, and more terrible than the ferocity of the most formidable black warrior that ever trod the African continent.

The very boldness and swiftness of the contemplated invasion offered the only chance in its favor. Apart from this consideration, it seemed from a military point of view a hopeless adventure, with no prospect save that the handful of settlers marching into Matabeleland must perish to the last man in conflict with the regiments of well-armed savages.

Doctor Jameson, then administrator for Mashonaland, got permission from Rhodes, who was at that time Prime Minister of Cape Colony, to purchase horses in the Transvaal and further south, and rushed them northward to Victoria. That town was quickly fortified, and as fast as the horses arrived men were mounted and drilled. Arms and ammunition were hurried north. Luckily the settlers had a few small pieces of artillery, captured in a previous scrap with the Portuguese, including a Hotchkiss 1½-pounder. A local tinsmith converted his modest plant into a shell-factory.

Rhodes, while directing operations as well as he could from Cape Town, was obliged to assume the all-important task of keeping the imperial government from upsetting the apple-cart by ill-judged interference, which might cost the lives of all the settlers.

Victoria furnished about 500 men; Salisbury, a town further north, about 400. The total effective force, which included 50 Americans, was 888 rifles. It advanced into Matabeleland in two columns, which united at Iron Mine Hill —so called because prehistoric workers in Rhodesia had dug there for iron ore. The enemy was near at hand, on the edge of the Samabula forest.

The little army's method of defense was adapted from old-time Boer tactics. Twenty-two commissary wagons, each drawn by sixteen oxen, were marched in double column, protected on all sides by mounted men and artillery. Three min-

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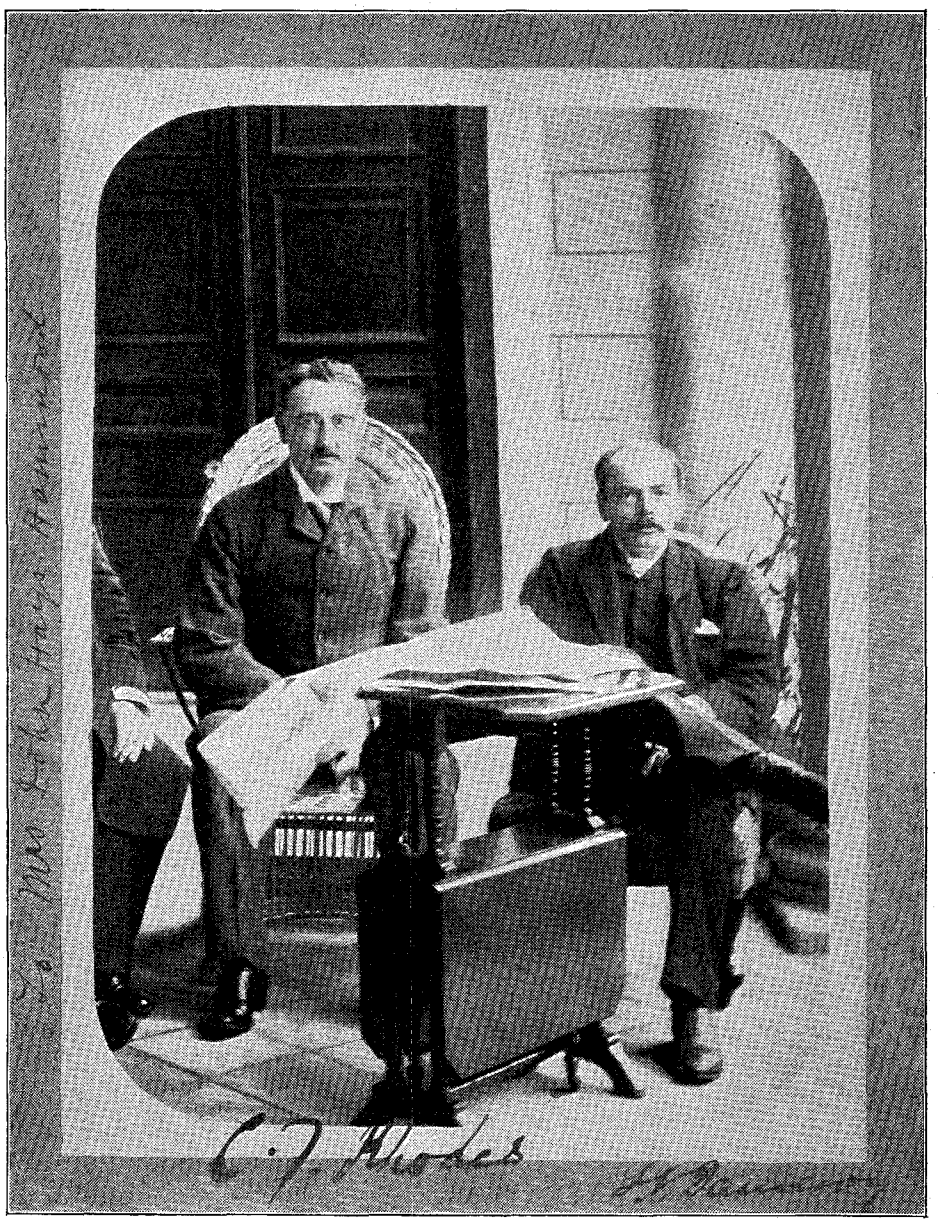

Cecil John Rhodes and Doctor Jameson.
From the autographed photograph presented to Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

utes from the time an alarm was sounded it was possible to form the wagons into a square and place a piece of artillery at each angle. It was decided that the horsemen, if defeated, should retreat within the square, and that the final stand to oppose the onrush of the Matabele should be made with the wagons as a barricade.

One thing that helped to save the settlers was that Lo Bengula's warriors had got the idea into their heads that their newly acquired rifles must be more effective than their native spears; and most of them persisted in using their guns in the fighting that followed, firing wildly instead of driving their charges home with

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the stabbing weapons they could handle so dexterously. Also, they imagined that by raising the sights of the rifle to the highest elevation they could make it shoot straighter and surer. Had they thrown away their rifles and rushed the white men while on the march, or caught them at night, when the skill of the white marksmen would have availed them little, they could have annihilated the column.

But the settlers had little time for thought about what the Matabele were doing. They were devoting all their energy to doing a few things themselves. They knew that their wives, children, and sweethearts were very poorly defended in the fortified towns of Victoria and Salisbury, and that their own defeat would mean the massacre of every white man, woman, and child north of the Limpopo or Crocodile River.

No imperial force, nor even the help of Rhodes, could have reached or aided the settlers in time, if Lo Bengula's impis had overwhelmed the column. The only chance lay in speed and continuous advancing, even though surrounded on all sides by the enemy.

In the end the tactics adopted were entirely successful. Within thirty days the little army of white men had defeated in detail regiment after regiment of the King, whose capital was a blazing mass of ruins and who himself was a fugitive, seeking safety in the jungles of the north.

An incident at the close of this war well illustrates the character of the South African fighting at that time. It is referred to in history as Wilson's "Last Stand." To capture Lo Bengula, Colonel Forbes, in command of the white settlers, called for volunteers, and thirty-eight of the many men who responded to the call were sent, under Major Wilson, to cross the Shongani River to capture the King from the midst of his regiments, which later on, it was ascertained, numbered 7,000 men.

Of these volunteers only three returned alive. The Wilson patrol was entirely surrounded by these hordes of Matabele. Finding themselves in this predicament, they ringed their horses together and shot them to form a barricade. But just before doing this Major Wilson asked Burnham if he thought it possible to ride through the natives and to bring a message to Forbes to come to the relief of the patrol. Forbes at that time was on the opposite side of the Shongani River, about four miles distant, with the main column and the Maxim guns. Burnham, though admitting that he thought it impossible to reach Forbes, nevertheless said he would undertake it.

He selected Ingram, an American, and Gooding, an Australian, to accompany him. By very skilful woodcraft, much fighting, and good luck they succeeded in cutting their way through the surrounding hordes of impis and reached the Shongani River, which was at that time in flood. They succeeded in swimming the river, only to find that Forbes himself was engaged in a very desperate fight with thousands of other Matabele and that it was then too late for Forbes to render the desired assistance.

Lo Bengula died two months later. When I visited this part of the country with Rhodes the following year, we learned from natives who were engaged in the Wilson massacre that it cost Lo Bengula 80 men of the royal blood and 500 warriors to kill Wilson and his 34 men. It was said that Wilson was among the last of the men to fall, and that the wounded men loaded their rifles and passed them to him in the last stages of the defense. But finally, when both his arms were broken and he could no longer shoot, he stepped from behind the barricade of their horses and walked toward the Matabele, who were firing.

Then it was that a young warrior advanced toward him and stabbed him with a spear, and as he withdrew the spear Wilson still continued to approach him. In fear the young warrior shouted, "This man is bewitched; he cannot be killed!" and threw away his spear as Wilson fell forward on his face dead.

We were also told by the natives that in a lull of the firing the heroic Englishmen sang a song that the natives often heard them sing in the church at Victoria. It was the national anthem.

Later the bones of the Wilson patrol were gathered, and they now rest beside the grave of their great chief, Rhodes, in the Matoppo Mountains.

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Wilson's "Last Stand" was reproduced on the stage in London as a patriotic play, and ran for two years before crowded houses.

On Christmas Day, 1893, peace was made with the Matabele, and the whole of Rhodesia was thrown open to settlement.

At the same time one of the conditions of the treaty of peace was the freedom of the Mashonas, numbering 300,000. The Mashonas were a special tribe which had been held in slavery by King Lo Bengula since the conquest of his country.

III

TOWARD the end of the year 1895 the trouble between the Boers and the Uitlanders (foreign residents) reached an acute stage, and war clouds began to loom threateningly on the horizon of South Africa. The mischief had been brewing for a long time, and two great men faced each other as protagonists of diametrically opposite ideals and ambitions—Cecil John Rhodes and Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger—Oom Paul, as he was known to the world.

Kruger stood for the nomad, for the ox-cart, and for dominion by the Boers from the Zambesi to the Cape. If the elders of his church could read the Bible, that was, in his view, all the education his people needed. He wanted no population in the country too numerous to allow a farm of 6,000 acres (about nine square miles) for each family.

He was confronted by a man who carried in his blood as great a love of freedom, as strong a tenacity of purpose, as indomitable and unyielding a courage, as the fiercest and mightiest Boer—a man who in his mind's eye saw conquest of the huge continent of Africa. He saw it as a future home for millions of civilized people of his own race. The Boer was content with a semi-barbarism; Rhodes deemed civilization much better worth while. He thought in continents, while Kruger thought only in a succession of Dutch farms.

The question at the time of which I speak seemed to be whether or not South Africa was to be a Boer republic, controlled by a nomadic people of Dutch descent, speaking a mixed language of Kaffir and Dutch, who would drive everybody else out of the country they had helped to build.

Had it not been for numberless stupid blunders by the British Government in its administration of South African affairs, Cecil Rhodes, with his consummate tact and power to influence the minds of men, might have been able slowly and quietly to amalgamate the Dutch and English settlers, and there would have been no Jameson Raid and no Boer War.

As it was, toward the close of the year 1895 the situation became so alarming that Doctor Jameson, who at the time was government administrator for the whole of Rhodesia, expecting an outbreak of hostilities, withdrew from Rhodesia every available soldier and policeman and established headquarters on the borders of the Transvaal. Rhodesia was stripped even of arms and ammunition, and when, soon afterward, the Matabele rose in rebellion, Bulawayo, the capital town, could muster only 380 rifles.

I will not here recite the story of the Jameson Raid, in December, 1895, the precipitancy of which caused the miscarriage of the plans of the Johannesburg Reform Committee and the failure of the reform movement. Suffice it to say, the failure of the raid brought disastrous consequences in Rhodesia. For, when the Matabele learned that their dreaded enemy Jameson was a prisoner in the hands of the Dutch, that "his medicine had gone weak," and that his troops were all captured, they rose in arms against the whites.

Under the terms of peace made with the Matabele at the close of the first war, certain lands were set aside for them; also certain numbers of cattle, supplies of seed for planting, etc. In addition, regular employment was given to all who were willing to work on the farms, in the mines, or for the government. The native people enjoyed more liberty than they had ever before known; slavery was abolished and all were free; labor was paid for in coin, and taxes were lighter than those assessed against any white folks in South Africa. It was taken for granted that they must be contented and happy.

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But the powerful native priesthood proceeded to stir up mischief. During Lo Bengula's lifetime there had been among the Matabele a great struggle of the sort most nations have—a struggle between church and state. He was a strong man and he triumphed. But after his death the priests preached to the natives that his defeat was due to the fact that he had forsaken their counsels, and had failed to "make medicine" as did his father Umzilikaze.

The second war, soon thereafter started by the Matabele, owed its inspiration chiefly to their head high priest, who was called the M'Limo, and claimed to be the "mouthpiece of God." He declared that he would make the native warriors invulnerable to the white men's bullets, and gave orders that on a certain night they should attack simultaneously over the whole of Rhodesia. Part of the plan was that on the designated night, when the moon would be full, every native servant should kill his master, and that no woman or child should be spared in the general massacre to follow.

A native woman entering the town of Bulawayo with what purported to be a load of fagots, was halted by the guard because her burden seemed unreasonably heavy. On examination it was found to contain a quantity of assegais, with which every servant in the town was to have been armed.

No white community can be safely trusted with a military secret, but untutored black savages will keep one in a silence as of the grave. It is likely that the M'Limo's programme, involving the murder of every white person in Rhodesia, would have been fully carried out but for the zeal of a few enthusiastic young warriors on the Insesi River, forty-five miles from Bulawayo, who, instead of waiting for the full of the moon as ordered, began killing settlers three days in advance.

Thereupon, suddenly awakened to the peril, the whites at Bulawayo formed themselves into strong patrols, and brought in the people from outlying settlements. Nevertheless, hundreds were massacred, and the situation for a while was desperate. Bulawayo was so closely besieged that its defenders had actually planned the killing of their own women and children when the first relief column arrived.

At this juncture there arrived in Bulawayo a young man named Armstrong, commissioner for a neighboring district, who had an important communication to make. It related to a Matabele youth, who had suggested to him a means whereby the M'Limo, who directed all the operations of the foe, might be killed. All of his own family had been killed by the M'Limo, and he thirsted for revenge. Furthermore, he had a shrewd notion that the whites would win the war in the end, their "medicine" being probably more powerful. The Matabele youth explained that the M'Limo dwelt in a cave in a certain place in the Matoppo Mountains, where it might be possible to take him by surprise and slay him.

Now, of course, the story might be a trap; there was no telling. But desperate emergencies demand the taking of desperate risks, and the upshot of the matter was that the duty of stalking the M'Limo and catching him in his mountain lair was assigned to Frederick Russell Burnham* and young Armstrong. The latter, though a mere boy, was keen-witted and fearless. Burnham, an American, was a veteran Indian-fighter, versed in all the lore of the wilds, and had served as a scout in South Africa.

The two men started for the mountains and found their way at length to the near neighborhood of the cave, which, it appears, was not the M'Limo's habitation, but, so to speak, his church. It was a sacred place, which none but himself dared to enter. When he spoke in a loud voice at the cave's mouth, an echo came back, which was supposed to be the utterance of the Great Spirit. He translated that utterance as he chose, and the true believers bowed down in recognition of supernatural power.

Not far outside the cave was a village of about a hundred straw-thatched native huts. And at the time when Burnham and Armstrong arrived on the scene there was a whole impi, or regiment, of warriors assembled out in front. They were there

*For many of the facts regarding the wars with the Matabele I am indebted to my friend Major Burnham, the celebrated American scout, mining prospector, and explorer, who played an important part in the winning of Rhodesia.

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From a photograph copyrighted by Elliot and Fry, London.

Major Frederick Russell Burnham.

to be rendered immune to injury by white men's bullets, a feature of the requisite ceremonial being the skinning of an ox alive and the eating of it raw.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of eluding observation, Burnham and Armstrong succeeded in getting into the cave undetected. For a considerable distance they had crawled on their stomachs, screening their slow and cautious movements with branches of mimosa held in front. Their horses they had tethered in a thicket.

Once inside the cave, they had only to wait until the M'Limo should enter; and after a while he came. He was a man about sixty years of age, very black, sharp-featured, and with a cruel, crafty cast of countenance.

"This is your job," whispered Burnham to his companion.

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"No," replied Armstrong, "you do it."

Burnham, who already had the M'Limo covered with his rifle, shot him through the body, just below the heart. The "mouthpiece of God" fell dead.

There was not a moment to be lost. Burnham and Armstrong leaped over the body and down the trail in the direction of their horses. Immediately, of course, there was tremendous excitement; yet the two men paused in their flight to set fire to the village, hoping thereby to distract attention from the pursuit of themselves. Burnham's first match ignited slowly, flickered, and went out. The second gave a quick flame, and the straw thatch began to burn. It was all that was necessary; the fire would quickly spread, and the Matabele stopped to put it out.

Meanwhile the whole Matabele regiment had started in pursuit of the fugitives, who by a miracle got away after a running fight, mounting their horses and soon distancing the savages. When they felt that they were safe, they looked back and saw a great cloud of black smoke rolling over the granite hill above the cave.

The killing of the M'Limo destroyed the myth that centred about him and brought despair to the hearts of the Matabele, most of whom surrendered. The more desperate, however, held out and continued to fight. These irreconcilables, led by a chief named Babyan, felt that the settlers were now in such a temper that they would give no quarter, and so thought that they might just as well sell their lives as dearly as possible. Two thousand or three thousand of them sought refuge in a rocky basin full of caves and thick scrub, a natural stronghold in the heart of the rugged Matoppos, near the place where not long afterward the empire-builder was laid to rest.

It should be realized that this war was being carried on 500 miles beyond the northernmost point reached by the railroad, and at a distance of 1,500 miles from the white men's base of supplies. It was very costly, too, in money. The British Government, anxious to bring it to an end, sent a high commissioner to negotiate with Babyan, but the haughty savage, after keeping him waiting for three days, refused to see him.

The settlers meanwhile had made up their minds to a long and desperate fight, such as they had learned how to carry on with the fierce Matabele, often in labyrinthine caves underground, where they threw down sulphur and kerosene, jumped in, and battled hand to hand. Their blood was up. They wanted to exterminate the savages who, attacking them without provocation or warning, had ruthlessly slaughtered their women and children.

It was at this crisis of affairs that Cecil Rhodes appeared on the scene in the rôle of peacemaker. He endeavored to curb the anger of the settlers, and told them that he himself would go into the Matoppos and try to effect a settlement with the hostiles.

It seemed a mad thing to do, for the blood of Rhodes was more desired by the Matabele than that of any other mortal man. They looked upon him as the king of all the white people. But Babyan would negotiate with nobody else, and, in response to a message from Rhodes demanding an appointment, the chief set a date, selecting a place in a rugged glen, where, surrounded by hundreds of his armed warriors, he sat in state on the only seat provided.

Rhodes, after keeping the chief waiting for three days, appeared at the rendezvous unarmed and carrying only a riding-crop. He was unaccompanied save by two interpreters, Johann Collenbrander and Doctor Hans Sauer.

Looking at Babyan sternly for a moment, Rhodes said: "Get up!" The chief got up and Rhodes took the seat. But a crowd of young warriors, too far distant to have met the compelling eye of the empire-builder, leaped forward, flourishing their weapons and shouting: "Stab him! Stab him! Let us roast him like a pheasant on the fire!"

Rhodes, apparently not in the least disturbed, said to the chief: "Tell your men to sit down." Whereupon Babyan, aided by some of the older and cooler leaders, brought the young warriors to order, telling them to wait until the white king had spoken.

It was a remarkable illustration of the force of a dominating personality. From the instant that Rhodes took the seat from the chief, he put him on the defen-

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sive, and Babyan's attitude was that of an accused criminal before a judge.

"What do you mean by killing my white people?" was the first question asked by Rhodes.

The upshot of the affair was that all the fighting chiefs came and broke little sticks, laying them at the feet of Rhodes in token of peace. Thus ended the second Matabele War.

While this event was hanging in the balance anxiety on Rhodes's account was of course intense. A feeling of despair was in the heart of every white man in Rhodesia. No one believed that he would come out of the Matoppos alive; and, when a hard-riding scout brought word to Bulawayo that Rhodes still lived and peace was made, the settlers regarded him as one come back from the dead.

After the surrender Rhodes invited the chiefs to come to a great "indaba," or council, at Bulawayo, and arrange matters that had relation to the future. The preliminary discussion was conducted through Johann Collenbrander, veteran fighter and famous character in that part of the world, who, having been born in the Zulu country, spoke the language perfectly.

After everything was satisfactorily settled, Rhodes, who spoke the language, but not perfectly by any means, made a speech, praising Johann in high terms and giving him much of the credit for the peaceful understanding that had been reached, lacking which the white men and the Matabele, instead of becoming friends, might have gone on killing one another.

Whereupon arose a tall old Matabele chief and replied: "We have known Johann from an infant, and all you say is true. He is a clever and valiant man. But compared with you he is only as a tick-bird that picks the ticks off the great rhinoceros."

That was pretty much the way we all felt about ourselves in relation to the empire-builder. He was the great rhinoceros, and we were only tick-birds.

Rider Haggard, while in this country some years ago, asked me if I knew Major F. R. Burnham, the man who so opportunely slew the "mouthpiece of God," and I replied that, oddly enough, I had never met him, though of course I knew him very well by reputation and, in common with all other Americans in South Africa, admired him greatly.

"You ought to know him," said Haggard. "None of my heroes of book romance is at all comparable to Major Burnham in real life."

Rhodes often spoke to me of Burnham in terms of high appreciation. One day, while riding from his home at Groote Schuur into Cape Town, he handed me a letter, saying, "What do you think of this?" and added: "I wrote to Burnham after the Matabele War, speaking of his services in saving lives, and also in saving Rhodesia for civilization, expressing the desire of the Chartered Company to show him recognition in some substantial way and asking him what he would like the company to do for him."

The letter he handed me was Burnham's reply, in which he thanked Rhodes, but said that what he did in the Matabele War was to help save the lives of the white settlers, and without any idea of making himself useful to the Chartered Company. He wished no reward, but hoped that Mr. Rhodes would in the future have reason always to entertain for him the regard he had expressed.

"That," said Rhodes, "is the first Yankee who has ever refused such an offer from me."

No American has done more to uphold the reputation of his countrymen in South Africa than Major Burnham. In the Boer War he was chief of scouts on the staff of Lord Roberts, who was always enthusiastic in his praise of this remarkable man.

More recently I have become somewhat intimately acquainted with Major Burnham, who was on close terms with Rhodes in connection with his Rhodesian activities.

On one occasion Rhodes, in a reflective mood, remarked: "The English-speaking race, by its virtues of courage and justice, and in spite of much muddling, holds the keys of the world. You Americans and we Britishers both prefer peace to war, and right to wrong. With all our faults, we are the peacemakers." Then, after a long silence, he suddenly turned in his saddle and with great vehemence exclaimed: "Unless we English-speaking

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people stand together, all that we hold and all the ideals we represent will be lost."

Another time, after listening attentively to a lengthy description of our American system of government, divided into three parts, executive, legislative, and judicial, he said: "Don't you think your three-ply government, even though well-braided, too rigid for so vast a country as yours, with peoples so diverse in blood and interests? I think you are unconsciously trying to make all the people fit your government. You have got the cart before the horse. The government should fit the people and it should be flexible. What is just for a man in Florida may be rank injustice for a man in Maine. People are not meat, to be ground through a machine and made into political sausages all of equal length and weight. That, it seems to me, is what you Americans are trying to do. You have stubbed your toe on the rock called equality. Democracy is greater than equality; it should mean justice for all."

Then, after a pause, he added: "Lawmakers are useful; we have to have them; but all the legislators in the world cannot build moulds to hold the human spirit or even human actions. The church tried that for centuries, and failed; and now it seems as if we would be inundated by legislation, which may be as galling as any other form of tyranny of the dark ages."

Rhodes excused himself for not marrying by saying that he had not the time to give a wife the attention she was entitled to receive. It is not true, as sometimes alleged, that he was a woman-hater. In his magnificent house at Cape Town there was only one picture. It was a painting of a young woman, beautiful and modest of aspect, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and hung in the dining-room above the fireplace. He loved to look at it, and frequently told how he had gained possession of it. As a boy he took a great fancy to this picture, which belonged to a relative, and his love for it increased as he grew to manhood. Eventually he bought it. He always wound up the story by saying: "Now I have my lady, and I am happy."

When the house at Cape Town was burned his bedroom escaped the flames. An intimate friend went to see him the next morning, and, walking into the bedroom, addressed him by name. But the person in the bed was not Rhodes; it was his secretary, who said weakly: "I am down with the fever, and the chief made me turn in here. You will find him in the corridor in a blanket."

This same friend, Sir Lewis Mitchell, tells of an old Rhodesian pioneer who sought Rhodes for help. Out of work, out at elbows, and reduced to a pitiable state by privation, he was about to state his case when, to his delight, he was hailed by name. The chief had recognized him. Putting his hand on the man's shoulder, Rhodes said: "Not a word; a good square meal first!" He took him to the kitchen for that purpose, and gave him an order on his secretary in town for money to buy what he needed, telling him to come back the next day. When he came back he found Rhodes in a passion. "You took only ten shillings!" The man had been ashamed to ask for more. Rhodes at once took him into town in his own carriage, went with him to the outfitters, completely clothed him, and gave him money and a free pass back to Rhodesia.

Although his income was a good deal more than a million dollars a year, Rhodes spent very little on himself, most of his money being privately given with reckless generosity to people who he thought needed it more than he did. His bank-account was overdrawn most of the time, and often he did not have a penny in his pocket. His securities were commonly tucked away in pockets of disused coats or in obscure pigeonholes. When, for his own sake, his secretary hid his check-book, he issued gift-checks on half-sheets of note-paper, sometimes signing them in pencil.

When he had money he handled it carelessly and irresponsibly, like a child who did not understand the value of it. In London he often applied to his secretary for money to pay cab-fares, and when it was given him he would clumsily close his hand on as much gold and silver as it would hold and, without counting it, would drop it into one of his coat-pockets. When he had to pay for his cab, he would take a coin out of his pocket and hand it to the cabby without looking at it. If it happened to be a gold piece, the cabby

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would touch his cap and drive away very pleased.

He paid little attention to dress, and never seemed to know what he was wearing in the way of clothes. Anything that was loose and comfortable was good enough for him. But his love of cleanliness was very remarkable. He would not camp out in the veld if a jam-tin were found in the place selected.

It is related that on one occasion, in Constantinople, he was going to see the Sultan for the purpose of getting permission to send some Angora goats to South Africa, and stopped at the British embassy to pick up the ambassador, who was to escort him to the palace and present him. To the astonishment of that functionary, Rhodes was attired in nothing more formal than a tweed suit. When Rhodes explained that he possessed no frock coat, the ambassador buttoned his own overcoat upon him, and warned him that on no account during the audience must he unbutton it.

Though liable to outbursts of fierce temper, Rhodes always sought afterward to make amends for any offense he had given. Obstinate he never was. Once, when somebody accused him of changing his views rather hurriedly, he replied: "Yes, as hurriedly as I could, for I found I was wrong."

Rhodes used to say that the only worthwhile employee was a contented employee. He built comfortable homes for his workmen, and gave them club-houses, recreation grounds, and churches. No expense was spared in looking after their health, and the model houses provided for their occupancy were rented to them at a low figure.

He was always willing to pay any price for the services of a man whose skill or judgment he could trust; and having bestowed his confidence it was complete and without reservation.

In 1894, accompanied by Rhodes, I made a trip through Matabeleland and Mashonaland (both now included within the territory called Rhodesia), in behalf of the British South African Company, to examine the mining possibilities of the country. For political and financial reasons it was extremely important to Rhodes that my report should be favorable; for upon it would depend the investment or non-investment by British capitalists of large sums for the development of that region. Yet never, during the many days that we rode and drove together and the many nights we camped out, did he ask me a question concerning my impressions.

Our trip covered a thousand miles of wilderness, and for much of the journey Rhodes and I slept on blankets, side by side. He was Prime Minister of Cape Colony, with much business of importance awaiting his return, and was anxious to get back to Cape Town. But he would not hurry me. He waited until I was ready to furnish the information, and when I made my report he declared his absolute confidence in its conscientious correctness and reliability.

Previously Lord Randolph Churchill, with a couple of mining engineers, had gone over the same territory, and had rendered an unfavorable opinion, to the effect that the gold veins were only surface deposits and probably did not run deep. If my report had confirmed this idea Rhodes would have abandoned his project of development, the Boers would have come into possession of the country, and England would have lost 440,000 square miles of valuable land.

The opinion I gave was that, taking them as a whole, the veins would persist in depth, and that there was in the region a favorable prospect for a mining industry. Rhodes carried my report to London, laid it before the shareholders of the British South African Company, and as a result development of the territory was undertaken. At the present time Rhodesia is producing more than $18,000,000 in gold alone annually—more, that is to say, than the State of California.

In 1898, during a period of idleness enforced by ill health (his ailment which caused his death less than four years later being heart-disease), Rhodes spoke frequently in conversation with friends of his desire to be buried in the Matoppos. "Lay me there," he said. "My Rhodesians will like it; *they* have never bitten me.

"The great fault of life is its shortness," he said. "Just as one is beginning to know the game, one has to stop."

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The approach of death was familiar to his mind, and, though he was wont to refer regretfully to the brevity of life, and to speak of Methuselah as a man who "must have missed many chances," he indulged in no morbid repinings. He made preparation for his departure from the world in a businesslike way, thoroughly characteristic, even designating the place where he wished to be buried, and giving explicit directions in regard to his tomb and the inscription to be placed thereon.

As time goes by the world will come more and more to appreciate the character and achievements of Cecil Rhodes, who, in my opinion, has been surpassed by no man in any generation in the qualities that inspire admiration and make for greatness in the highest sense of the word.

What man in all history ever accomplished so much of real importance as did Cecil Rhodes? No Roman emperor ever won a greater extent of territory. It was in 1889 that he incorporated the Chartered Company, which added to the British dominions an area equal to that of the British Isles, France, Prussia, Austria, and Spain, combined. The Cape to Cairo Railroad was his idea, and he lived to see that wonderful enterprise half accomplished. Before long it will be completed—for now, with German East Africa transferred to British ownership, the line passes through British territory from one end of the continent to the other—and this dream of the empire-builder will become substantial fact.

Rhodes was born in 1853. He was less than forty-nine years old when he died.

His last words were: "So little done, so much to do!"

He rests beneath a simple rectangular block of stone, surrounded by gigantic boulders, on the summit of a granite dome of the Matoppo mountain range in Rhodesia. Upon the block is carved no laudatory inscription, but simply: "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." It is a wonderful monument, in its character expressive of the man, and the view from it, extending over a vast territory which he gave to the British Empire, suggests the grandeur and spaciousness of his own outlook upon life and the world.

When he was buried the Matabele, whom he had nobly fought and nobly befriended, sang at the graveside a wild ceremonial death chant, addressing him as the Great Spirit of Africa, and, to express their feeling of worship, they performed the strange and solemn dance of royal salute which is the tribal farewell to a departed Zulu king.

DISCOVERY

By Louis Dodge

LAST night I thought that when my soul is sped
I shall not stir nor tremble any more,
But lie and dream among the tranquil dead
Beside life's narrow, strange, tumultuous shore.

—And then you came; and now I know that I
Shall live in every leaf that sings by day,
And every piping wind that roams the sky
At dead of night, forever and a day.

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A saloon or "pub" in London's East End as a "neighborhood centre" to which the babe in arms is becoming accustomed early.

"FULL UP!"

THE PRECIOUS JOB, THE PUB, AND THE THREE R'S

By Whiting Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

[SECOND PAPER]

"WORK? Sure, there's work—uf ye've got a good berth!"

As he said it, all his companions there in the public house near one of London's great docks nodded approvingly, and smiled the proud smile of those who have attained unto the dignity of a job during the week, and are, therefore, able, following Saturday noon's pay, to toss the happy shillings of their high estate down upon the counter for the treating of such jobless friends as myself.

"It's mebbe a fortni't awnd nae worrk foor an 'oor—awnd thenn long 'oors awnd extra pay fer a fortni't," was the way a docker in Glasgow later phrased it—with the consciousness that even on such a basis he was luckier than many. Doubtless among his friends who worked outside the docks, there were more than a few who had made to him the same complaint that a fellow boarder made to me, after a tired day of searching for work:

"It's all very well to be told by this bloke and that, 'There's a good berth 'ere and a fine crib there!' but when you get there, it's always just let out, and they're 'Full up!' Always 'Full up!'"

Any one who has felt the heart-sickening loss of standing and the terrifying dread of the future with which the lack of a job grips a man in these industrial days

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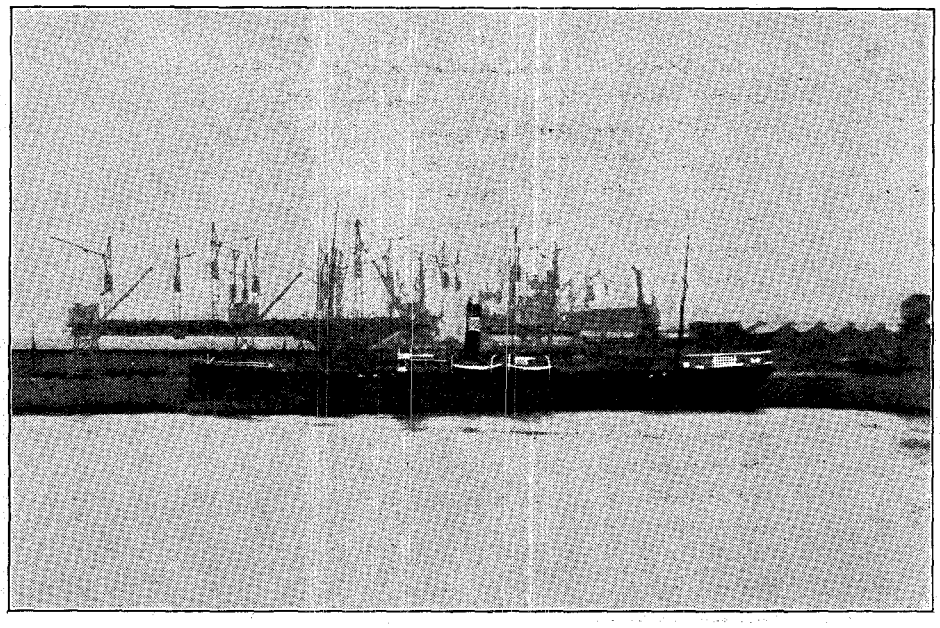

A first-class shipyard on the Clydebank, near Glasgow. In these such boats as the *Lusitania* are built.

can understand how naturally men come to measure the nations of the earth and the years of the calendar one with another according as they meet the acid test of abundance or scarcity of work—and how the job comes to be to them the most important form of property in all the world. I have in mind my seventy-year-old friend who was watching hungrily for the sight of a bag or a box that might be carried for a stray sixpence or shilling at the railway-station just outside London.

"Durin' the war 'twas fine! A good job then on the docks fer all of us—with men scarce and wiges 'igh! Now they's plenty of work, mebbe, but plenty of men, too. It's five weeks since I been able to pay me union dues of sixpence the week. But they's men on that dock there as 'as 'ad a job—a good job at sixteen bob ivery eight hours!—ivery day fer months! And 'ere's me thot's not 'ad the price of a bed in weeks—and me face still unwashed to-day! I tell ye, thot's not right! They should take their turn—iverybody should divide up and iverybody should 'ave 'is share of work. Look ut this fellow 'ere a-closin' av 'is gates long afoor the trine is near and mikin' iverybody wite. Well, 'e's got *'is* job and 'e's goin' ter do 'is duty an' 'ang on ter it—and iverybody else can look out fer 'isself."

One must see deep into such tears as sprang instantly to his eyes as his "Oh, oh! This'll buy me a bed!" rose to his lips, or feel in the clasp of such a grateful horny hand as gripped instantly my own when, under the guise of a fellow partner in distress, I made excuse for offering him a shilling, if he would know how deep down into men's very souls goes this matter of job or no job.

Such gratitude for help and such questionings of the social or economic arrangements which appear to make it unavoidable are to be found in periods of unemployment at the gates of factories or docks in this country as well as in Britain. Wherever found, they indicate what appears to me the factor of vital and fundamental importance in the shaping of the life of any country, namely, the prevailing abundance or scarcity of jobs. Unluckily no country seems able as yet to boast a plenitude of jobs at all times. Probably none will be thus able until we know more about social forces and economic rules and regulations than we appear to know at present. But it can be

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said again that it is easy to judge that in Britain the margin between the number of available jobs and the persons who need them is chronically narrower than here—with a host of differences in the life of the two countries following largely therefrom, as discussed in last month's SCRIBNER'S.

As many employers here at home have had occasion to notice within the past few months, the "tightening up"—or "scarcening up"—of jobs is followed very shortly by increased stability of the force. Everybody sees the danger of the dreaded lay-off or discharge, and begins to play safe and "sit tight." Where this has gone on so long as to claim the approvals of a social virtue, as is the case in Britain, an opening is likely to be made for any one who will introduce some means of getting the maximum of excitement while permitting the minimum of interference with the job. Such seems to me the social biology of the "bookie" who figures so considerably in the life of the British working man as I found him last summer.

The tracing of the drink evil to its source in men's desires is more complicated.

In any British city, for one thing, it is easy to see that the public house has a standing as a community institution quite beyond anything it ever knew in its palmiest days here. In this country I had expected to do much of my questioning of the unskilled workers during the hours of recreation in the saloon. In many places, especially in the busiest steel towns, I found surprisingly slight accommodation for sedentary comfort or conversation—nothing but the counter and the low brass foot-rail. In some places at least the existence of the long shifts was the cause of this: men did not have time to linger long after twelve and more hours of work in the mill. In the British pub, the benches are all about, with little shelves on all the walls for holding the glasses pending the discussion of every conceivable topic. Outside on the sidewalk, the children often watch the "pram" while mother takes her pitcher to the bar-pump. Inside and outside, the tap-room occupies an important as well as a fortified place in British life. Even in Wales, the land of the chapel, religious organizations like the board of deacons

Cottages of workers in one of the newer industrial centres (Coventry).

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of the village church often hold their regular weekly meetings in the public house in order to despatch their business with the friendliness and the comfort of a social evening. In the case of a certain board I was told that the question whether or not the church should serve intoxicating wine at the communion-table was for months discussed in such surroundings, the refreshments being furnished by the keeper of the pub, who was a member of the committee!

"Ho, hum! 'Tis little enough doin' to-night!" yawned the policeman in a South Wales steel and coal town, when I remarked that he seemed to be having a busy Saturday night.

Early in the evening I had seen on the main street a tipsy woman browbeating her sober husband for the coins with which she re-entered the pub for growing tipsier while her husband walked on shamefacedly. As the evening advanced, the fights had grown more frequent, and the stretchers mounted on wheels had been rushed up more often for carrying away the workers too drunk to move. After closing-time at ten, most of the young men walking out to the district of the working men's homes were either holding themselves up by locked-arms companionship while they sang "à la barber-shop," or, in more solitary independence, were staggering homeward muttering about "the finest mother in the world—it's 'er Ah'm goin' to."

Scotland's industrial centre, Glasgow, furnishes a Saturday night which any one could wish never to have seen—or heard. With the foul language of its street-car riders after closing hours, the shame of its mothers staggering home with babes at their hands and asleep in their arms, the misery of its men fallen and bleeding in the gutters, and the shoutings and swearings of its husbands and wives just before they fall into the sleep that holds them fast until Sunday afternoon, it paints a dreadful picture of the depths of degradation to which human beings can go.

But at the back of such a picture we will do well to see the strong though intangible lines which lead back to the job—and to that chronically narrow supply of them.

Just as the "bookie" gives to the man who never expects to have a different field of work the chance to get the thrill of achievement when his judgment of horse or dog is proved right, so the fumes of alcohol make it possible for a man even of education and, perhaps, of a patrimony of "old gold" to get as far as possible from the mediocrity of some occupation which may be far from satisfying though it possesses that factor of security and safety so indispensable in a "full-up" land. Such security, indeed, permits and favors the indulgence which its ventureless commonplaceness hankers for. As a result, the better educated British public seems to look upon moderate alcoholic indulgence with considerably more favor than do we who live in a land where "getting on" is made so great a virtue that everything which interferes with it is judged a vice—where that inviting spiral toward success which leads through this job up to that one frowns upon the indulgence which the excitement of the game itself makes comparatively tame.

For the hand-worker the routine of a working week which so greatly resembles all its predecessors through the years finds a fairly good antidote in the flowing cup and the chance to sit at the table and match his off-the-job exploits with those of all the others—with the chance of getting his fair share of the crowd's "Good old Jack!" or "Blime, it's a toff ye are, me lad!"

The very tightness with which the precious job is held by such as these devotees of security means that farther down the scale—much farther—others will find their way up blocked and themselves forced into jobs at the bottom of the economic structure which at one and the same time wound their bodies and hurt their self-respect with the sharpness of their raw edges.

Such jobs we have here in America in abundance. The difference is that the elevator up and out of them into better ones is facilitated by the shifting—the "turnover"—of the holders of them at practically all levels of our American House of Industry.

"Well, if ye're lookin' fer a fine job and can't find none 'ere, ye can always get a

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'jump' on a boat—that's a place left vacant, y' understawnd, by them as leaves it. Six months out and then there ye are back with your pocket full o' money!"

That was the advice of a couple of semi-skilled men who appeared to think highly of the life in the stoker's or the deck-hand's quarters, in spite of the difficulties we have here in getting men to fill the rougher berths on the sea. In the absence of jobs elsewhere, I tried hopefully to follow their advice, delighted to learn that on one level at least jobs were plentiful. The subengineer on the big passenger-boat exploded, apparently under a full head of steam:

"No bloomin' chawnce! First, you must have your union card. And even then, if there was a man missing from his place there'd be enough 'ereabouts to carry the blo-ody ship across on their bloomin' shoulders. There's jobs here, yes, *but there's too many people for 'em.*"

Many things can push Jack off the rim of the better jobs and put him, heavy poker or rake in hand, at the roaring mouth of the liner's furnaces—a short experience last summer makes me think it one of the worst jobs. But it is that "too many people for 'em" which holds him there year after year.

And all the heat which burns his arms, parches his throat, or knots his muscles in the horrid grip of the cramps till he writhes amid the hot coals on the steel floor; all the abnormal monastic and near-military discipline of the trip, and all the hurt which honor feels at having to earn a living in a line so far down the ladder of importances and standings, with each year less hope of putting his proud feet upon a higher rung—all this helps make Jack regard rum as a reasonable and righteous rather than a ruinous companion.

"The drunker ye be," explained a hobo from one of the construction camps when I was looking for a job in Minnesota, "the less ye'll be a-mindin' of the flies and the bugs. And when ye sober up, ye're used to 'em. See?"

The orderliness with which the English line up in the queue for getting their places for the trams or buses is magnificent—befitting the most organized and orderly of peoples.

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By the same unconscious reasoning, the workers in the long-hour steel towns used to line up at the bar for their whiskey-beers as an accepted means, not to gay and trouble-drowning exhilaration, but to the hoped-for slumber through the noisy hours of daylight before the whistle should blow again for the night shift.

"Ye see, ye gets ter thinkin'," one of the stokers put it, "'ow fine it is ter be 'ome on shore agin, and 'ow yer'd like ter get somethin' gay-like fer the missus—and yer cawn't do as much as yer'd like. And yer tikes a drink ter do yer best—awnd w'en yer wikes up the next mornin' yer money's gone!"

"I just like to drink enough," explained the old worker in one of our steel towns who could forget when no longer sober that his best days were over, "to get the feelin' of my old position back like, you know."

An oil for softening the jagged edges of an unsatisfactory environment—that has been the chief function of alcohol. And nothing is more important for our understanding of the behavior of us human beings in this era of industry than to realize that for us all the most important part of our environment—because the most compelling and the most rewarding—is our job.

What the years of constant alternation from his homeless, womanless, and comfortless "four hours on and four off" to the idleness and freedom of his shore-leave do for the stoker, the years of uncertainty of the job which must be sought afresh each morning, first at this boat, then at that, do for the docker. When you add to such uncertainty—and many jobs besides the docker's possess this—such discomfort as thousands of workers find in the one and two room "flats" which Glasgow built a hundred years and more ago, you have the real sources of that stream of alcohol which flows so depressingly of a Saturday night.

It is hardly necessary to say that the same gripping necessity of the all but unchangeable job which thus pushes men toward the cup that promises to help them have life and have it more abundantly, also tends to push men—and boys and girls—away from the schools and education.

It is a popular error to suppose that education is a matter merely of the provision of educational facilities. Probably more than half of the problem is to make sure that those who have invested time and effort in the use of them shall find jobs appropriate to the new abilities.

"If my lad studies more," explains the miner, "he can only become a teacher or a clerk—and they get less than a good collier! And he'll be no better collier for all his study."

Such testimony gives, of course, the explanation for the crowd of youngsters to be met each morning at the mine's mouth in Wales or Yorkshire testing their safety-lamps like experts before getting into the cage for the day's work below ground.

It is also, doubtless, behind the failure of all but nine or ten boys in a certain mine centre to take advantage of the continuation schools made available by the authorities. Of course, too, it is behind the planning of the father I encountered at the bottom of one of England's blast-furnaces:

"Me boy, 'e's only fourteen but 'e's apprenticed to a joiner. No, 'e cawn't be finished till 'e's twenty-one—thot's seven instead of the five years usual—at a pound a week, risin' a shillin' a week each birthday. But, ye see, I daren't wite till 'e's sixteen, 'cause then there mightn't be a plice and there 'appens to be one now. But—well, 'e's sure of a plice fer life now. And say, ye'd think 'e was a-sivin' the 'ole of us from ruin, thot important 'e is!"

National legislation has recently provided that as rapidly as possible the school shall be compulsory up to the age of seventeen. But it rests for each district to set the "appointed day" when the new law takes local effect. The public opinion required for the early setting of "the day" is pretty sure to be affected by the comparative recentness of the public school in Britain and the consequent early years at which most of the older heads of households began to feel the force of that compelling hand of the job.

"Me brother been carried each day by me father into the mine when 'e been seven," old Thomas told me as we worked

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together clearing away the "falls" from the roof that threatened to tie up the traffic, and so to stop the hewers from getting down their coal. "At nine 'twas me. No, never no schoolin' fer the two of us. Ye see we been ever needed there so that oor fawther get the money from 'is drams" (trams or cars).

A similar difficulty in the way of an interested and intelligent public opinion on this matter of public education arises from the fact that those who have been more or less freed from the compulsions of the job by the "old gold," of family inheritance are generally expected to get their education at their own private rather than at the public's expense.

We are apt to think that such a difference of education does more than merely complicate the community's planning of its school programme—that it serves as a prime cause of those lines of "class" which so impress the American visitor. It appears to me truer to see in this difference of education more of an accentuation of class division than of cause. The primary cause is to be found in this same bottom-touching scarceness of the job.

Where the demonstration of ability can be counted on to bring the proportionate recognition with, in time, the chance at the better job, then men will always be finishing their industrial career in a social level above the stage of entrance, for social levels tend always to follow job levels. Such men cannot know much about the restrictions of class because they are quite certain to respond to the possibilities—yes, the compulsions—for growth which go with the job in the form of the responsibilities and also of the contacts and relationships which are permitted or necessitated by it. And at every stage the worker is unconsciously answering the question of method. "Will you play the game of 'getting on' alone, or with your fellow workers? Will you go it alone or with your trade, your union, your class?" If he finds the going is good on an individual basis, he is unlikely to feel the need of identifying himself with his group, because he does not

"They tells us as 'ow we should sive our money. So 'ere we are!"

Getting bits of coal from the ash heap in an industrial centre. (With the instinct of the eternal feminine, the lady has removed her cap in order to be at her best.)

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expect to be long enough with them. It is when jobs become so scarce that it is over-risky to leave one in the hope of a better one—it is then that there begins the hardening of class lines. For then it becomes more or less certain that the only elevator up is the one which the group as a whole is able to organize. Thus the craft or trade-union comes into existence for the realization of that bottommost urge of every human to do his best to count his utmost as a person among other persons—as, for instance, an electrical worker in comparison with his neighbors, the carpenter or the steamfitter. A nation-wide acceptance of the union is, accordingly, certain to be the result of a generally acknowledged lessening of opportunity for the individual. Nor will any form of opposition other than the continued maintenance of effective individual ladders of maximum opportunity avail to dissuade worthy men from utilizing the group stairways. So the great strength of the British union as compared with the American makes a true index of the British and the American worker's appreciation of the possibilities of his progress with and without the team-work of his group. Incidentally, the rapid growth of the union movement in this country should counsel us to do less scolding or preaching, and more studying of how we can make America live up to its reputation as the "land of opportunity."

Once established as a group means to the standings which are felt to be only slightly served by the single passenger-elevator, the union is pretty likely to find a chance for a real service to its members by securing a job elsewhere when this mill or that closes down. By such a service it gives its members an extremely valuable guaranty of steadiness of employment which no single employer seems able or willing to carry. Further service comes when the union sees to it that its members are not dismissed from their jobs without due process—if not of law, then of industrial procedure. Such services are sure to be enormously more important than we have appreciated in this country of ours as long as we have no interstate way of getting jobless men and menless jobs together, and as long as the average foreman has so large a power of dismissal. They are enormously more important in the land of the scarce job.

The grouping of the worker according to his job as thus brought about and then accentuated by difference in education is further strengthened by the adoption of political weapons for the gaining of advantage for the labor class rather than for the general citizenship. The result is certainly calculated to puzzle the visitor. At first the bitterness of the assaults on the government produce astonishment—until it is realized that the government is the name for the ruling party, not the established order as here, and that a certain fairly large percentage of the excitement is definitely for the purpose of embarrassing that party. It is evident that the parliamentary representative of some certain district who is also the paid official of a union can hardly be expected to feel entirely free to express his individual or even his district's opinion in the counsels of his country. It may be urged that such representation is necessary in order to offset the equally biassed representation of the opposing classes. But a wiser and more efficient electorate would seem more helpful to the country as a whole than such an adoption of the class-conflict principle in the handling of the nation's business. On the other hand it must be granted that it may be necessary to fight for the interests of the worker group with not only the strike and similar industrial weapons but also with the vote when class lines have become so hard set, and where the method of the class conflict rather than group co-operation has been so definitely adopted ever since the days of the first steam-engine.

With little doubt the projection of the conflict into the arena of politics serves to open up huge possibilities for the confusion of issues and the corruption of methods.

"I figure that the twenty-four-hour strike and the monster demonstration we are staging here next Monday in opposition to the new rent law should put, at least, three more of us Labor Party Socialists into the city council."

So one Glasgow leader "gave away" the commotion of the anti-rent strike. Another explained how it was impossible to get any real thinking or wise, effec-

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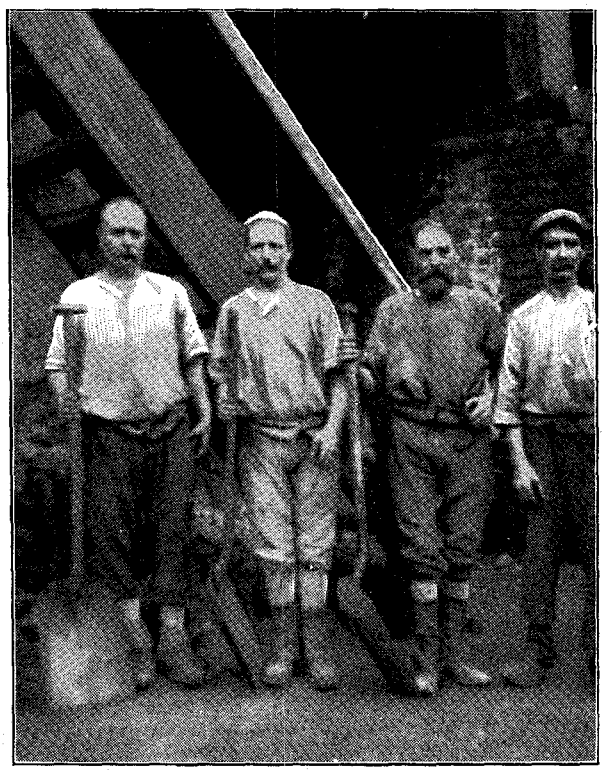
tive action out of the thousands of the city's uneducated, drunken, propertyless, "lower working class," except by some such organized exhibition of class enmities!

It would seem altogether safer to try to make such a vote-powerful group intelligent and propertied by steadier jobs and fewer one-room flats.



Some sturdy salt firemen in Yorkshire.

In any event it is safe to say that the worker in America is better off to-day than his British fellow, even though there has been enormously less enmity and conflict here than there. The reason is surely to be found largely in the lessened gap between the status of employer and employee, following the freedom of that individual elevator of the job up from the one to the other. Whether that is due so much to the genius of America as we are apt to think will be worth discussion later.

At any rate, also, we surely have reason to be grateful that we seldom see here the worker who is willing to explain his shortcomings by means of that alibi so generally encountered on the other side:

"Workin' clawss we are, you know"—as when the landlady wanted to apologize for the simplicity of her household arrangements at the plain and simple boarding-house in the coal town when the daily bath had to be engineered in the kitchen with the help of the wash-tub.

Lucky, too, we are that it's at least bad form, if not impossible, for the commercial editor to talk of "a good supply of yarns for working-class use" or "the unavoidable raising of workmen's fares."

It goes without saying that all the foregoing recognition of the power of the class halter contributes another knot for the fettering of the situation: it discourages initiative and so increases still further the tightness of jobs. As rapidly as the scarce job gives to Security a rating higher than Opportunity with its risk of losing all, less and less thought is cer-

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tain to be given to obtaining the rewards—the risky rewards—of the inventor and the pioneer. But it is, after all, the prime function of the inventor and the industrial pioneer to create new jobs—whether by creating new products or by cheapening the process and widening the market for old ones. Thus it comes about that millions of American workers are now engaged in making or outfitting the automobiles which were unknown in the early nineties. What is immensely important to notice in passing is this: that the astounding market for them is only partly due to the lessened costs obtained by the inventors, mechanical and administrative; it is also due, to a considerable extent, to the capacity for a constantly increased consumption sure to be possessed by the masses where the abundant job prevents the hardening of class lines and, quite as serious, the accompanying limitation of class purchasing power. Where such limitation comes into operation, accordingly, the vicious circle from scarce jobs to lessened initiative and back to scarcer jobs is given still another twist!

A number of factors have combined to put British industry as well as British life generally much more largely under the supervision and direction of government than here. The influence of the war especially has been immensely to increase the extent to which Parliament is expected to solve a larger variety of problems than our Congress—including, in many fields, the maintenance and regulation of the job. It might accordingly be urged that government is thus stepping in for saving the worker from the stifling which is threatened by that horrid vicious circle by means of the national insurance against unemployment.

Well, every time I went into the local employment offices last summer and joined the crowd of what I supposed were, like myself, searchers for a job, I found myself asking of myself the question: "Does——?"

But that question goes very near to the roots of this whole vital problem of the scarce or the abundant job, and, therefore, close to the heart of the whole matter of both individual and also national self-preservation, so it had better be held for the next article.

Children in a crowded Glasgow district.

The little mother in the centre with the "nursing shawl" and the baby could not keep from being surrounded by her friends. The number of Glasgow's children having the bent or otherwise deformed legs of rickets, the "poverty disease," is enough to make a lonesome father sick at heart.

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RECALL

By Thomas Jeffries Betts

Illustrations by Joseph Cummings Chase

"Wait a minute. Weren't you the O'Neill with the 403d Infantry?"—Page 290.

HE came in silently, a short man, with outdoor lines on his face, holding himself very straight. His head was shot with iron-gray hairs, but his eyes were young and cool. Drayton and I appraised him quietly.

"Want a job?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a silence as we looked each other over. He was a strong man, I could see, and proud. And his clothes, a little out of date, were curiously worn, not at the elbow and the knee, as you would expect, but all over, the ribs of serge shining just as much over the indrawn abdomen as over the stocky chest. From out of the past there came instinctively to me the throat-filling air of barrack-rooms and the sight of a few men such as he, old sergeants mostly, that never spared the clothes-brush before they went outside. Apparently Drayton was following the same train of thought, for he asked:

"Army?"

"Yes, sir. Eighteen years, sir." There was a recurring burr on his "sirs."

"You don't look like the kind that gets out very easily."

"It was not easy, sir, to leave. But it was not easy to stay. You see, sir, I was an officer while the war was on, and when I was discharged I felt all loose like. My old outfit's on the border, now, with maybe a boy officer in charge that I taught his facings to. And they're full up on non-coms. And anyway, sir, from a major to a sergeant, even, is a hard step. It's twelve years that I would have to do before retirement, and now, while I'm young, I thought I'd try it on the outside."

"How old are you, Mr. ——?"

"O'Neill, sir. Thirty-five."

"Why did you come here for work?"

"I knew the Helvetia was square, and you always had room for two-fisted men."

"You'll do. Outside work, of course?" O'Neill nodded. "Go in there and tell Mr. Perkins you are to start over the ex-

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cavation gang. Forty dollars a week to begin." O'Neill turned sharply when I interrupted:

"Wait a minute. Weren't you the O'Neill with the 403d Infantry?" He paused and started to look ashamed. "I remember seeing you decorated at Le Mans after the armistice. Why this man's Machine-Gun O'Neill of my old division. He called on his outfit to get a machine-gun every fifteen minutes of action all through the Argonne, and gave 'em hell until they came through for him. You're the one, aren't you?"

He nodded sheepishly. "I've been called that, sir."

"Glad to see you again. Let me know if I can help you out getting settled."

"Thank you, sir. I only got in this morning. Perhaps you could tell me of a place to stay."

I thought for a moment. Mrs. Hepwith had a vacant room, I knew, but she was enough of the old type of Philipstonian to object to a man who worked in the open air. But this was Machine-Gun O'Neill, with a D. S. C. and a silver reinforcement to his ulnar bone; and he came from my division, and Mrs. Hepwith's was the best boarding-house in town. I thought I could arrange it, and told him so.

"Good man," said Drayton as O'Neill passed through the doorway, "he's what we've been looking for." He signed the last paper and threw it into the "out" basket. "Your job," said he, "and a better one than mine. You'll have to hire the next comer, Johnson, and I wish you luck. I think you're big enough for the desk; that's why you're there. Go to it." And he walked over, somewhat reluctantly, I thought, to the cubby hole marked "General Manager," eight feet away.

I took over Drayton's chair and spent the rest of the day in regarding the world from the top of my very own high mountain. Philipston was a small town before the Helvetia started its experimental plant there—it is not a large town now—and, like many a little place, it has the custom of exporting its youthful brains. Lots of other fellows, I thought, have come through; but I am the first of my crowd to make good at home. And I knew that that night as I brought Mary Talbot into Spence's drug-store after the movies the sixteen-year-old bucks that frequent the fountain would nudge each other and say: "Look, here comes Harry Johnson. He's Personnel with the company, now." And I knew that I would bulk bigger in their eyes than did Drayton, into whose outgrown shoes I had stepped, just as he stepped into the G. M.'s.

I had reason to be a little flushed, I still think. "Personnel" at Helvetia meant everything from hiring a foreman to installing a bonus system. Why, the Philipston branch of Helvetia had been established more to get laboratory conditions in dealing with labor than for any other reason, and here was I at the forefront of the battle. Life was good and the world serene all through that pleasant afternoon.

I was late for supper, but Mrs. Hepwith neither scolded nor congratulated me; her sense of gossip was too refined for that. Only when I got up from the meal did she look knowing and say: "In a hurry to tell Mary about it, Harry?" Now she was wrong in her premises, because Mary had known for three days that the change was coming at Helvetia. Besides, I had 'phoned her of it at noon. And also, to disseminate a high and proper idea of my dignity, I did not hurry off to the Talbots, but looked in to see how O'Neill was getting on.

I found him installed and stowed away; not a trunk nor a surplus piece of clothing in sight. The chairs stood primly against the walls; the only decorations were three stiff photographs on the mantel, and the place was offensively clean. I suspected the man of just having swept up, with that painstaking, inbred sweeping that puts the old soldier on a plane passing the dreams of woman.

"Howdy, O'Neill! Coming on all right?"

"Yes, sir." Again the burr on the "sir." As he spoke, he put down the book he was reading. It was the only visible book in the room. I glanced at it and saw that it was Guerin's "Psychology of Crowds." O'Neill followed my look.

"That, sir, is a great book. Have you not often wondered, sir—you have been

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in the army—why it is that they turn out so many boy officers taught chock-full of everything—everything except to handle men. It is how to shoot and fit shoes and lead armies that they tell them, and never the treatment of the men they put under them. Now, why is that, sir? The book that this Frenchman wrote would have taught not a few officers I have seen when they first came in, and by so much saved the many men they spoilt. Now, why couldn't the government do so much as give this book to the officer lads that try to serve it, and draw its pay?"

"I thought the army was out of your system, O'Neill."

"It is, sir, it is. But can you lock eighteen years in a chest an' throw away the key? Somewhere between Coblenz and Corregidor, right now, the bugles are blowing Recall."

There was a sadness come over the man, and the consciousness of much truth. And Mary Talbot was waiting for me, and I left him to his dreams.

I began to see a lot of O'Neill almost immediately after that. He proved himself in his second day at the Helvetia, and incidentally smashed our cunningly devised experimental section for training new foremen—the excavation gang—by picking out from its ranks a certain swarthy Carlo Brunelli and putting him in charge. "It takes a wop to manage a wop, sir," he reported to me after an irate yard foreman had brought him up; for Brunelli was known as of an evil disposition. The Italian, moreover, ruled his unceremoniously acquired gang with such an intimate knowledge of their shortcomings and to such a good effect, that there could be no question of removing him, and O'Neill, having fired himself from his original job, graduated into a yard foreman. As such he reported directly to me. And then, under Mrs. Hepwith's roof we were more than neighbors. It got to be more and more my habit to spend odd minutes in his bare room, interrupting his interminable tasks and weird reading, but never ruffling his disposition or arousing any impatience on his part. And he would talk interminably and snap open sudden little windows on the vast accumulation of information that cluttered up his mind. In five minutes he would jump from Dostoyeffsky to George Jean Nathan, and from Champ Clark to Disraeli, who, he maintained, was the greatest statesman of all time. He could, and did, speak pungently and dogmatically of life and death and love, by which he meant the slaking of the wandering man's white flaming sex desire. A strong man, O'Neill, more positive and cunning in what he did than in what he thought, or so I believed. It was inevitable that I should name him from day to day to Mary Talbot. It was equally inevitable that she should be intrigued.

"Why don't you bring him around with you?" she asked.

"He's rather a rough diamond," I countered. I had a pungent memory of talk with O'Neill the night before, a talk that flickered around the globe, and had ended bawdily in Tokio behind the Yoshiwara's gilt bars. And then, thought I, it was little enough that I saw of Mary by herself these days, and— But Mary was obdurate, and I promised to lay hands upon O'Neill "to-morrow."

But I didn't. The next morning Drayton paused by my desk, handed me a slip of paper, and asked in his polite, interested way:

"Can you tell me if any of these five men are hired here?"

"Let's see." I checked the names on the employment cards. "All of them here, chief, except Magan. Wait a second." I ran over the employed report for the previous day. "Yes, he's here, too. Hired yesterday. Friends of yours?"

"Not professionally. They're a United Laborers agitating and organizing crew. Been working together ever since nineteen fifteen at least. Probably came in from the Buffalo freight-yards and from West Virginia before that. *I* ran across 'em in the Centerdale strike. Saw Maritski yesterday and guessed the others would be round. Steady, Johnson." I had reached over for a discharge slip. "You can't fire 'em."

"Why not, chief? that's the simplest solution."

"For you and me, but not for the Helvetia." He waved his hand toward the window and the busy yard below; it was half a benediction. "Do you think

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we have to dry-nurse that gang?" he asked. "Those are the men that you and I and the company have gambled on. *They* are the Helvetia. They are the best and finest fruit of the plant. All the rest of what we make here is by-product compared with the men we turn out. That's what the Helvetia stands for here: belief in the eternal gumption of the working man. If that belief is wrong, the Helvetia is going to be among the least of the country's institutions that will crack and go to pot." He grinned. "That sounds like a stump speech, but I mean it. We're an experiment—an experiment in enlightened fair dealing. It won't be an experiment if we wrap our men up in cotton wool. If all the teamwork we've built up can't stand before a few Reds, it means that the Helvetia and humanity are a lot frailer than I think. What say, Johnson?"

"I hope you're right, chief."

"I know I'm right. Now, that doesn't mean I want us to hold out our face to be slapped. You'd better get a line right away on the force, and see if we've got any more of these United Laborers that oppose union and won't labor." He grinned again.

And so I spent the most of that day in conference with O'Neill, going over the employment cards, and I was much too busy to tell him of Mary. But she reminded me about him the next day—which was a bad sign in itself—and I dutifully exhibited him to her on the first opportunity.

It was a great night for O'Neill. I towed him up with great reluctance on his part, and mutterings of what the hell I meant by leading him off to see a woman that might be his daughter. And it was with almost equal reluctance that he came away.

"Mary's a fine girl," I ventured to him as we climbed Mrs. Hepwith's steps. And he replied:

"Fine girl, hell. Why she—she's a real lady." Then a little wistfully: "Do you think I might come again?"

"Suit yourself. It seemed to please Mary," I returned, strangely angry with myself for being so short to a friend. But the fact remained that it was quite true about his pleasing Mary. For he had seemed new to her, and clear, and strong. Men that were represented to me by cards in the employment file suddenly became flesh and blood as he sketched them out—for of course we talked shop to Mary Talbot. And when I went farther afield and mentioned the Argonne, and tried to refrain from speaking of the lieutenant of artillery that was my hero in the war, he waived the whole matter, including the D. S. C. he had earned there, and told strange impersonal tales of how the *Varyag* and *Koriet* steamed out to face the whole Japanese fleet (he was serving a hitch in the marines on the *Helena* that time), and of officially non-existent, nameless skirmishes on the border, when the bullets zipped by lonesomely, and splashed up the sand around you. It had been O'Neill's night, I reflected, and I was not so pleased as I had expected to be.

From that night on an adverse tide set in against me. O'Neill satisfactorily settled for himself the question of his welcome at Mary Talbot's. He was there often, sometimes with me, sometimes alone; and I saw that he was displaying strange gods before her, strong, naked gods that she and I and Philipston had never seen before. And the gods and their showman were pleasing to her. There was a strange feel of life connected with the man, of life lived too fast for him to think much about it. And he was so direct and cool. The nights he was not with Mary he would spend as conscientiously as before, usually with his eternal "Psychology of Crowds," or looking over his legion of photographs of soldiers of greater or of less repute, or else in the eternal overhauling and polishing of all the useless military equipment that accompanies every service man. The tacit rivalry between us did not affect our friendship, but that was due chiefly to his refusal to let such a thing occur; and it was well that he did, for I began to need him more and more around the plant.

"Personnel" at the Helvetia was not coming along according to my expectations, and there were more and more bleak days when I would sit still, and in place of thinking about my job, tell myself that I was not getting the results that

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Drayton would have obtained. There was a strange inertia come over the Helvetia, days when production fell off, worse days when carelessness was rife and the plant was full of minor accidents, and the inspection department howled over the shoddy output that tried to sneak by. There were times when the whole routing system seemed to go to pieces; and worst of all, the body of employees had somehow lost the snappy reaction that clean-cut, individual thinking gives to a group of men. And there was hardly a day without bad blood and fighting in the yards.

It all culminated with the quarterly report of the wages committee. We were very proud of that committee, were Drayton and I. It consisted of a group of senior employees to whom the company was part of the family, and who met regularly, considered the state of the Helvetia's affairs, the cost of living, and made recommendations as to wages. Their "recommendations" had practically become law, so far as we were concerned; for they were eminently just and jealous both of the Helvetia's interests and their own. Originally reporting every six months, the rapid increase of living costs had caused them to be convened every quarter. It was a good, sound plan, and as the "Philipston Idea" had begun to attract attention outside of the Helvetia's chain of plants.

This quarter the committee's report recommended a wage increase of about ten per cent throughout the plant. Drayton and I O. K.'d it and, according to custom, announced the raise at the monthly "talk it over" mass-meeting of the whole plant. There was a little perfunctory applause at the announcement, then, when Drayton declared the meeting closed and he and I left the auditorium, came a single wavering "boo."

"Chief," said I as we entered the office, "it's been a frost. I guess I'm not the success I thought I was. I want to fire myself before you fire me." I was very close to tears; for the Helvetia meant much to me, and here was I, once great, in my own home town. Drayton looked at me steadily.

"No can do, Jim," he replied. "You can fire anybody here except yourself. What you need is a vacation; but we're going to want you here."

"I don't see how."

"You will, Jim. You've been fighting a harder lot than anybody realized. It's just about due to break."

"Break?"

"I mean the strike. Magan and his crew. It's bound to come soon. You see, Jim, you've been bucking a hard proposition. Your job is to cut down friction; but you can't eliminate friction when somebody's putting filings in the gear-box all the time." He drew from his pocket a vile cigar that looked its cheapness, and bit off the end deliberately. Then he went on:

"This is the layout as I figure it. This United Laborers crowd wants to bust up everything—capital, labor, production in general. Therefore they pick on us. A body blow at the Helvetia, especially at the Helvetia's most advanced plant, the place where the get-together movement between capital and labor has made the most progress, would go a long way toward wrecking the mutual confidence that must be built up inside the country's industries. They want to persuade the nation that honesty in work and deeds is the world's great illusion. Therefore they try to put on a framed-up demonstration of that fact here. This slick gang—and I give it to 'em for slickness—has slid in and organized, and now they're going to try and put something across. They'll strike."

"But, chief, if you knew all this why didn't you say something to me? Why didn't you tell me——"

"Didn't know it. Didn't know it 'til now. Now, of course—" His nostrils dilated and his mouth became a narrow curveless parallelogram. "But I tell you, they won't get away with it. We've put too much of a square deal across here for any bunch of Reds to blow it away with long words and a bad smell. They're disorganizers, not organizers, an' you can't disorganize common sense. Let 'em come, say I."

They came two days later, with a demand for a flat seventy per cent wage increase, and for a man-per-day production limit that an apprentice would have laughed at. Magan and his party stayed

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under cover, and the ultimatum was presented by a delegation whose faces were comparatively strange to me. Drayton heard them out courteously. Then he asked them:

"What is the alternative if your demands are refused?"

"We strike," returned the spokesman, and a happy light came into his face.

"Very well, I consider you as having struck." The five o'clock whistle blew, and the hum of the machines died down, to the accompaniment of a clatter of shoes and voices in the yard outside. "Mr. Johnson, will you see that the plant is cleared of all workmen except the regular watchmen and boiler-men. The plant will not open to-morrow. Yes, O'Neill, that means you, too. I don't want to see you or anybody else around until this affair is settled."

"Yes, sir," returned O'Neill, with a sheepish grin.

The next day the *Philipston Era* carried Drayton's defiance in a full page, blank except for this message at its top:

TO THE MEN WHO MADE THE HELVETIA

"Certain persons, not closely connected with our organization, are endeavoring to cause dissension between the management and employees of this plant. It has been represented to me that, in the event of the rejection of certain baseless and illegitimate demands, you desire operations here to cease. These demands have been rejected and the plant is now closed. At the same time it is the confident belief of the management that the demands as presented do not represent the true sentiments of the great body of employees, who heretofore have given as well as received a square deal. In order that no hardships may be worked upon those loyal men and women who still believe in the Helvetia and in themselves, the management makes the following proposition:

"Work in this plant will not be resumed until the strike is satisfactorily settled in accordance with the honest belief of all concerned. All employees who may present themselves at the employment booth, main gates, and who, after proving their previous employment by the company, sign a statement that they are willing to resume work at once, will be regarded as regularly employed and will be paid full schedules as determined by the last quarterly recommendation of the wages committee. The right to publish the names of such employees is reserved.

R. S. Drayton,
Manager."

Underneath followed a list of some twenty names already enrolled.

The strike settled down to a test of endurance. Arrayed against the silence of the Helvetia was the silence, equally grim, of the strikers. No apparent move was made, but the tension grew from day to day. "You see," explained Drayton cheerfully, "they don't dare use violence. The Helvetia's only a pawn in the big game for them. The workability of the whole capitalistic system is what they're trying to discredit. They could blow us up or sab us to hell if they wanted to; but if they do, they lose the country and all their hand-built public opinion that they think they've got. So they don't dare. And every day lets just so many more of our working men start thinking again. You can't think and be a Red."

So we installed no extra guards. Drayton and I met solemnly every day, regularly cast O'Neill out of the plant, checked the list of "employed" that was appended to the *Era* advertisement, and kept quiet, nervous, office hours. Magan and his friends hunted frantically for some obliging capitalist to oppress them and found him not. Then the tide turned. Names began to trickle in through the employment booth, names of solid, substantial workers, who were not driven by any urge of physical want. I used to find a little group of them in line at the gate every morning—man is a nocturnal animal when it comes to making his decisions—and they would nod to me and grin and shuffle their feet as I passed. Magan called these men "belly scabs," and there were rumors afloat that he was having a hard time holding his own men from attacking them; but his front held. "I told you so," observed Drayton. "The break's about due. You can't think an' be a Red. These men have had time off

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to think in." Whereat he puffed violently at his stogie, and I felt less shamefaced about going to see Mary.

For of course I had kept on going to see Mary. It was good to go there after a day of tense idleness. I told her so as often as I could, and some two nights after Drayton's return to confidence, repeated the fact with specific emphasis. She did not show as much appreciation as I thought she would.

"I didn't know you were so idle," she replied. "Buck was here for supper and he ran at dusk. He said he just had to be at the plant."

"Nonsense. There's no need for Buck there. He's not even supposed to be on deck. We throw him out every day. I bet he was grandstanding you. He probably has a date with some thick book at home, and didn't want you to be jealous."

Mary looked at me steadily. Then she bit her upper lip. "Do me a favor, Jim. Go down to the Helvetia and see that—that everything's all right."

I must have spoken slowly, for I was angry, and my tongue was thick, and the words came hard. "If I were at the Helvetia and Buck was here, would you send *him* down to wrap me in cotton wool and keep the drafts off?"

"I thought you were always proud of looking after your friends, Jim." Then the reproof in her voice gave way to something more eager. "Please go, Jim. Buck was terribly anxious. I could tell it because he tried to hide it. I'm afraid something terrible is going to happen with Buck down there alone. Please go."

"Poppycock!" I retorted. "Buck O'Neill's Hibernian poppycock. It's all foolishness, I think, and I certainly don't see where you have any right to kid me about strained nerves. If you like, I'll call up Drayton and——"

"Mr. Drayton's already at the plant," she replied steadily.

"Oh," I said blankly.

Mary went on evenly: "Jim, I don't often ask you for favors. But do this for me. Go down to the plant and see that Buck's all right to-night. I wouldn't have anything happen to him—to-night."

My gaze met hers, and her eyes were filled with a black and viscid fire. Something seemed to catch and snap inside me. "Tell me this," I said slowly. "You say you don't want anything to happen to Buck to-night. Do you mean by that, that last night you wouldn't have sent me out like this?"

"No," answered Mary very quietly. "No."

"Then I'm gone!" I cried, and I went.

Almost automatically I turned down the concrete road toward the Helvetia. It was a dark sort of night, and a little light, and as my heels clattered on the cement they made an indecent uproar. I stepped from the concrete to the grass that bordered the road. It was absurd, this meaningless walking through the night, this aimless visit to the lonely plant, alone; all at my chosen woman's instancy for another man.

No, by George, I wasn't alone! Ahead of me some one else was walking silently on the grass, and across the road strode the shape of another man. All going toward the Helvetia. None of us spoke. I had no desire for the company of either of them, nor did they seek to join each other. But the call to go to the Helvetia grew stronger, stronger; and a voice within me whispered to hurry. Suddenly the man ahead of me started to run. His mate took up the pace. I followed, and behind me came the clumsy thud of yet other feet on the turf and the stertorous labored breathing of men who do not run by custom. All the time I do not seem to have thought at all as to what it meant. No more, probably, did the others.

Then we turned the corner of the road by the main gate of the Helvetia, and in the glare of the flood-light we saw that others had preceded us. A sizable knot of them, heavy set, broad-shouldered, and embarrassed, all. I joined them. It seemed the only thing to do. It was suddenly abhorrent to stay in the night alone, when it was so easy to become a welcome member of the crowd. Against my thoughts, I joined them, and rejoiced in the smell of sweat and leather that stood for my fellow man. A man in front—I think it was Louis Martin—said some silly words, and those around him giggled awkwardly in the depths of their throats. Another man, one of the "outsiders," spoke with a snarl, and the snarl went echoing out from all around him. And

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then, in the shadow, facing us, I saw yet another man. He was O'Neill, very straight and remarkably tall. I met his eyes, and the hold of the crowd fell from me like the slipping of a wet cloak. For I knew that the break had come; that it had broken the wrong way for both Drayton and Magan, and that only O'Neill stood between these men and the sacking of the Helvetia.

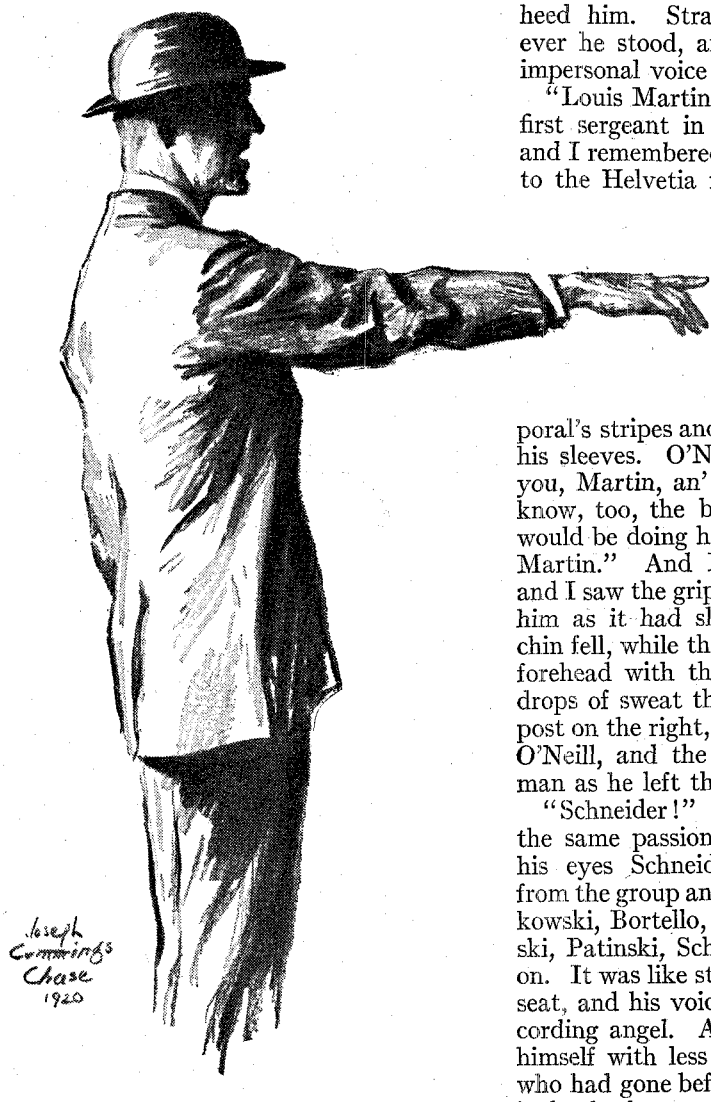
I started forward to join him. Six, eight, ten men, their minds merged in the crowd calling for a leader, huddled in my wake. "Stand fast!" ordered O'Neill, nodding to me. Then he turned to the crowd.

"What is it that ye men are wanting here to-night?" he asked.

"You ought to be glad to see us back any time," spoke up Martin from beside me. Again the men laughed with their nervous chuckle.

"Don't listen to him!" cried the man from "outside." "He's one of these bourjoys lap-dogs. Show him a bourjoys and he licks his boots." O'Neill did not heed him. Straighter and taller than ever he stood, and suddenly in a level, impersonal voice he called aloud.

"Louis Martin." It was the tone of a first sergeant in his own orderly room, and I remembered that Martin had come to the Helvetia in uniform, with a corporal's stripes and three gold chevrons on his sleeves. O'Neill went on: "I know you, Martin, an' you know me, an' you know, too, the black wrong of what ye would be doing here. Look at me, Louis Martin." And Martin looked at him, and I saw the grip of the crowd drop from him as it had slipped off me; and his chin fell, while the flood-light mottled his forehead with the shadows of the little drops of sweat that stood on it. "Take post on the right, Louis Martin," ordered O'Neill, and the shadow swallowed the man as he left the crowd.



"Take post on the right, Louis Martin," ordered O'Neill.

"Schneider!" commanded O'Neill in the same passionless voice. And under his eyes Schneider shook himself free from the group and joined Martin. "Laskowski, Bortello, Cook, Goullet, Jablowski, Patinski, Schmidt, Reilly," he went on. It was like standing at the judgment seat, and his voice had the note of a recording angel. And every man released himself with less pain than did the one who had gone before, and took more willingly the four steps that turned him from a proletarian to his own man. All at

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once they began to go over in twos and threes, without waiting for their names—although O'Neill knew them all.

"Hell!" grunted the "outside" man, and he and two or three others went off to the left at a trot.

"Come over, the rest of ye!" cried O'Neill, and those remaining surged over

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to his flock with a laugh. Then the laugh died down, for he faced them grimly, still the first sergeant before his troop.

"It is black sin ye would have done," he announced to them. "An' it is black sin that I have saved ye from. An' when I look at you an' see the likes of you, it is ashamed I am to have kept ye from the consequence of it. Weak-minded ye are, an' foolish; an' it is red flags you would be wavin' an' telephone poles you would be hangin' on—an' small glory to the telephone poles—was it not for me, an' the likes o' me. Now get you into the toolhouse, an' to every man a pick-handle, for I will not be wastin' words on the next set of scuts that may come along."

They filed obediently into the toolhouse. I went over and shook him by the hand.

"It was fine, O'Neill, fine. The company——"

"We held them, sir, I think. But the question is, will they be back to work like they should in the morning? Now——"

"Stand back! Stand back, you fools!" The cry came from the north gate, and it was Drayton's voice.

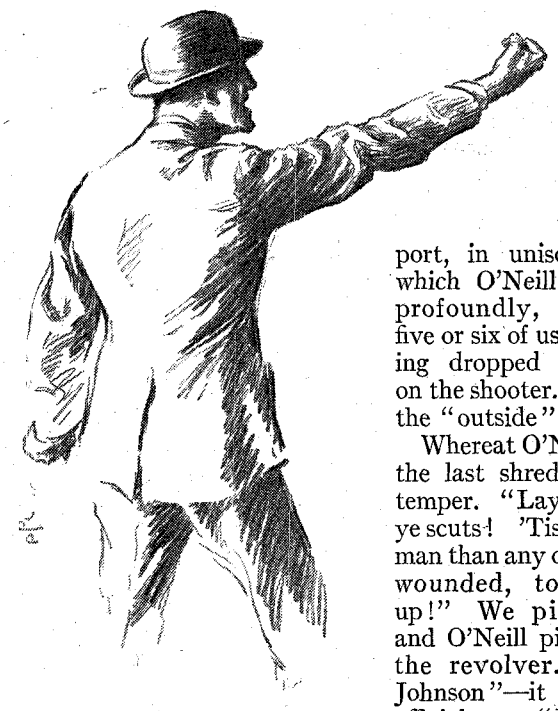
"Fall in!" thundered O'Neill. "Begod, there's more of 'em. Line up, ye sons of dogs. Down that street, double time. Go wan! Go wan there on the flank! Go get 'em, men!"

In a ragged line we thundered down the road. It is perhaps two hundred yards to the north gate, and all I remember for three-quarters of the way is the sparks from the men's boots as hobnails grated on the stone. Then came the flash of a pistol into the shadows beyond the gate light, and a cry, Drayton's cry. O'Neill's voice boomed again.

"Charge! men, charge! Hit 'em! Hit 'em! Give 'em hell!"

There was the thud like the shock of a likely football scrimmage. The air was full of the grunts of men giving and taking short-arm blows. A brickbat or two soared down into the flood-light. Then they gave, and the whole fight swept down the street at a run. On the ground lay five or six of the combatants. As many, more or less, of our men stood around, breathing hard and rubbing themselves tenderly. I started to look for Drayton; while O'Neill, his feet wide apart, shook his fists at his vanishing legion, and cursed them for not forming on the ground they had won.

"Damn your sinful souls! How many times have I told you to reform when you've reached your objective!" He was linking up this brawl with all his other battles. There was a movement in one of the prone bodies, a gleam of nickel as an arm stretched out, a flash and a report, in unison with which O'Neill ducked profoundly, and the five or six of us remaining dropped together on the shooter. It was the "outside" man.



"How many times have I told you to reform when you've reached your objective!"

Whereat O'Neill lost the last shreds of his temper. "Lay off him, ye scuts! 'Tis a better man than any of ye, an' wounded, too. Get up!" We piled off, and O'Neill picked up the revolver. "Mr. Johnson"—it was the official army "Mister," that means lieutenant— "Mr. Johnson, you will take this man

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an' escort him to a jail, or anywhere you damn please that's safe. Then come back here to organize a guard. You are responsible for the prisoner."

A faint chuckle came from the ground behind us. "Good work, O'Neill." It was Drayton's voice. "I think this will clear the air. Plant opens to-morrow, and I expect all you men back to work."

"You're right," replied Louis Martin.

It must have been less than an hour later that I got home. There was a light still burning in O'Neill's room, and I went in—the place seemed curiously crowded—to tell him what a great man he was. I began, too; but he interrupted.

"'Tis nothing. Nothing. It was a mob they were, with no brains, an' when ye call a man by name out of a crowd, you give him back his brains again, an' no more does he belong to the mob."

"But they followed you and fought——"

"Sure. I formed them in line, and then they were a mob again—*my* mob. It's all in the book yonder——"

He pointed down, and I saw what had filled the room so. It was his little locker trunk, perhaps a foot by a foot and a half by three; but being naked in the bare room, it loomed up like an elephant. On the top tray, surrounded by his neatly rolled socks, was the book on crowd psychology. I looked at the book, looked at the trunk, looked at O'Neill.

"Lad," he said, and I think it was the first time he had failed to call me "sir," "I'm going away. I'm going back to the army." My heart jumped, and I think the word "Mary" must have leaped at him from my eyes. And then I fought it all down, as I thought of him an hour before, when only his will upheld the walls of the Helvetia, and earnest, anxious words rushed to my lips. But he waved them aside, gently.

"No, lad. I thought it out to-night as we run down the lane. A week it is since I got a letter from the old man. They've busted him from his colonelcy, an' he has G Troop again, an' he says there's a strange bunch of rookies down there callin' themselves the new army, an' he wants to be protected again' 'em. An' to-night, as we came down the lane, I felt the call of it all, of the trim barracks, an' the lean, straight-backed ignoramuses in O. D. that know little, but have no working hours, an' do not strike; all this I felt, an' I knew there was where I should be. I got the crowd to-night, you see, but the crowd, the old crowd, has got me. An' there was nothing about *that* in the book. Ah! lad, ah! lad, it's almost to settle down you got me. It was, you *know*. But it could not have been, lad. He stopped, and for an instant his eyelids dropped; but his mouth was like a chunky, curveless bar of iron. "You will tell Miss Mary to think well of me, lad. It is nice to me that she has been, and she will understand."

I tried to look at him, but failed. Then I blurted out what I knew I must:

"She—she sent me down to you, Buck, to-night."

"I know, lad. That was our Mary all over. Do you think she would send down help to the man she loves, or love the man she needed to send help to? No, lad; it was this very night that she told me there was no chance for me."

"That's why she wanted no harm to come to you to-night," I stammered.

"It was, you know," he said, and tried to smile. "An', lad, she loves no one to-night; but to-morrow—be strong with her, as I was strong, and gentle an' unscarred, as I could not be, an' joy go with you, with ye both."

We looked at each other steadily, and I tried to seek some chink in the armor of his expression where I could touch him. But there was none. I knew there would be none. Somehow our hands met and clasped.

"There, lad. I'll be seeing of you in the morning before you go to work. An' you'll tell Mr. Drayton, will you not, for I'm leaving by the nine-seventeen——"

And I went out; because I saw that somewhere between Coblenz and Corregidor the bugles of the army were blowing Recall.

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MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

GREEN FIELDS AND FOREIGN FARING

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMILY PORTRAITS

[SECOND PAPER]

FROM the nursery in 20th Street my early memories turn with even greater happiness to the country place which my parents rented at Madison, New Jersey, called Loantaka, where we spent several summers. There the joy of a sorrel Shetland pony became ours (Pony Grant was his name)—a patriotic effort to commemorate the name of the great general, still on the lips of every one, whose indomitable will and military acumen had at that very moment been the chief factor in bringing the Civil War to a close. I, however, labored under the delusion that he, the general, was named after the pony, which seemed to me at the time much the most important of the two personalities. The four-legged Grant was quite as determined and aggressive as his two-legged namesake, and he never allowed any of us to be his master. When my father first had him brought to the front door of the country home at Madison, I shall never forget the thrill of excitement in the breasts of the three little children of the nursery. "Who will jump on his back?" called out my father gayly.

It has always been the pride of my life that, although I was only about four years old, I begged for the privilege before the "boys" were quite ready to decide whether to dare the ferocious glance in his dark eyes. Owing to my temerity he was presented to me, and from that time on was only a loan to my brothers. Each in turn, however, we would climb on his back, and each in turn would be repeatedly thrown over his head, but having shown his ability to eject, he would then, satisfied by thus proving his superiority, become gentle as a really gentle lamb. I qualify my reference to lambs, remembering well the singularly *ungentle* lamb which later became a pet also in the family.

In those country days before the advent of the motor, the woods and lanes of Madison, New Jersey, were safe haunts for happy childhood, and we were given much liberty, and, accompanied by our two little cousins from Savannah, John and Maud Elliott, who spent those two summers with us, having suffered greatly from the devastating war, we roamed at will, leading or riding our pony, playing endless games, or making believe we were Indians—always responsive to some story of Theodore's which seemed to cast a glamour around our environment.

I can still feel the somewhat uncanny thrill with which I received the suggestion that a large reddish stain on a rock in the woods near by was the blood of a white girl, lately killed by the chief of the Indian tribe, to which through many mysterious rites we were supposed to belong. I remember enticing there, in the twilight, our very Hibernian kitchen-maid, and taking delight in her shrieks of terror at the sight of the so-called blood.

My brother always felt in later years, and carried the feeling into practice with his own children, that liberty in the summer-time, for a certain period at least, stimulated greatly the imagination of a child. To rove unhampered, to people the surroundings with one's own creations, to watch the habits of the feathered or furry creatures, and insensibly to react to the beauty of wood and

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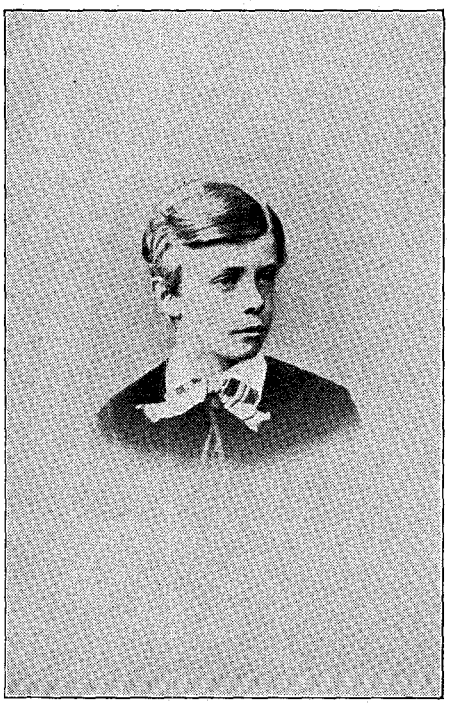
wind and water—all this leaves an indelible impression on the malleable nature of a young child, and we five happy cousins, in spite of Theodore's constant delicacy, were allowed this wonderful freedom to assimilate what nature had to give.

I never once remember that we came to the "grown people" with that often-heard question: "What shall we do next?" The days never seemed long enough, the hours flew on golden wings. Often there would be days of suffering for my brother, even in the soft summer weather, but not as acute as in the wintertime, and though my father or my aunt frequently had to take Theodore for change of air to one place or another, and rarely, even at his best, could he sleep without being propped up in bed or in a big chair, still his spirit was so strong and so recuperative that when I think of my earliest country memories, he seems always there, leading, suggesting, explaining, as all through my life, when the nursery was a thing of the past and the New Jersey woodlands a faint though fair green memory, he was always beside me, leading, suggesting, explaining still.



Theodore Roosevelt at ten years old.

It was in those very woodlands that his more accurate interest in natural history began. We others—normal and not particularly intelligent little children—joyed in the delights of the country, in our games and our liberty, but he was not only a leader for us in everything, but he also led a life apart from us, seriously studying the birds, their habits and their notes, so that years afterward the result of those long hours of childish concentration took form in his expert knowledge of bird life and lore—so expert a knowledge that even Mr. John Burroughs, the great nature specialist, conceded him equality of information with himself along those lines.

It was at Loantaka, at the breakfast-table one day, after my father had taken the train to New York—this was the second year of our domicile there, and the sad war was over—that my mother received a peculiar-looking letter. I remember her face of puzzled interest as she opened it and the flush that came to her cheek as she turned to my aunt and said, "Oh, Anna, this must be from Irvine!" and read aloud what would now seem like a "Personal" on a page of the New York *Herald*. It was as follows:

"If Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Anna Bulloch will walk in Central Park up the Mall, at 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon of this week [it was then Tuesday] and notice a young man standing under the third tree on the left with a red handkerchief tied around his throat, it will be of interest to them."

As my mother finished reading the letter she burst into tears, for it was long since the younger brother had been heard from, as the amnesty granted to all those who had taken part in the Rebellion had not been extended to those who had gone to England, as had my two uncles, to assist in the building and the sailing of the *Alabama*, and letters from them were considered too dangerous to be received.

This "Irvine" had been saved when the *Alabama* sank, after her brief career, and the two brothers had settled in Liverpool, and my mother knowing the great sorrow that his mother's death

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had meant to this younger brother, had always longed during the intervening months to see him and tell him of his mother's undying devotion, though she herself had passed away the year before.

It seemed now to the active imaginations of the Southern sisters that somehow or other Irvine had braved the authorities and would be able to see them and hear from their lips the story of the past five years.

One can well imagine the excitement of the children around the breakfast-table at the romantic meeting suggested by the anonymous letter. And so, on the following Thursday, the two sisters went in to New York and walked up the Mall in Central Park, and there, standing under the third tree to the left, was the young man—a thin, haggard-looking young man compared to the round-faced boy with whom they had parted so long ago, but eagerly waiting to get from them the last news of the mother who had hoped she would die before any harm could befall him. He had worked his way over in the steerage of a sailing vessel under an assumed name, for he was afraid of bringing some trouble on my father, and had taken the method of the anonymous letter to bring to him the sisters he had loved and missed so sorely.

What a meeting it must have been under that "third tree to the left" of the old Mall of Central Park, and what reminiscences of happier childhood days those three must have indulged in in the brief hour which the brother could give his sisters before sailing back across the broad ocean, for he did not dare meet them again for fear of some unpleasant results for the Northern brother-in-law, for whom he had great admiration.

Later, of course, my uncles were given the right to return to their own country, but although they often visited us, they never settled in America again, having rooted their business interests on English soil, though their hearts always turned loyally to the country of their birth.

In taking into consideration the immediate forebears of my brother, Theodore Roosevelt, I would once more repeat that to arrive at a true comprehension of his many-sided character, one must realize the combination of personalities and the different strains of blood in those personalities, from whom he was descended, in summing up the man he was.

The stability and wisdom of the old Dutch blood, the gayety and abandon of the Irish strain that came through the female side of his father's people, and on his mother's side the great loyalty of the Scotch and the fiery self-devotion of the French Huguenot martyrs, mixed as it was with the light touch which shows in French blood of whatever strain—all this combined to make of the boy born of so varied an ancestry one who was akin to all human nature.

In April, 1868, the little boy of nine and a half shows himself, indeed, as father to the man in several extraordinarily characteristic letters which I insert here. They were written to his mother and father and the little sister Conie when the above members of the family were paying a visit to Savannah, and are as follows:

"New York April 28th, 1868.

"My Dear Mamma

"I have just received your letter! What an excitement! How nice to read it. What long letters you do write. I don't see how you can write them. My mouth opened wide with astonishment when I heard how many flowers were sent in to you. I could revel in the buggie ones. I jumped with delight when I found you had heard the mocking-bird. Get some of its feathers if you can. Thank Johnny for the feathers of the soldier's cap. give him my love also. We cried when you wrote about Grand-Mamma. Give My love to the good natured (to use your own expresion) handsome lion, Maud, Johnny, Conie, and Aunt Lucy. I am sorry the trees have been cut down. Aunt Annie, Edith and Ellie send their love to you and all, I send mine to. I send this picture to Conie. In the letters you write to me tell me how many curiosities and living things you have got for me. I miss Conie very much. I wish I were with you and Johnny for I could hunt for myself. There is Conie's letter."

"My Dear Conie:

"As I wrote so much in Mamma's letter I cannot write so much in yours.

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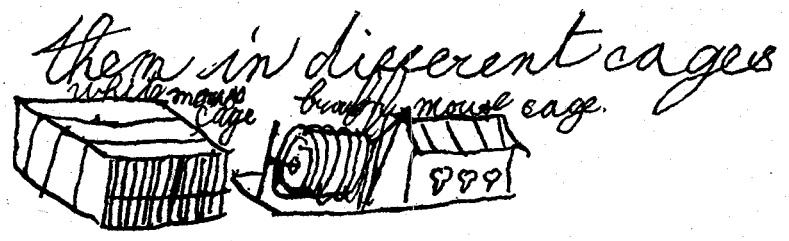
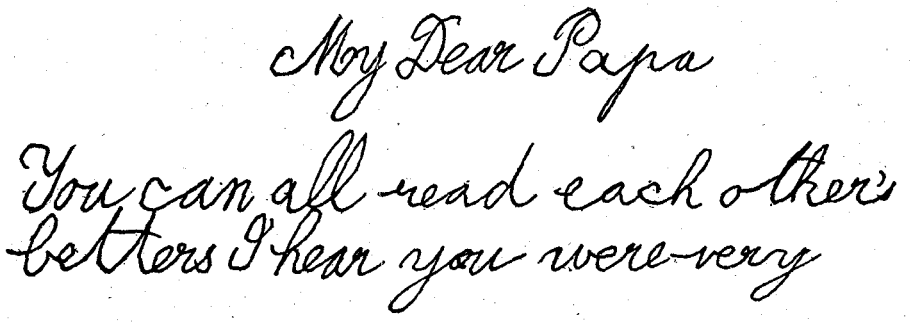
I have got four mice, two white skined, red eyed velvety creatures, very tame for I let them run all over me, they trie to get down the back of my neck and under my vest, and two brown skined, black eyed, soft as the others but wilder. Lordy and Rosa are the names of the white mice, which are male and female. I keep them in different cages





them in different cages. You know what supple jacks are, do you not? Please get one for Ellie and two for me. Ask your friend to let you cut off the tiger-cat's tail, and get some long moos and have it mated together. One of the supple jacks (I am talking of mine now) must be about as thick as your thumb and finger. The other must be as thick as your thumb. The one which is as thick as your finger and thumb must be four feet long and the other must be three feet long. One of my mice got crushed. It was the mouse I liked best though it was a common mouse. Its name was Brownie. Nothing particular has happened since you went away for I cannot go out in the country like you can. The trees and the vine on our piazza are buding and the grass is green as can be, and no one would dream that it was winter so short a time ago. All send love to all of you.

Yours lovingly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

"MY DEAR PAPA

"You can all read each other's letters. I hear you were very seasick on your voyage and that Dora and Conie were seasick before you passed Sandy-hook. Give my greatest love to Johnny. You must write too. Wont you drive Mamma to some battle field for she is going to get me some trophies? I would like to have them so very much. I will have to stop now because Aunty wants me to learn my lessons.

"The chaffinch is for you. The wren for Mamma. The cat for Conie.

Yours lovingly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

"P. S. I liked your peas so much that I ate half of them."

"New York, April 30th, 1868.

"MY DEAR FATHER

"I received your letter yesterday. Your letter was more exciting than Mother's. I have a request to ask of you, will you do it? I hope you will, if you will it will figure greatly in my museum. You know what supple jacks are, do you not? Please get one for Ellie and two for me. Ask your friend to let you cut off the tiger-cat's tail, and get some long moos and have it mated together. One of the supple jacks (I am talking of mine now) must be about as thick as your thumb and finger. The other must be as thick as your thumb. The one which is as thick as your finger and thumb must be four feet long and the other must be three feet long. One of my mice got crushed. It was the mouse I liked best though it was a common mouse. Its name was Brownie. Nothing particular has happened since you went away for I cannot go out in the country like you can. The trees and the vine on our piazza are buding and the grass is green as can be, and no one would dream that it was winter so short a time ago. All send love to all of you.

Yours lovingly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

The "excitement" referred to in the first letter was the wonderful reception accorded to my mother on her return to the city of her girlhood days. Her rooms in the hotel in Savannah were filled by

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her friends with flowers—and how she loved flowers—but not the "buggie ones," in which her young naturalist son says he would "revel"!

One can see the ardent little bird-lover as he wrote, "I jumped with delight when I found you had heard the mocking-bird," and again when he says, "Tell me how many curiosities and living things you have got for me." Insatiable lover of knowledge as he was, it was difficult indeed for his parents to keep pace with his thirst for "outward and visible signs of the things that be."

More than fifty years have passed since the painstaking penning of the childish letters, but the heart of his sister in reading them thrills hotly at the thought that the little "Conie" of those days was "very much" missed by her idolized brother, and how she treasured the letter written all for her, with the pictures of the cages in which he kept his beloved mice! It was sad that the pictures of the chaffinch, wren, and cat, evidently enclosed for each of the travellers, should have been lost. In the two letters to his father he enlists that comrade-father's services for his adored "museum," by the plea for "trophies from some battle field," and the urgent request for the "supple jack," the nature of which exciting article I confess I do not understand. I do understand, however, his characteristic distress that "one of my mice got crushed. It was the mouse I liked best though it was a common mouse."

That last sentence brought the tears to my eyes. How true to type it was! The "common mouse" was the one he liked best of all—never the rare, exotic thing, but the every-day, the plain, the simple, and he probably liked it so much just because that little "common mouse" had shown courage and vitality and affection! All through Theodore Roosevelt's life it was to the plain, simple things and to the plain, simple people that he gave his most loyal devotion.

In May, 1869, because of a great desire on the part of my mother to visit her brothers in England, as well as to see the Old World of which she had read and studied so much, she persuaded my father to take the whole family abroad.

After those early summers at Madison, which still stand out so clearly in my memory, there comes a less vivid recollection of months passed at the beautiful old place at Barrytown on the Hudson River, which my parents rented from Mr. John Aspinwall, and where a wonderful rushing brook played a big part in the joys of our holiday months.

We "younger ones" longed for another summer at this charming spot, and regretted, with a certain amount of suspicion, the decision of the "Olympians" to drag us from our leafy haunts to improve our rebellious young minds, but my parents were firm in their decision, and we started on the old paddle-wheel steamship *Scotia*, as I have said, in May, 1869.

In a letter from my mother to my aunt, who had married Mr. James King Gracie, and was therefore regretfully left behind, she described with an easy pen some incidents of the voyage across the ocean, as follows:

"Elliott is the leader of children's sports and plays with the little Winthrop children all day. A short while ago Thee made up his mind suddenly that Teedie must play too, so hunted up the little fellow who was deeply enjoying a conversation with the only acquaintance he has made, a little man, whom we call the 'one too many man,' for he seems to go about with no acquaintances. His name is Mr. St. John and he is a quaint little well of knowledge,—very fond of natural history and fills Teedie's heart with delight. Teedie brought him up and introduced him to me, his eyes dancing with delight and he constantly asks me, 'Mamma, have you really conversed with Mr. St. John?' I feel so tenderly to Teedie, that I actually stopped reading the 'Heir of Redcliffe' and talked to the poor little man who has heart complaint so badly that his voice even is affected by it.

"The two little boys were pretty seasick on Sunday and I do not know what I should have done without Robert, the bedroom steward, and an amiable deck steward, who waits on those who remain on Deck at meals. He seems a wonderfully constructed creature, having amia-

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ble knobs all over his body, upon which he supports more bowls of soup and plates of eatables than you can imagine, all of which he serves out, panting over you while you take your plate, with such wide extended nostrils that they take in the Irish coast, and the draught from them cools the soup!

"Anna,—the carpet in my stateroom is filled with organic matter which, if distilled, would make a kind of anchovy paste, only fit to be the appetizer before the famous 'witches' broth,' the receipt for which Shakespeare gives in Macbeth —but on the whole the *Scotia* is well ordered and cleaner than I had expected.

"On Sunday morning Thee was sick and while in bed, little Conie came into the room. He looked down from his upper berth, looking like a straw-colored Cockatoo, but Conie stopped in the middle of what she was saying and said, 'Oh Papa! you have such a lovely little curl on your forehead' with a note of great admiration in her voice and meaning it all, *really*, but her position looking up, and his looking down reminded me forcibly of the picture of the flattered crow who dropped his cheese when the fox complimented him!"

This letter, perhaps, more than almost any other, gives the quaint humor, and also the tenderness of my mother's attitude toward her children and husband.

On our arrival in Liverpool, we were greeted by the Bulloch uncles, and from that time on the whole European trip was one of interest and delight to the "grown people." My older sister, though not quite fifteen, was so unusually mature and intelligent that she shared their enjoyment, but the journey was of rather mitigated pleasure to the three "little ones," who much preferred the nursery at 28 East 20th Street, or their free summer activities in wood and field, to the picture-galleries and museums, or even to the wonderful Swiss mountains, where they had to be so carefully guarded.

In the letters written faithfully to our beloved aunt, the note of homesickness is always apparent.

Our principal delight was in what we used to call "exploring" when we first arrived at a hotel, and in the occasional intercourse with children of our own age, or, as in "Teedie's" case, with some expert along the line of his own interests, but the writing and receiving of home letters stand out more strongly than almost any other memory of this time, and amongst those most treasured by Teedie and myself were the little missives written by our most intimate friend, Edith Kermit Carow, a little girl who was to have, in later days, the most potent influence of all over the life of Theodore Roosevelt. How little she thought when she wrote to her friend "Conie" from Redbank, November 19, 1869, "I was much pleased at receiving your kind letter telling me all about Teedie's birthday," that one day that very Teedie would be President Theodore Roosevelt, and Edith Kermit Carow the mistress of the White House.

The old friendship of our parents for Mr. and Mrs. Carow, who lived with Mr. Carow's older sister, Mrs. Robert Kermit, in a large house backing up against the 14th Street mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt, was the natural factor in the relationship of the younger generation, and little Edith Carow and little Corinne Roosevelt were pledged friends from the time of their birth.

The "Teedie" of those days expressed always a homesick feeling when "Edie's" letters came. They seemed to fill him with a strong longing for his native land!

In the little note written on yellow, very minute writing-paper headed by a satisfied-looking cat, "Edie" expresses the wish that "Teedie" could have been with her on a late picnic, and "Teedie," I am equally sure, wished for her presence at his eleventh-birthday festivities, which were described by my sister Anna in a letter to our aunt, Mrs. Gracie. I quote a few lines from that letter, for again its contents show the beautiful devotion of my father and mother and sister to the delicate little boy—the devotion which always put their own wishes or arrangements aside when the terrible attacks of asthma came, for those attacks seemed to make them feel that no plan was too definite or important to change at once should "Teedie's" health require it. My sister writes, the letter being dated from Brussels, October 30, 1869:

"Last Thursday was dear little Tee-

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die's birthday; he was eleven years old. We all determined to lay ourselves out on that occasion, for we all feared that he would be homesick,—for he is a great little home-boy. It passed off very nicely indeed. We had to leave Berlin suddenly the night before, for Teedie was not very well; so we left Berlin on Wednesday night at eight o'clock and arrived at Cologne on Thursday morning about nine. You can imagine it was a very long trip for the three little children, although they really bore it better than we three older ones. [She one of the older ones at fourteen and a half!] It was a bitterly cold night and snowed almost all the time. Think of a snow storm on the night of the 27th of October! Teedie was delighted at having had a snow storm on his birthday morning, for he had never had *that* before. When we reached Cologne we went to the same hotel, and had the same nice rooms which we had had on our former stay there, and that of course made us feel very much more at home. Teedie ordered the breakfast, and they all had 'real tea' as a very great treat, and then Teedie ordered the dinner, at which we were all requested to appear in full dress; so Mamma came in her beautiful white silk dinner dress, and Papa in dress coat and light kid gloves. I was very cold, so only wore silk. After Teedie's dinner Papa brought in all his presents. They, Mamma and Papa, gave each of the three, writing desks marked with their names and filled with all the conveniences. Then Teedie received a number of smaller presents as well."

Anna Roosevelt at the age of fifteen when she spoke of herself as one of the "three older ones."

What parents, indeed, so fully to understand the romantic feeling of the little boy about his birthday dinner, that they were more than willing to don their most beautiful habiliments, and appear as they had so lately appeared when received at the Vienna court! Such yielding to what by many people might have been considered as too childish a whim to be countenanced shows with special clearness the quality in my father and mother which inspired in us all such undying adoration. Another letter—not written by my older sister, but in the painstaking handwriting of a little girl of seven—describes my own party the month before. We were evidently staying in Vienna at the time, for I say: "We went to Schönbrunn, a shatto." The "shatto" is more frequently known as a château, but quite as thrilling to my childish mind spelled in my own unique manner! And there in the lovely grounds my mother had arranged a charming *al fresco* supper for the little homesick American girl, and just as the "grown people" were in "full dress" for "Teedie's" birthday, so they gave themselves up in the grounds of the great "shatto" to making merry for the little seven-year-old girl.

After the great excitements of the birthdays came our interesting sojourn in Rome. In spite of my mother's efforts to arouse a somewhat abortive interest in art in the hearts of the three little children, my principal recollections of the Rome of 1869 are from the standpoint of the splendid romps on the Pincian

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Hill. In those contests of running and racing and leaping, my brother Elliott was always the leader, although "Teedie" did his part whenever his health permitted. One scene stands out clearly in my mind. It was a beautiful day, one of those sunny Italian days when ilex and olive shone with a special glistening quality, and when the "Eternal City," as viewed from the high hill, awoke even in the hearts of the little Philistine foreigners a subconscious thrill which they themselves did not quite understand. We were playing with the Lawrence children, playing leap-frog (how inappropriate to the Pincian Hill!) over the many posts, when suddenly there came a stir—an unexpected excitement seemed everywhere. Word was passed that the Pope was coming. "Teedie" whispered to the little group of American children that he didn't believe in popes—that no real American would; and we all felt it was due to the Stars and Stripes that we should share his attitude of distant disapproval. But then, as is often the case, the miracle happened, for the crowd parted, and to our excited, childish eyes something very much like a story-book incident took place. The Pope, who was in his sedan-chair carried by bearers in beautiful costumes, his benign face framed in white hair and by the close cap which he wore, caught sight of the group of eager little children craning their necks to see him pass; and he smiled and put out one fragile, delicate hand toward us, and, lo! the late scoffer who, in spite of the ardent Americanism that burned in his eleven-year-old soul, had quite as much reverence as militant patriotism in his nature, fell upon his knees and kissed the delicate hand, which for a brief moment was laid upon his fair, curling hair. Whenever I think of Rome this memory comes back to me; and in a way it was strangely true to the character of my brother. The Pope to him had always meant what later he would have called "unwarranted superstition," but *that* Pope, Pio Nono, the kindly, benign old man, the moment he appeared in the flesh brought about in my brother's heart the reaction which always came when the pure, the good, or the true crossed his path.

Christmas in Rome was made for us as much like our wonderful Christmases at home as was possible in a foreign hotel. It had always been our custom to go to our parents' room at the pleasant hour of 6 A. M., and generally my mother had induced my long-suffering father to be dressed in some special and marvellous manner at that early hour when we "undid" the bulging, mysterious-looking stockings, and none of these exciting rites were omitted because of our distance from our native land. I think for that reason at the end of the beautiful Christmas day, 1869, the special joy in the hearts of the three little American children was that they had actually forgotten that they were in Rome at all! On January 2 "Teedie" himself writes to his beloved Aunt Annie (Mrs. Gracie) on a piece of note-paper which characteristically has at the top a bird on a bough, that paper being his choice for the writing-desks which had been given to the three children on his birthday: "Will you send the enclosed to Edith Carow. In it I described our ascent of Vesuvius, and so I will describe Pompeii to you." In a rather cramped hand he enters then into an accurate description of everything connected with Pompeii, gloating with scientific delight over the seventeen skeletons found in the Street of the Tombs, but falling for one moment into a lighter vein, he tells of two little Italian boys whom my father had engaged to come and sing for us the same evening at Sorrento, and whose faces were so dirty that my father and his friend Mr. Stevens washed them with "Kissengin Water." That extravagance seems to have been specially entertaining to the mind of the young letter-writer.

During the year abroad there were lovely times when we were not obliged to think of sculpture or painting—weeks in the great Swiss mountains when, in spite of frequent attacks of his old enemy, my father writes that "Teedie" walked many miles and showed the pluck and perseverance which were so strikingly part of his character. In another letter he is described while suffering from a peculiarly severe attack of asthma, as being propped up all night in a big chair in the sitting-room, while his devoted mother told him stories of "when she was a little girl" at

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the old plantation at Roswell; and yet within two days of that very time he is following my father and brother on one of the longest walks they took in the mountains. All through the letters of that period one realizes the developing character of the suffering little boy. My mother writes in a letter to her sister: "Teedie and Ellie have walked to-day thirteen miles, and are very proud of their performance. Indeed Teedie has been further several times."

And so the year of exile had its joyous memories, but in spite of them never were there happier children than those who arrived home in America in the spring of 1870.

Earlier in our lives my father, always thinking of the problem of the fragile health of his two older children, conceived the idea of turning the third room of the second story at 28 East 20th Street into an out-of-doors piazza, a kind of open-air gymnasium, with every imaginable swing and bar and seesaw, and my mother has often told me how he called the boy to him one day—Theodore was now about eleven years of age—and said: "Theodore, you have the mind but you have not the body, and without the help of the body the mind cannot go as far as it should. You must *make* your body. It is hard drudgery to make one's body, but I know you will do it." The little boy looked up, and threw back his head in a characteristic fashion. Then, with a flash of those white teeth which later in life became so well known that when he was police commissioner the story ran that any recreant policeman would faint if he suddenly came face to face with a set of *false* teeth in a shop-window, he said: "*I'll make my body.*"

That was his first important promise to himself, and the delicate little boy began his work, and for many years one of my most vivid recollections is seeing him between horizontal bars widening his chest by regular, monotonous motion—drudgery, indeed, but a drudgery which eventuated in his being not only the apostle but the exponent of the strenuous life.

What fun we had on that piazza! The first Theodore Roosevelt, like his son, was far ahead of his times, and fresh air was his hobby, and he knew that the children who will cry if they are made to take dull walks on dreary city streets, will romp with dangerous delight ungovernessed and unmaided in an outdoor gymnasium. I use the word "dangerous" advisedly, for one day my lovely and delicate mother had an unforgetable shock on that same piazza. She happened to look out of the window opening on to the piazza, and saw two boys, one of whom, needless to say, was Theodore, carefully balancing the seesaw from the high rail which protected the children from the possibility of falling into the back yard, two stories below. Having wearied of the usual play, the aforesaid two boys thought they would add a tinge of excitement to the merriment by balancing the seesaw in such a manner as to have one boy always in the thrilling position of hanging on the farther side of the top rail, with the possibility (unless the equilibrium were kept to perfection) of seesaw, boys, and all descending unexpectedly into the back yard.

One may well imagine the horror of the mother as she saw her adventurous offspring crawling out beyond the projection of the railing. Only great self-control allowed her to reach the wooden board held lightly by the fingers of an equally criminal cousin, and by an agonized clutch make it impossible for the seesaw to slide down with its two foolhardy riders.

Needless to say, no such feat was ever performed again, but the piazza became the happy meeting-ground of all the boys and girls of the neighborhood, and there not only Theodore Roosevelt but many of his friends and family put in a stock of sturdy health which was to do them good service in later years. At the same time the children of that house were leading the normal lives of other little children, except for the individual industry of the more delicate one, who put his hours of necessary quiet into voracious reading of history and study of natural history.

Again the summers were the special delight of our lives, and the following several summers we spent on the Hudson River, at or near Riverdale, where warm friendships were formed with the children

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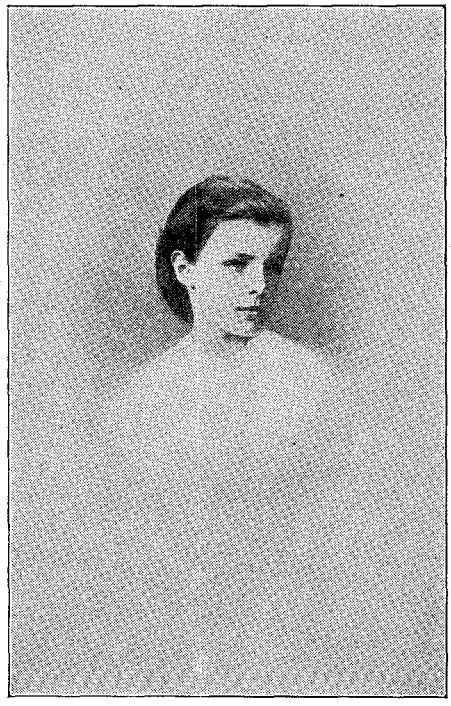
of our parents' friends, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Percy R. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, and Mr. Robert Colgate.

Groups of joyous children invented and carried into effect every imaginable game, and as ever our father was the delightful collaborator in every scheme of pleasure. There began Theodore's more active collection of birds and animals. There he advertised for families of field-mice, and the influx of the all-too-prolific little animals was terrifying to the heart of so perfect a housekeeper as my mother. The horror produced by the discovery of several of the above-named families in the refrigerator was more than trying to the nerves of one less devoted to science. My sister Anna, the most unselfish of older sisters, was the chief sufferer always, as in spite of her extreme youth—for she was only four years older than my brother—her unusual ability and maturity made her seem more like a second mother than a sister. On one special occasion Theodore, having advertised and offered the large sum of ten cents for every field-mouse and thirty-five cents for a family, left for a trip to the Berkshire hills, and my poor sister was inundated by hundreds of active and unattractive families of field-mice, while clamoring country people demanded their ten-cent pieces or the larger sum irrelevantly offered by the absentee young naturalist. In the same unselfish manner my sister was the unwilling recipient of families of young squirrels, guinea-pigs, etc., and I can see her still bringing up one especially delicate family of squirrels on the bottle, and also begging a laundress not to forsake the household because turtles were tied to her tubs.



Corinne Roosevelt, 1869, at seven and a half years.

Those summers on the Hudson River stand out as specially happy days. As I have said before, we were allowed great freedom, although never license, in the summer-time, and situated as we then were with a group of little friends about us, the long sweet days passed like a joyous dream.

Doctor Hilborne West, the husband of my mother's half-sister, stands prominently out as a loved figure in those childhood hours. My mother writes of him as follows: "Dr. West has made himself greatly beloved by each child. He has made boats and sailed them with Ellie; has read poetry and acted plays with Conie; and has talked science, medicine, and natural history with Teedie, who always craves knowledge."

In spite of his craving for knowledge, the boy now nearly fourteen years old had evidently, however, the normal love of noise and racket, as evinced by the following "spread-eagle" letter to his aunt, who, in her turn, had gone abroad:

"Dob's Ferry, July 9th, 72.

"DEAR AUNTIE

"We had the most splendid fun on the fourth of July. At eight o'clock we commenced with a discharge of three packs of firecrackers, which awoke most of the people. But we had only begun now, and during the remainder of the day six boxes of torpedoes and thirty-six packs of firecrackers kept the house in an exceedingly lively condition. That evening it rained

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which made us postpone the fireworks untill next evening, when they were had with great success, excepting the balloons, which were an awful swindle. We boys assisted by firing roman candles, flowerpots and bengolas. We each got his fair share of burns."

Ever your little
T. D."

It was during that summer that "Uncle Hill" would read Shakespeare to us under the trees, and then suggest that we "dress up" and act the parts. What joy it was to have "Uncle Hill" teach us portions of the famous plays of all the ages, and equally famous poems; it was a delight rather than a task; and he interspersed his Shakespeare with the most remarkable and, to our childish minds, brilliant doggerel, sometimes of his own making, that could possibly be imagined—so that Hamlet's soliloquy one day seemed quite as palatable as "Villikins and His Dinah," or "Horum, Chorum, Sumpti Vorum," the next. To show the relationship between the charming physician of Philadelphia (the home of my uncle and aunt, Doctor and Mrs. West, was in that city) and the young philosopher of New York, I am tempted to insert a letter from the latter to the former, written in 1873 from Paris, on our second trip abroad.

"From Theodore the Philosopher to Hilborne, Elder of the Church of Philadelphia. Dated from Paris, a city of Gaul, in the 16th day of the 11th month of the 4th year of the reign of Ulysses. [I imagine that General Grant was then President!] Truly, O Hilborne! this is the first time in many weeks that I have been able to write you concerning our affairs. I have just come from the city of Bonn in the land of the Teuton, where I have been communing with our fellow labourer James of Roosevelt, surnamed The Doctor, [our first cousin, young James West Roosevelt] whom I left in good health. In crossing the Sea of Atlantis I suffered much of a malady called sickness of the sea, but am now in good health, as are also all our family. I would that you should speak to the sage Leidy concerning the price of his great manuscript, which I am desirous of getting. Give my regards to Susan of West, whom I hope this letter will find in health. I have procured many birds, of kinds new to me, here, and have preserved them. This is all I have to say for the time being, so will close this short epistle."

This in a boyish hand which is beginning to show the character of the young author.

That summer of 1872 was very enchanting, although overshadowed by the thought of another "terrible trip to Europe," for after much thought my father and mother had decided that the benefits of a winter on the Nile and a summer studying German in Dresden would outweigh the possible disadvantage of breaking into the regular school studies of the three children of the 20th Street nursery. Therefore, the whole family set sail again in the autumn of 1872.

After a delightful time with the uncles and aunts who had settled in England, and many gay excursions to Hampton Court and Bushey Park, and other places of interest, we went by way of Paris and Brindisi to Alexandria, and after some weeks in Cairo set sail on a dahabeah for three months on the Nile. In a letter from my brother Elliott to my aunt he speaks of my father's purchase of a small boat. With characteristic disregard of the historic interest of the Nile, he says: "Teedie and I won't mind the Nile very much now that we have a boat to row in, and perhaps it won't be so bad after all what with rowing, boxing, and Christmas and playing, in between lessons and the ruins." Reaching Egypt, the same young lover of boxing and boats writes of meeting much beloved cousins, and again the characters of Ellie and Teedie are markedly brought out in the childish letter, for he says: "We had such a cosey tea. Frank and I poured tea and cut up chicken, while Teedie and Jimmie [the young cousin referred to in Teedie's letter to Doctor West] talked about natural history."

The experience of a winter on the Nile was a very wonderful one for the little American children, and "Ellie's" anticipations were more than carried out. Before we actually set sail, I write in my journal of our wonderful trip to the Pyramids and our impressions, childish ones, of course, of the marvellous bazaars;

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and then we finally leave Cairo and start on the journey up the ancient river. I have always been so glad that our trip was before the days of the railway to Karnak, for nothing could have been more Oriental and unlike modern life than the slow progress of our dahabeah, the *Aboo Erdan*. When there was wind we tacked and slowly sailed, for the boat was old and bulky, but when there was no wind the long line of sailors would get out on the bank of the river, and, tying themselves to the rope attached to the bow, would track slowly along, bending their bronzed backs with the effort and singing curious crooning songs.

In a letter dated December 27, I write to my aunt: "I will tell you about my presents. Amongst others I got a pair of pretty vases, and Teedie says the little birds they have on them are an entirely new species. Teedie and Father go out shooting every day, and so far have been very lucky. Teedie is always talking about it whenever he comes in the room,—in fact when he does come in the room you always hear the words 'bird' and 'skin.' *It certainly is great fun for him.*"

In connection with these same shooting trips, my father writes: "Teedie took his gun and shot an ibis and one or two other specimens this morning while the crew were taking breakfast. Imagine seeing not only flocks of these birds, regarded as so rare by us in days gone by as to be selected as a subject for our game of 'twenty questions,' but also of storks, hawks, owls, pelicans, and, above all, doves innumerable. I presented Teedie with a breech-loader at Christmas, and he was perfectly delighted. It was entirely unexpected to him, although he had been shooting with it as mine. He is a most enthusiastic sportsman and has infused some of his spirit into me. Yesterday I walked through the bogs with him at the risk of sinking hopelessly and helplessly, for hours, and carried the dragoman's gun, which is a muzzle-loader, with which I only shot several birds quietly resting upon distant limbs and fallen trees; *but I felt I must keep up with Teedie.*"

The boy of fourteen with his indomitable energy was already leading his equally indomitable father into new fields of action. He never rested from his studies in natural history. When not walking through quivering bogs or actually shooting bird and beast, he, surrounded by the brown-faced and curious sailors, would seat himself on the deck of the dahabeah, and skin and stuff the products of his sport. I well remember the excitement and, be it confessed, anxiety and fear inspired in the hearts of the four young college men who, on another dahabeah, accompanied us on the Nile, when the ardent young sportsman, mounted on an uncontrollable donkey, would ride unexpectedly into their midst, his gun slung across his shoulders in such a way as to render its proximity distinctly dangerous as he bumped absent-mindedly against them. When not actually hunting, he was willing to take part in exploration of the marvellous old ruins.

In a letter to "Edie," I say: "The other day we arrived at Edfoo, and we all went to see the temple together. While we were there Teedie, Ellie, Iesi (one of our sailors) and I started to explore. We went into a little dark room and climbed in a hole which was in the middle of the wall. The boys had candles. It was dark crawling along the passage doubled up. At last we came to a deep hole, into which Teedie dropped, and we found out it was a mummy pit. It didn't go very far in, but it all seemed very exciting to us to be exploring mummy pits. Sometimes we sail head foremost and sometimes the current turns us all the way around,—and I wish you could hear the cries of the sailors when anything happens."

They were busy days, for our wise parents insisted upon regularity of a certain kind, and my older sister, only just eighteen, gave us lessons in both French and English in the early morning before we went on the wonderful excursions to the great temples, or before "Teedie" was allowed to escape for his shooting expeditions. I do not think the three months' absence from school was any detriment, and I am very grateful for the stimulating interest which that wonderful trip on the Nile gave to my brothers and me. I can still see, in retrospect, as if it were yesterday, the great temple of Karnak as we visited it by moonlight; the

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majestic colossi at Medinet Haboo, and the more beautiful and delicate ruins of Philæ. Often my father would read Egyptian history to us, or explain the kind of architecture which we were seeing, but, always, interspersed with more serious instruction, there were merry walks and games and wonderful picnic excursions, so that the winter on the Nile comes back to me as one of romantic interest mixed with the usual fun and cheerful intercourse of our ordinary family life. The four young men who had chartered the dahabeah *Rachel* were Nathaniel Thayer and Frank Merriam of Boston, Augustus Jay of New York, and Harry Godey of Philadelphia, and these four friends, with the addition of other acquaintances whom we frequently met, made for my sister and my parents a delightful circle, into which we little ones were welcomed in a most gracious way.

In spite of the fact of the charms of the Nile and the fun we frequently had, I write on February 1 from Thebes to my little playmate "Edie," with rather melancholy reminiscence of a more congenial past. "My own darling Edie," I say, "Don't you remember what fun we *used* to have out in the country, and don't you remember the day we got Pony Grant up in the Chauncey's summer house and couldn't get him down again, and how we always were losing Teedie's india rubber shoes? I remember it so perfectly, and what fun it was!" I evidently feel that such adventures were preferable to those in which we were indulging in far-away Egypt, although I conscientiously describe the ear on one of the colossi at Medinet Haboo as being four feet high, and the temple, I state, with great accuracy, has twelve columns at the north and ten on either side! I seem, however, to be glad to come back from that expedition to Medinet Haboo, for I state that I wish she could see our dahabeah, which is a regular little home. I don't approve—in this same letter—of the dancing-girls, which my parents allowed me to see one evening. With early Victorian criticism, I state that "there is not a particle of grace in their motions, for they only wriggle their bodies like a snake," and that I really feel they were very unattractive—thus proving that the little girl of eleven in 1873 was more or less prim in her tastes. I delight, however, in a poem which I copy for "Edie," the first lines of which have rung in my ears for many a long day:

"Alas! must I say it, fare—farewell to thee,
Mysterious Egypt, great land of the flea,
And thy Thebaic temples, Luxor and Karnac,
Where the natives change slowly from yellow to black.
Shall I ne'er see thy plain, so fraught with renown,
Where the shadoof go up and the shadoof go down,
Which two natives bend over and sing,
While their loins are concealed by a simple shoe string."

This verse, in spite of the reference to the lack of clothes of the stalwart natives, evidently did not shock my sensibilities as much as the motions of the dancing-girls. Farther on in the letter I describe the New Year's eve party, and how Mr. Merriam sang a song which I (Conie) liked very much, and which was called "She's Naughty But So Nice." "Teedie," however, did not care for that song, but preferred one called "Aunt Dinah," because one verse ran: "My love she am a giraffe, a two-humped camamile." [Music had apparently only charms to soothe him when suggestive of his beloved animal studies.] From Thebes also my brother writes to his aunt one of the most characteristic letters of his boyhood:

"Near Kom Obos, Jan. 26th, 1873.

"DEAR AUNT ANNIE:

"My right hand having recovered from the imaginary attack from which it did *not* suffer, I proceed to thank you for your kind present, which very much delighted me. We are now on the Nile and have been on that great and mysterious river for over a month. I think I have never enjoyed myself so much as in this month. There has always been something to do, for we could always fall back upon shooting when everything else failed us. And then we had those splendid and grand old ruins to see, and one of them will stock you with thoughts for a month. The temple that I enjoyed most was Karnak. We saw it by moonlight. I never was impressed by anything so much. To wander among those great

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columns under the same moon that had looked down on them for thousands of years was awe-inspiring; it gave rise to thoughts of the ineffable, the unutterable; thoughts which you cannot express, which cannot be uttered, which cannot be answered until after The Great Sleep."

Here the little philosopher breaks off, and continues in less serious mood on February 9.

"I have had great enjoyment from the shooting here, as I have procured between one and two hundred skins. I expect to procure some more in Syria. Inform Emlen of this. As you are probably aware, Father presented me on Christmas with a double-barrelled breech loading shot gun, which I never move on shore without, excepting on Sundays. The largest bird I have yet killed is a Crane which I shot as it rose from a lagoon near Thebes.

"The sporting is injurious to my trousers.

"Now that I am on the subject of dress I may as well mention that the dress of the inhabitants up to ten years of age is nothing. After that they put on a shirt descended from some remote ancestor, and never take it off till the day of their death.

"Mother is recovering from an attack of indigestion, but the rest are all well and send love to you and our friends, in which I join sincerely, and remain,

Your Most Affectionate Nephew,
T. ROOSEVELT, JR."

The adoration of his little sister for the erudite "Teedie" is shown in every letter, especially in the letters to their mutual little friend "Edie." On January 25 this admiration is summed up in a postscript which says: "Teedie is out shooting now. He is quite professionist [No higher praise could apparently be given than this remarkable word.] in shooting, skinning and stuffing, and he is so satisfied." This expression seems to sum up the absolute sense of well-being during that wonderful winter of the delicate boy, who, in spite of his delicacy, always achieved his heart's desire.

In the efforts of his little sister to be a worthy companion, I find in my diary written that same winter of the Nile, one abortive struggle on my own part to become a naturalist. On the page at the end of my journal I write in large letters:

NATURAL HISTORY

"QUAIL"

"Ad. near Alexandria, Egypt, November 27th, 1872. Length 5— Expanse 13.0 Wings 5 Tail 1.3—Bill 5. Tarsus 1.2 Middle Toe 1.1 Hind Toe .3"

Under these mystic signs is a more elaborate and painstaking description of the above bird. I can see my brother now giving me a serious lecture on the subject, and trying to inspire a mind at that time securely closed to all such interests to open at least a crack of its reluctant door—for "Teedie" felt that to walk with blind eyes in a world of such fluttering excitement as was made for him by the birds of the air, showed an innate depravity which he wished with all his soul to cure in his beloved little sister. At the end of my description of the quail I fall by the wayside, and only once again make an excursion into the natural history of the great land of Egypt, only once more do I ever struggle with the description of a bird called this time by the curious name of "Ziczac." (Could this be "Zigzag," or was it simply my childish mind that zigzagged in its painful efforts to follow the impossible trail of my elder brother?) In my account of this, to say the least, unusual bird I remark: "Tarsus not finished." Whether *I* have not finished the tarsus, or whether the bird itself had an arrested development of some kind, I do not explain; and on the blank page opposite this final effort in scientific adventure I finish as I began, by the words "Natural History," and underneath them to explain my own unsuccessful efforts, I write: "My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt, Esq." Whether I had decided that all natural history was summed up in that magic name, or whether from that time on I was determined to leave all natural history to my brother, Theodore Roosevelt, Esq., I do not know; but the fact remains that, from that day to this far distant one, I

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have never again dipped into the mystery of mandibles and tarsi.

And now the Nile days were over and we were back again in Cairo and planning for the further interest of a trip through the Holy Land. Mr. Thayer and Mr. Jay, two of the young friends who had accompanied us on the Nile, decided to join our party, and after a short stay in Cairo we again left for Alexandria, and thence sailed for Jaffa. In my diary I write at the Convent of Ramleh, between Jaffa and Jerusalem, where we spent our first night: "In Jaffa we chose our horses, which was very exciting, and started on our long ride. After three hours of delightful riding through a great many green fields, we reached this convent and found they had no room for ladies, because they were not allowed to go into one part of the building as it was against the rules, but at last Father got the old monks to allow us to come into another part of the convent for just one night."

"Father," like his namesake, almost always got what he wanted.

From that time on one adventure after another followed. I write of many nice gallops, and of my horse lying down in the middle of streams; and, incidentally, with less interest, of the Mount of Olives and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre! Antonio Sapienza proved to be an admirable dragoman, and always the practical part of the tenting cavalcade started early in the morning, and therefore as the rest of us rode over the hills in the later afternoon we would see arranged cosily in some beautiful valley the white tents, with the curling smoke from the kitchen-tent already rising with the promise of a delightful dinner.

Over Jordan we went, and what a very great disappointment Jordan was to our childish minds, which had always pictured dashing waves as the Israelitish chariots sank in the river. This Jordan was a little stream hardly more impressive than the brook at our old home at Madison, and we could not quite accustom ourselves to the disappointment. But Jerusalem, with its narrow streets and gates, its old churches, the high Mount of Olives, the little town of Bethlehem not far away, and even more interesting from the standpoint of beauty, the vision of the Convent of Mar Saba on the high hill not far from Hebron, and beyond all else the blue sparkling waters of the Dead Sea—all remain in my memory as a wonderful panorama of romance and delight.

Arab sheiks visited us frequently in the evening and brought their followers to dance for us, and wherever my father went he accumulated friends of all kinds and colors, and we, his children, shared in the marvellous atmosphere he created. I remember, in connection with the Dead Sea, that "Teedie" and Mr. Jay decided that they could sink in it, although the guides had warned them that the salt was so buoyant that it was impossible for any living thing to sink in the waters (the Dead Sea was about the most alive sea that I personally have ever seen), and so the two adventurous ones undertook to dive, and tried to remain under water. "Teedie" fortunately relinquished the effort almost immediately, but Mr. Jay, who in a spirit of bravado struggled to remain at the bottom, suffered the ill effects from crusted salt in eyes and ears for many hours after leaving the water.

For about three weeks we rode through the Holy Land, and my memory of many flowers remains as one of the charms of that trip. Later, led in the paths of botany by a beloved friend, I often longed to go back to that land of flowers; but then to my childish eyes they meant nothing but beauty and delight.

After returning to Jerusalem and Jaffa we took ship again and landed this time at Beyrout, and started on another camping trip to Damascus, through perhaps the most beautiful scenery which we had yet enjoyed. During that trip also we had various adventures. I describe in my diary how my father at one of our stopping-places brought to our tents some beautiful young Arab girls, how they gave us oranges and nuts, and how cordially they begged us, when a great storm came up and our tents were blown away, to come for shelter to their quaint little houses.

Even to the minds of the children of eleven and fourteen years of age the great temple of Baalbek proved a lure of beauty, and the diary sagely remarks that "It is quite as beautiful as Karnak,

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although in an entirely different way, as Baalbek has delicate columns, and Karnak great, massive columns." The beauty, however, is not a matter of such interest as the mysterious little subterranean passages, and I tell how "Teedie" helped me to climb the walls and little tower, and to crawl through these same unexplored dark places.

The ride into Damascus itself remains in my mind still as an expedition of glamour, for we reached the vicinity of the city by a high cliff, and the city burst upon us with great suddenness, its minarets stretching their delicate, arrow-like spires to the sky in so Oriental a fashion that even the practical hearts of the little American children responded with a thrill of excitement. Again, after an interesting stay in Damascus, we made our way back to Beyrout.

We started on another steamer, and my father writes on March 28, 1873:

"Steamer off Rhodes.

"Teedie is in great spirits, as the sailors have caught for him numerous specimens, which he stuffs on deck, to the edification of a large audience."

I write during the same transit, after stopping at Athens, that "It is a very lovely town, and that I should have liked to stay there longer, but that was not to be."

"Ellie" describes also the wonderful rides in Constantinople, and many other joys planned by our indulgent and yet wise parents. From that same city, called because of its many steeples The City of Minarets, "Teedie" writes to his little friend Edith:

"I think I have enjoyed myself more this winter than I ever did before. Much to add to my enjoyment Father gave me a gun at Christmas, which rendered me happy and the rest of the family miserable.

"I killed several hundred birds with it, and then went and lost it! I think I enjoyed the time in Egypt most, and after that I had the most fun while camping out in Syria.

"While camping out we were on horseback for several hours of each day, and as I like riding ever so much, and as the Syrian horses are very good, we had a splendid time. While riding I bothered the family somewhat by carrying the gun over my shoulder, and on the journey to the Jordan, when I was on the most spirited horse I ever rode, I bothered the horse too, as was evidenced by his running away several times when the gun struck him too hard. Our tent life had a good many adventures in it. Once it rained very hard and the rain went into our open trunks. Another time our tents were almost blown away in a rough wind, and once I hunted a couple of jackals for two or three miles as fast as the horse could go.

Yours truly,

T. Roosevelt, Jr."

This little missive sums up the joy of "Teedie's" winter in Egypt and Syria, and so it seems a fitting moment to turn to other interests and occupations, leaving the wonderful land of the Pyramids and that sacred land of mountains and flowers behind us in a glow of child memories, which as year followed year became brighter rather than dimmer.

(To be continued.)

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POEMS

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

VOCATION

THIS be my pilgrimage and goal,
  Daily to march and find
The secret phrases of the soul,
  The evangels of the mind.

While easy tongues are lightly heard,
  Let me with them be great
Who still upon the perfect word
  As heavenly fowlers wait.

In taverns none will I be seen
  But can my dæmon teach
My cloudy thought to wash all clean
  In the bright sun of speech.

FAIRFORD NIGHTINGALES

THE nightingales at Fairford sing
As though it were a common thing
To make the day melodious
With tones that use to visit us
Only when thrush and blackbird take
Their sleep nor know the moon's awake.

These nightingales they sing at noon,
Not lyric lone, but threading June
With songs of many nightingales,
Till the meridian summer pales,
And here by day that spectral will
Is spending its enchantment still.

Nor shyly in far woodland bowers,
But walled among the garden flowers,
The Fairford nightingales are free,
That so the fabled melody
Is from the haunted groves of Thrace
Falling on Fairford market-place.

O nightingales that leave the night
To join the melodists of light,
And leave your coppiced gloom to dare
The fellowship forsaken there,
Fresh hours, fresh leaves can dispossess
Nor spell your music's loneliness.

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TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART I—*Continued*

IX

GOYA

LUNCH was over and Soames mounted to the picture-gallery in his house near Mapledurham. He had what Annette called "a grief." Fleur was not yet home. She had been expected on Wednesday; had wired that it would be Friday; and again on Friday that it would be Sunday afternoon; and here were her aunt, and her cousins the Cardigans, and this fellow Profond, and everything flat as a pancake for the want of her. He stood before his Gauguin—sorest point of his collection. He had bought the ugly great thing with two early Matisses before the war, because there was such a fuss about those Post-Impressionist chaps. And now they were old-fashioned already without ever having had a chance to go up in price, and he had always thought them hideous into the bargain. He was wondering whether Profond would take them off his hands—the fellow seemed not to know what to do with his money—when he heard his sister's voice say: "I think that's a horrid thing, Soames," and saw that Winifred had followed him up.

"Oh! you *do?*" he said dryly; "I gave five hundred for it."

"Fancy! Women aren't made like that even if they are black."

Soames uttered a glum laugh. "You didn't come up to tell me that."

"No. Do you know that Jolyon's boy is staying with Val and his wife?"

Soames spun round.

"What?"

"Yes," drawled Winifred; "he's gone to live with them there while he learns farming."

Soames had turned away, but her voice pursued him as he walked up and down. "I warned Val that neither of them was to be spoken to about old matters."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

Winifred shrugged her substantial shoulders.

"Fleur does what she likes. You've always spoiled her. Besides, my dear boy, what's the harm?"

"The harm!" muttered Soames. "Why, she—" he checked himself. The Juno, the handkerchief, Fleur's eyes, her questions, and now this delay in her return—the symptoms seemed to him so sinister that, faithful to his nature, he could not part with them.

"I think you take too much care," said Winifred; "if I were you, I should tell her of that old matter. It's no good thinking that girls in these days are as they used to be. Where they pick up their knowledge I can't tell, but they seem to know everything."

Over Soames' face, closely composed, passed a sort of spasm, and Winifred added hastily:

"If you don't like to speak of it, I could for you."

Soames shook his head. Unless there was absolute necessity the thought that his adored daughter should learn of that old scandal hurt his pride too much.

"No," he said, "not yet. Never if I can help it."

"Nonsense, my dear. Think what people are!"

"Twenty years is a long time," muttered Soames, "outside our family, who's likely to remember?"

Winifred was silenced. She inclined more and more to that peace and quietness of which Montague Dartie had deprived her in her youth. And, since pictures always depressed her, she soon went down again.

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Soames passed into the corner where, side by side, hung his real Goya, and the copy of the fresco "La Vendimia." His acquisition of the real Goya rather beautifully illustrated the cobweb of vested interests and passions, which mesh the bright-winged fly of human life. The real Goya's noble owner's ancestor had come into possession of it during some Spanish war—it was in a word loot. The noble owner had remained in ignorance of its value until in the nineties an enterprising critic discovered that a Spanish painter named Goya was a genius. It was only a fair Goya, but almost unique in England, and the noble owner became a marked man. Having many possessions and that aristocratic culture which, independent of mere sensuous enjoyment, is founded on the sounder principle that one must know everything and be fearfully interested in life, he had fully intended to keep an article which contributed to his reputation while he was alive, and to leave it to the nation after he was dead. Fortunately for Soames, the House of Lords was violently attacked in 1909, and the noble owner became alarmed and angry. "If," he said to himself, "they think they can have it both ways they are very much mistaken. So long as they leave me in quiet enjoyment the nation can have some of my pictures at my death. But if the nation is going to bait me, and rob me like this, I'm damned if I won't sell the —— lot. They can't have my private property and my public spirit—both." He brooded in this fashion for several months till one morning, after reading the speech of a certain statesman, he telegraphed to his agent to come down and bring Bodkin. On going over the collection Bodkin, than whose opinion on market values none was more sought, pronounced that with a free hand to sell to America, Germany, and other places where there was an interest in art, a lot more money could be made than by selling in England. The noble owner's public spirit—he said—was well known but the pictures were unique. The noble owner put this opinion in his pipe and smoked it for a year. At the end of that time he read another speech by the same statesman, and telegraphed to his agents: "Give Bodkin a free hand."

It was at this juncture that Bodkin conceived the idea which salved the Goya and two other unique pictures for the native country of the noble owner. With one hand Bodkin proffered the pictures to the foreign market, with the other he formed a list of private British collectors. Having obtained what he considered the highest possible bids from across the seas, he submitted pictures and bids to the private British collectors, and invited them, of their public spirit, to outbid. In three instances (including the Goya) out of twenty-one he was successful. And why? One of the private collectors made buttons—he had made so many that he desired that his wife should be called Lady "Buttons." He therefore bought an unique picture at great cost, and gave it to the nation. It was "part," his friends said, "of his general game." The second of the private collectors was an Americophobe, and bought an unique picture to "spite the damned Yanks." The third of the private collectors was Soames, who—more sober than either of the others—bought after a visit to Madrid, because he was certain that Goya was still on the up grade. Goya was not booming at the moment, but he would come again; and, looking at that portrait, Hogarthian, Manetesque in its directness, but with its own queer sharp beauty of paint, he was perfectly satisfied still that he had made no error, heavy though the price had been—heaviest he had ever paid. And next to it was hanging the copy of "La Vendimia." There she was—the little wretch—looking back at him in her dreamy mood, the mood he loved best because he felt so much safer when she looked like that.

He was still gazing when the scent of a cigar impinged on his nostrils, and a voice said:

"Well, Mr. Forsyde, whad you goin' to do with this small lot?"

That Belgian chap, whose mother—as if Flemish blood were not enough—had been Armenian! Subduing a natural irritation, he said:

"Are you a judge of pictures?"

"Well, I've god a small lot myself."

"Any Post-Impressionists?"

"Ye-es, I rather like them."

"What do you think of this?" said Soames, pointing to the Gauguin.

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La Vendimia. By Goya.
In the Museum del Prado.

Monsieur Profond protruded his lower lip and short pointed beard.

"Rather fine, I think," he said; "do you wand to sell it?"

Soames checked his instinctive "Not particularly"—he would not chaffer with this alien.

"Yes," he said.

"Whad do you wand for it?"

"What I gave."

"All righd," said Monsieur Profond. "I'll be glad to take that small picture. Post-Impressionists—they're awful dead, but they're amusin'. I don' care for pictures much, but I've got some, just a small lot."

"What *do* you care for?"

Monsieur Profond shrugged his shoulders.

"Life's awful like a lot of monkeys scramblin' for empdy nuts."

"You're young," said Soames. If the fellow must make a generalization, he needn't suggest that the forms of property lacked solidity!

"I don' worry," replied Monsieur Profond smiling; "we're born, and we die. Half the world's starvin'. I feed a small

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lot of babies out in my mother's country; but whad's the use? Mighd as well throw my money in the river."

Soames looked at him, and turned back toward his Goya. He didn't know what the fellow wanted.

"Whad shall I make my check for?" pursued Monsieur Profond.

"Five hundred," said Soames shortly; "but I don't want you to take it if you don't care for it more than that."

"Thad's all righd," said Monsieur Profond; "I'll be 'appy to 'ave that picture."

He wrote a check with a fountain-pen heavily chased with gold. Soames watched the process uneasily. How on earth had the fellow known that he wanted to sell that picture? Monsieur Profond held out the check.

"The English are awful funny about pictures," he said. "So are the French, so are my people. They're all awful funny."

"I don't understand you," said Soames stiffly.

"It's like hats," said Monsieur Profond enigmatically, "small or large, turnin' up or down—just the fashion. Awful funny." And, smiling, he drifted out of the gallery again, blue and solid like the smoke of his excellent cigar.

Soames had taken the check, feeling as if the intrinsic value of ownership had been called in question. "He's a cosmopolitan," he thought, watching Profond emerge from under the veranda with Annette, and saunter down the lawn toward the river. What his wife saw in the fellow he didn't know, unless it was that he could speak her language; and there passed in Soames what Monsieur Profond would have called a "small doubt" whether Annette was not too handsome to be walking with any one so "cosmopolitan." Even at that distance he could see the blue fumes from Profond's cigar wreath out in the quiet sunlight; and his gray buckskin shoes, and his gray hat—the fellow was a dandy! And he could see that quick turn of his wife's head, so very straight on her desirable neck and shoulders. That turn of her neck always seemed to him a little too showy, and in the "Queen of all I survey" manner—not quite distinguished. He watched them walk along the path at the bottom of the garden. A young man in flannels joined them down there—a Sunday caller no doubt, from up the river. He went back to his Goya. He was still staring at that replica of Fleur, and worrying over Winifred's news, when his wife's voice said:

"Mr. Michael Mont, Soames. You invited him to see your pictures."

There was the cheerful young man of the Gallery off Cork Street!

"Turned up, you see, sir; I live only four miles from Pangbourne. Jolly day, isn't it?"

Confronted with the results of his expansiveness, Soames scrutinized his visitor. The young man's mouth was excessively large and curly—he seemed always grinning. Why didn't he grow the rest of those idiotic little moustaches, which made him look like a music-hall buffoon? What on earth were young men about, deliberately lowering their class with these tooth-brushes, or little slug whiskers? Ugh! Affected young idiots! In other respects he was presentable, and his flannels very clean.

"Happy to see you!" he said.

The young man, who had been turning his head from side to side, became transfixed. "I say!" he said, "'some' picture!"

Soames saw, with mixed sensations, that he had addressed the remark to the Goya copy.

"Yes," he said dryly, "that's not a Goya. It's a copy. I had it painted because it reminded me of my daughter."

"By Jove! I thought I knew the face, sir. Is she here?"

The frankness of his interest almost disarmed Soames.

"She'll be in after tea," he said. "Shall we go round the pictures?"

And Soames began that round which never tired him. He had not anticipated much intelligence from one who had mistaken a copy for an original, but as they passed from section to section, period to period, he was startled by the young man's frank and relevant remarks. Naturally shrewd himself, and even sensuous beneath his mask, Soames had not spent thirty-eight years over his one hobby without knowing something more about

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pictures than their market values. He was, as it were, the missing link between the artist and the commercial public. Art for art's sake and all that, of course, was cant. But æsthetics and good taste were necessary. The appreciation of enough persons of good taste was what gave a work of art its permanent market value, or in other words made it "a work of art." There was no real cleavage. And he was sufficiently accustomed to sheep-like and unseeing visitors, to be intrigued by one who did not hesitate to say of Mauve: "Good old haystacks!" or of James Maris: "Didn't he just paint and paper 'em! Mathew was the real swell, sir; you could dig into his surfaces!" It was after the young man had whistled before a Whistler, with the words: "D'you think he ever really saw a naked woman, sir?" that Soames remarked:

"What *are* you, Mr. Mont, if I may ask?"

"I, sir? I *was* going to be a painter, but the War knocked that. Then in the trenches, you know, I used to dream of the Stock Exchange, snug and warm and just noisy enough. But the Peace knocked that; shares seem off, don't they? I've only been demobbed about a year. What do you recommend, sir?"

"Have you got money?"

"Well," answered the young man; "I've got a father, I kept him alive during the War, so he's bound to keep me alive now. Though, of course, there's the question whether he ought to be allowed to hang on to his property. What do you think about that, sir?"

Soames, pale and defensive, smiled.

"The old man has fits when I tell him he may have to work yet. He's got land, you know; it's a fatal disease."

"This is my real Goya," said Soames dryly.

"By George! He *was* a swell. I saw a Goya in Munich once that bowled me middle stump. A most evil-looking old woman in the most gorgeous lace. *He* made no compromise with the public taste. That old boy was 'some' explosive; he must have smashed up a lot of convention in his day. Couldn't he just paint! He makes Velasquez stiff, don't you think?"

"I have no Velasquez," said Soames.

The young man stared. "No," he said; "only nations or profiteers can afford him, I suppose. I say, why shouldn't all the bankrupt nations sell their Velasquez and Titians and other swells to the profiteers by force, and then pass a law that any one who holds a picture by an Old Master—see schedule—must hang it in a public gallery? There seems something in that."

"Shall we go down to tea?" said Soames.

The young man's ears seemed to droop on his skull. "He's not dense," thought Soames, following him off the premises.

Goya, with his satiric and surpassing precision, his original "line," and the daring of his light and shade, could have reproduced to admiration the group assembled round Annette's tea-tray in the ingle-nook below. He alone, perhaps, of painters would have done justice to the sunlight filtering through a screen of creeper, to the lovely pallor of brass, the old cut glasses, the thin slices of lemon in pale amber tea; justice to Annette in her black lacey dress; there was something of the fair Spaniard in her beauty, though it lacked the spirituality of that rare type; to Winifred's gray-haired, corseted solidity; to Soames, of a certain gray and flat-cheeked distinction; to the vivacious Michael Mont, pointed in ear and eye; to Imogen, dark, luscious of glance, growing a little stout; to Prosper Profond, with his expression as who should say: "Well, Mr. Goya, whad's the use of paintin' this small party?" finally, to Jack Cardigan, with his shining stare and tanned sanguinity betraying the moving principle: "I'm English, and I live to be fit."

Curious, by the way, that Imogen, who as a girl had declared solemnly one day at Timothy's that she would never marry a good man—they were so dull—should have married Jack Cardigan, in whom health had so destroyed all traces of original sin, that she might have retired to rest with ten thousand other Englishmen without knowing the difference from the one she had chosen to repose beside. "Oh!" she would say of him, in her "amusing" way; "Jack keeps himself so fearfully fit; he's never had a day's ill-

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ness in his life. He went right through the war without a finger-ache. You really can't imagine how fit he is!" Indeed, he was so "fit" that he couldn't see when she was flirting, which was such a comfort in a way. All the same she was quite fond of him, so far as one could be of a sports-machine, and of the two little Cardigans made after his pattern. Her eyes just then were comparing him maliciously with Prosper Profond. There was no "small" sport or game which Monsieur Profond had not played at too, it seemed, from skittles to tarpon-fishing, and worn out every one. Imogen would sometimes wish that they had worn out Jack, who continued to play at them and talk of them with the simple zeal of a school-girl learning hockey; at the age of Great-uncle Timothy she well knew that Jack would be playing carpet golf in her bedroom, and "wiping somebody's eye."

He was telling them now how he had "pipped the pro—a charmin' fellow, playin' a very good game," at the last hole this morning; and how he had pulled down to Caversham since lunch, and trying to incite Prosper Profond to play him a set of tennis after tea—do him good—"keep him fit."

"But whad's the use of keepin' fit?" said Monsieur Profond.

"Yes, sir," murmured Michael Mont, "what do you keep fit for?"

"Jack," cried Imogen, enchanted, "what *do* you keep fit for?"

Jack Cardigan stared with all his health. The questions were like the buzz of a mosquito, and he put up his hand to wipe them away. During the War, of course, he had kept fit to kill Germans; now that it was over he either did not know, or shrank in delicacy from explanation of his moving principle.

"But he's righd," said Monsieur Profond unexpectedly, "there's nothin' left but keepin' fit."

The saying, too deep for Sunday afternoon, would have passed unanswered, but for the mercurial nature of young Mont.

"Good!" he cried. "That's the great discovery of the war. We all thought we were progressing—now we know we're only changing."

"For the worse," said Monsieur Profond genially.

"How you are cheerful, Prosper!" murmured Annette.

"You come and play tennis!" said Jack Cardigan; "you've got the hump. We'll soon take that down. D'you play, Mr. Mont?"

"I hit the ball about, sir."

At this juncture Soames rose, ruffled in that deep instinct of preparation for the future which guided his existence.

"When Fleur comes—" he heard Jack Cardigan say.

Ah! and why didn't she come? He passed through drawing-room, hall, and porch out on to the drive, and stood there listening for the car. All was still and Sunday-fied; the lilacs in full flower scented the air. There were white clouds like the feathers of ducks gilded by the sunlight. Memory of the day when Fleur was born, and he had waited in such agony with her life and her mother's balanced in his hands, came to him sharply. He had saved her then, to be the flower of his life. And now! Was she going to give him trouble—pain—give him trouble? He did not like the look of things! A blackbird broke in on his reverie with an evening song—a great big fellow up in that acacia-tree. Soames had taken quite an interest in his birds of late years; he and Fleur would walk round and watch them; her eyes were sharp as needles, and she knew every nest. He saw her dog, a retriever, lying on the drive in a patch of sunlight, and called to him. "Hallo, old fellow—waiting for her too!" The dog came slowly with a grudging tail, and Soames mechanically laid a pat on his head. The dog, the bird, the lilac all were part of Fleur for him; no more, no less. "Too fond of her!" he thought, "too fond!" He was like a man uninsured, with his ships at sea. Uninsured again—as in that other time, so long ago, when he would wander dumb and jealous in the wilderness of London, longing for that woman—his first wife—the mother of this infernal boy. Ah! There was the car at last! It drew up, it had luggage, but no Fleur.

"Miss Fleur is walking up, sir, by the towing-path."

Walking all those miles? Soames stared. The man's face had the beginning of a smile on it. What was he grinning

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at? And very quickly he turned, saying: "All right, Sims!" and went into the house. He mounted to the picture-gallery once more. He had from there a view of the river bank, and stood with his eyes fixed on it, oblivious of the fact that it would be an hour at least before her figure showed there. Walking up! And that fellow's grin! The boy—! He turned abruptly from the window. He couldn't spy on her. If she wanted to keep things from him—she must; he could not spy on her. His heart felt empty; and bitterness mounted from it into his very mouth. The staccato shouts of Jack Cardigan pursuing the ball, the laugh of young Mont rose in the stillness and came in. He hoped they were making that chap Profond run. And the girl in "La Vendimia" stood with her arm akimbo and her dreamy eyes looking past him. "I've done all I could for you," he thought, "since you were no higher than my knee. You aren't going to—to—hurt me, are you?"

But the Goya copy answered not, brilliant in color just beginning to tone down. "There's no real life in it," thought Soames. "Why doesn't she come?"

X

TRIO

Among those four Forsytes of the third, and, as one might say, fourth generation, at Wansdon under the Downs, a week-end prolonged unto the ninth day had stretched the crossing threads of tenacity almost to snapping-point. Never had Fleur been so "*fine*," Holly so watchful, Val so stable-secretive, Jon so silent and disturbed. What he learned of farming in that week might have been balanced on the point of a pen-knife and puffed off. He, whose nature was essentially averse from intrigue, and whose adoration of Fleur disposed him to think that any need for concealing it was "skittles," chafed and fretted, yet obeyed, taking what relief he could in the few moments when they were alone. On Thursday, while they were standing in the bay window of the drawing-room, dressed for dinner, she said to him:

"Jon, I'm going home on Sunday by the 3.40 from Paddington; if you were to go home on *Saturday* you could come up on Sunday and take me down, and just get back here by the last train, after. You *were* going home anyway, weren't you?"

Jon nodded.

"Anything to be with you," he said; "only why need I pretend——"

Fleur slipped her little finger into his palm:

"You have no instinct, Jon; you *must* leave things to me. It's serious about our people. We've simply got to be secret at present, if we want to be together." The door was opened, and she added clearly: "You *are* a duffer, Jon."

Something turned over within Jon; he could not bear this subterfuge about a feeling so natural, so overwhelming, and so sweet.

On Friday night about eleven he had packed his bag, and was leaning out at his window, half miserable and half lost in a dream of Paddington station, when he heard a tiny sound, as of a finger-nail tapping on his door. He rushed to it and listened. Again the sound. It *was* a nail. He opened. Oh! What a lovely thing came in!

"I wanted to show you my fancy dress," it said, and struck an attitude at the foot of his bed.

Jon drew a long breath and leaned against the door. The apparition wore white muslin on its head, a fichu round its bare neck over a wine-colored dress, fulled out below its slender waist. It held one arm akimbo, and the other raised right-angled holding a fan which touched its head.

"This ought to be a basket of grapes," it whispered, "but I haven't got it here. It's my Goya dress. And this is the attitude in the picture. Do you like it?"

"It's a dream."

The apparition pirouetted. "Touch it, and see."

Jon knelt down and took the skirt reverently.

"Grape color," came the whisper, "all grapes—La Vendimia—the vintage."

Jon's fingers scarcely touched each side of the waist; he looked up, with adoring eyes.

"Oh! Jon," it whispered; bent, kissed his forehead, pirouetted again, and, gliding out, was gone.

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Jon stayed on his knees, and his head fell forward against the bed. How long he stayed like that he did not know. The little noises of the tapping nail, the feet, the skirts rustling—as in a dream—went on about him; and before his closed eyes the figure stood and smiled and whispered, a faint perfume of narcissus lingering in the air. And his forehead where it had been kissed had a little cool place between the brows, like the imprint of a flower. Love filled his soul, that love of boy for girl which knows so little, hopes so much, would not brush the down off for the world, and must become in time a fragrant memory—a searing passion—a humdrum mateship—or, once in many times, vintage full and sweet with sunset color on the grapes.

Enough has been said about Jon Forsyte here and in another place to show what long marches lay between him and his great-great-grandfather, the first Jolyon, in Dorset down by the sea. Jon was sensitive as a girl, more sensitive than nine out of ten girls of the day; imaginative as one of his half-sister June's "lame duck" painters; affectionate as a son of his father and his mother naturally would be. And yet, in his inner tissue, there was something of the old founder of his family, a secret tenacity of soul, a dread of showing his feelings, a determination not to know when he was beaten. Sensitive, imaginative, affectionate boys get a bad time at school, but Jon had instinctively kept his nature dark, and been but normally unhappy there. Only with his mother had he, up till then, been absolutely frank and natural; and when he went home to Robin Hill that Saturday his heart was heavy because Fleur had said that he must not be frank and natural with her from whom he had never yet kept anything, must not even tell her that they had met again, unless he found that she knew already. So intolerable did this seem to him that he was very near to telegraphing an excuse and staying up in London. And the first thing his mother said to him was:

"So you've had our little friend of the confectioner's there, Jon. What is she like on second thoughts?"

With relief, and a high color, Jon answered:

"Oh! awfully jolly, Mum."

Her arm pressed his.

Jon had never loved her so much as in that minute which seemed to falsify Fleur's fears and to release his soul. He turned to look at her, but something in her smiling face—something which only he perhaps would have caught—stopped the words bubbling up in him. Could fear go with a smile? If so, there was fear in her face. And out of Jon tumbled quite other words, about farming, Holly, and the Downs. Talking fast, he waited for her to come back to Fleur. But she did not. Nor did his father mention her, though of course he, too, must know. What deprivation, and killing of reality was in this silence about Fleur—when he was so full of her; when his mother was so full of Jon, and his father so full of his mother! And so the trio spent the evening of that Saturday.

After dinner his mother played; she seemed to play all the things he liked best, and he sat with one knee clasped, and his hair standing up where his fingers had run through it. He gazed at his mother while she played, but he saw Fleur—Fleur in the moonlit orchard, Fleur in the sunlit gravel-pit, Fleur in that fancy dress, swaying, whispering, stooping, kissing his forehead. Once, while he listened, he forgot himself and glanced at his father in that other easy chair. What was Dad looking like that for? The expression on his face was so sad and puzzling. It filled him with a sort of remorse, so that he got up and went and sat on the arm of his father's chair. From there he could not see his face; and again he saw Fleur—in his mother's hands, slim and white on the keys, in the profile of her face and her powdery hair; and down the long room in the open window where the May night walked outside.

When he went up to bed his mother came into his room. She stood at the window, and said:

"Those cypresses your grandfather planted down there have done wonderfully. I always think they look beautiful under a dropping moon. I wish you had known your grandfather, Jon."

"Were you married to father, when he was alive?" asked Jon suddenly.

"No, dear; he died in '92—very old—eighty-four, I think."

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Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"This ought to be a basket of grapes," it whispered, "but I haven't got it here. It's my Goya dress. . . . Do you like it?"—Page 323.

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"Is father like him?"

"A little, but more subtle, and not quite so solid."

"I know, from grandfather's portrait; who painted that?"

"One of June's 'lame ducks.' But it's quite good."

Jon slipped his hand through his mother's arm. "Tell me about the family quarrel, Mum."

He felt her arm quivering. "No, dear; that's for your father some day, if he thinks fit."

"Then it *was* serious," said Jon, with a catch in his breath.

"Yes." And there was a silence, during which neither knew whether the arm or the hand within it were quivering most.

"Some people," said Irene softly, "think the moon on her back is evil; to me she's always lovely. Look at those cypress shadows! Jon, father says we may go to Italy, you and I, for two months. Would you like?"

Jon took his hand from under her arm; his sensation was so sharp and so confused. Italy with his mother! A fortnight ago it would have been perfection; now it filled him with dismay, feeling this sudden suggestion had to do with Fleur. He stammered out:

"Oh! yes; only—I don't know. Ought I—now I've just begun? I'd like to think it over."

Her voice answered, cool and gentle:

"Yes, dear; think it over. But better now than when you've begun farming seriously. Italy with you—! It would be nice!"

Jon put his arm round her waist, still slim and firm as a girl's.

"Do you think you ought to leave father?" he said feebly, feeling very mean.

"Father suggested it; he thinks you ought to see Italy at least before you settle down to anything."

The sense of meanness died in Jon; he knew, yes—he knew—that his father and his mother were not speaking frankly, no more than he himself. They wanted to keep him from Fleur! His heart hardened. And, as if she felt that process going on, his mother said:

"Good-night, darling. Have a good sleep and think it over. But it would be lovely!"

She pressed him to her so quickly that he did not see her face. Jon stood feeling exactly as he used to when he was a naughty little boy; sore because he was not loving, and because he was justified in his own eyes.

But Irene, after she had stood a moment in her own room, passed through the dressing-room between it and her husband's.

"Well?"

"He will think it over, Jolyon."

Watching her lips that wore a little drawn smile, Jolyon said quietly:

"You had better let me tell him, and have done with it. After all, Jon has the instincts of a gentleman. He has only to understand——"

"Only! He can't understand; that's impossible."

"I believe I could have at his age."

Irene caught his hand. "You were always more of a realist than Jon; and never so innocent."

"That's true," said Jolyon. "It's queer, isn't it? You and I would tell our stories to the world without a particle of shame; but our own boy stumps us."

"We've never cared whether the world approves or not."

"Jon would not disapprove of *us!*"

"Oh! Jolyon, yes. He's in love, I feel he's in love. And he'd say: 'My mother once married *without love!* How could she have!' It'll seem to him a crime! And so it was!"

Jolyon took her hand, and said with a wry smile:

"Ah! why on earth are we born young? Now, if only we were born old and grew younger year by year we should understand how things happen, and drop all our cursed intolerance. But you know if the boy is really in love, he won't forget, even if he goes to Italy. We're a tenacious breed; and he'll know by instinct why he's being sent. Nothing will really cure him but the shock of being told."

"Let me try, anyway."

Jolyon stood a moment without speaking. Between this devil and this deep sea—the pain of a dreaded disclosure and the grief of losing his wife for two months—he secretly hoped for the devil; yet if she wished for the deep sea he must put up with it. After all, it would be training

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for that departure from which there would be no return. And, taking her in his arms, he kissed her eyes, and said:

"As you will, my love."

XI

DUET

THAT "small" emotion, love, grows amazingly when threatened with extinction. Jon reached Paddington station half an hour before his time and a full week after, as it seemed to him. He stood at the appointed book-stall amid a crowd of Sunday travellers, in a Harris tweed suit exhaling, as it were, the emotion of his thumping heart. He read the names of the novels on the book-stall, and bought one at last, to avoid being regarded with suspicion by the book-stall clerk. It was called "The Heart of the Trail!" which must mean something, though it did not seem to. He also bought "The Lady's Mirror" and "The Landsman." Every minute was an hour long, and full of horrid imaginings. After nineteen had passed, he saw her with a bag and a porter wheeling her luggage. She came swiftly; she came cool. She greeted him as if he were a brother.

"First class," she said to the porter, "corner seats; opposite."

Jon admired her frightful self-possession.

"Can't we get a carriage to ourselves?" he whispered.

"No good; it's a stopping train. After Maidenhead perhaps. Look natural, Jon."

Jon screwed his features into a scowl. They got in—with two other beasts!—oh! heaven! He tipped the porter unnaturally, in his confusion. The brute deserved nothing for putting them in there, and looking as if he knew all about it into the bargain.

Fleur hid herself behind "The Lady's Mirror." Jon imitated her behind "The Landsman." The train started. Fleur let "The Lady's Mirror" fall and leaned forward.

"Well?" she said.

"It's seemed about fifteen days."

She nodded, and Jon's face lighted up at once.

"Look natural," murmured Fleur, and went off into a bubble of laughter. It hurt him. How could he look natural with Italy hanging over him? He had meant to break it to her gently, but now he blurted it out.

"They want me to go to Italy with mother for two months."

Fleur drooped her eyelids; turned a little pale, and bit her lips.

"Oh!" she said. It was all, but it was much.

That "Oh!" was like the quick drawback of the wrist in fencing ready for parry and riposte. The parry came.

"You must go!"

"Go?" said Jon in a strangled voice.

"Of course."

"But—two months—it's ghastly."

"No," said Fleur, "six weeks. You'll have forgotten me by then. We'll meet in the National Gallery the day after you get back."

Jon laughed.

"But suppose you've forgotten *me*," he muttered into the noise of the train.

Fleur shook her head.

"Some other beast—" murmured Jon.

Her foot touched his.

"No other beast," she said, lifting the "Lady's Mirror."

The train stopped; two passengers got out, and one got in.

"I shall die," thought Jon, "if we're not alone at all."

The train went on; and again Fleur leaned forward.

"I never let go," she said; "do you?"

Jon shook his head vehemently.

"Never!" he said. "Will you write to me?"

"No; but *you* can—to my Club."

She had a Club; she was wonderful!

"Did you pump Holly?" he muttered.

"Yes, but I got nothing. I didn't dare pump hard."

"What can it be?" cried Jon.

"I shall find out all right."

A long silence followed till Fleur said: "This is Maidenhead, stand by, Jon!"

The train stopped. The remaining passenger got out. Fleur drew down her blind.

"Quick!" she cried. "Hang out! Look as much of a beast as you can."

Jon blew his nose, and scowled furiously; never in all his life had he scowled

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like that! An old lady recoiled, a young one tried the handle. It turned, but the door would not open. The train moved, the young lady darted to another carriage.

"What luck!" cried Jon. "It jammed."

"Yes," said Fleur; "I was holding it."

The train moved out, and Jon fell on his knees.

"Look out for the corridor," she whispered; "and—quick!"

Her lips met his. And though their kiss only lasted perhaps ten seconds Jon's soul left his body and went so far beyond that, when he was again sitting opposite that demure figure, he was pale as death. He heard her sigh, and the sound seemed to him the most precious he had ever heard—an exquisite declaration that he meant something to her.

"Six weeks isn't really long," she said; "and you can easily make it six if you keep your head out there, and never seem to think of me."

Jon gasped.

"This is just what's really wanted, Jon, to convince them, don't you see? If we're just as bad when you come back they'll stop being ridiculous about it. Only, I'm sorry it's not Spain; there's a girl in a Goya picture at Madrid who's like me, father says. Only she isn't—we've got a copy of her."

It was to Jon like a ray of sunshine piercing through a fog. "I'll make it Spain," he said, "mother won't mind; she's never been there. And my father thinks a lot of Goya."

"Oh! yes, he's a painter—isn't he?"

"Only water-color," said Jon, with honesty.

"When we come to Reading, Jon, get out first and go down to Caversham lock and wait for me. I'll send the car home and we'll walk by the towing-path."

Jon seized her hand in gratitude, and they sat silent, with the world well lost, and one eye on the corridor. But the train seemed to run twice as fast now, and its sound was almost lost in that of Jon's sighing.

"We're getting near," said Fleur; "the towing-path's awfully exposed. One more! Oh! Jon, don't forget me."

Jon answered with his kiss. And very soon, a flushed, distracted-looking youth could have been seen—as they say—leaping from the train and hurrying along the platform, searching his pockets for his ticket.

When at last she rejoined him on the towing-path a little beyond Caversham lock he had made an effort, and regained some measure of equanimity. If they had to part, he would not make a scene! A breeze by the bright river threw the white side of the willow leaves up into the sunlight, and followed those two with its faint rustle.

"I told our chauffeur that I was train-giddy," said Fleur. "Did you look pretty natural as you went out?"

"I don't know. What is natural?"

"It's natural to you to look seriously happy. When I first saw you I thought you weren't a bit like other people."

"Exactly what I thought when I saw you. I knew at once I should never love anybody else."

Fleur laughed.

"We're absurdly young. And love's young dream is out of date, Jon. Besides, it's awfully expensive. Think of all the fun you might have. You haven't begun, even; it's a shame, really. And there's me. I wonder!"

Confusion came on Jon's spirit. How could she say such things just as they were going to part?

"If you feel like that," he said, "I can't go. I shall tell mother **that** I ought to try and work. There's always the condition of the world!"

"The condition of the world!"

Jon thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"But there is," he said; "think of the people starving!"

Fleur shook her head. "No, no, I never, never will make myself miserable for nothing."

"Nothing! But there's an awful state of things, and of course one ought to help."

"Oh! yes, I know all that. But you can't help people, Jon; they're hopeless. When you pull them out they only get into another hole. Look at them, still fighting and plotting and struggling, though they're dying in heaps all the time. Idiots!"

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"Aren't you sorry for them?"

"Oh! sorry—yes, but I'm not going to make myself unhappy about it; that's no good."

And they were silent, disturbed by this first glimpse of each other's natures.

"I think people are brutes and idiots," said Fleur stubbornly.

"I think they're poor wretches," said Jon. It was as if they had quarrelled—and at this supreme and awful moment, with parting visible out there in that last gap of the willows!

"Well, go and help your poor wretches, and don't think of me."

Jon stood still. Sweat broke out on his forehead, and his limbs trembled. Fleur too had stopped, and was frowning at the river.

"I *must* believe in things," said Jon with a sort of agony; "we're all meant to enjoy life."

Fleur laughed. "Yes; and that's what you won't do, if you don't take care. But perhaps your idea of enjoyment is to make yourself wretched. There are lots of people like that, of course."

She was pale, her eyes had darkened, her lips had thinned. Was it Fleur thus staring at the water? Jon had an unreal feeling as if he were passing through the scene in a book where the lover has to choose between love and duty. But just then she looked round at him. Never was anything so intoxicating as that vivacious look. It acted on him exactly as the tug of a chain acts on a dog—brought him up to her with his tail wagging and his tongue out.

"Don't let's be silly," she said, "time's too short. Look, Jon, you can just see where I've got to cross the river. There, round the bend, where the woods begin."

Jon saw a gable, a chimney or two, a patch of wall through the trees—and felt his heart sink.

"I mustn't dawdle any more. It's no good going beyond the next hedge, it gets all open. Let's get on to it and say good-bye."

They went side by side, hand in hand, silently toward the hedge, where the may-flower, both pink and white, was in full bloom.

"My Club's the 'Talisman,' Stratton Street, Piccadilly. Letters there will be quite safe, and I'm almost always up once a week."

Jon nodded. His face had become extremely set, his eyes stared straight before him.

"To-day's the twenty-third of May," said Fleur; "on the ninth of July I shall be in front of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' at three o'clock; will you?"

"I will."

"If you feel as bad as I it's all right. Let those people pass!"

A man and woman airing their children went by strung out in Sunday fashion.

The last of them passed the wicket gate.

"Domesticity!" said Fleur, and blotted herself against the hawthorn hedge. The blossom sprayed out above her head, and one pink cluster brushed her cheek. Jon put up his hand jealously to keep it off.

"Good-bye, Jon." For a second they stood with hands hard clasped. Then their lips met for the third time, and when they parted Fleur broke away and fled through the wicket gate. Jon stood where she had left him, with his forehead against that pink cluster. Gone! For an eternity—for seven weeks all but two days! And here he was, wasting the last sight of her! He rushed to the gate. She was walking swiftly on the heels of the straggling children. She turned her head, he saw her hand make a little flitting gesture; then she sped on, and the trailing family blotted her out from his view.

The words of a comic song—

> "Paddington groan—worst ever known—
> He gave a sepulchral Paddington groan—"

came into his head, and he sped incontinently back to Reading station. All the way up to London and down to Wansdon he sat with the "Heart of the Trail" open on his knee, knitting in his head a poem so full of feeling that it would not rhyme.

XII

CAPRICE

Fleur sped on. She had need of rapid motion; she was late, and wanted all her

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wits about her when she got in. She passed the islands, the station, and hotel, and was about to take the ferry, when she saw a skiff with a young man standing up in it, and holding to the bushes.

"Miss Forsyte," he said; "let me put you across. I've come on purpose."

She looked at him in blank amazement.

"It's all right, I've been having tea with your people. I thought I'd save you the last bit. It's on my way, I'm just off back to Pangbourne. My name's Mont. I saw you at the picture-gallery—you remember—when your father invited me to see his pictures."

"Oh!" said Fleur; "yes—the handkerchief."

To this young man she owed Jon; and, taking his hand, she stepped down into the skiff. Fresh from emotion, and a little out of breath, she sat silent; not so the young man. She had never heard any one say so much in so short a time. He told her his age, twenty-four, his weight, ten stone eleven; his place of residence, not far away; described his sensations under fire, and what it felt like to be gassed; criticised the Juno, mentioned his own conception of that goddess; commented on the Goya copy, said Fleur was not too awfully like it; sketched in rapidly the condition of England; spoke of Monsieur Profond—or whatever his name was—as an awful sport; thought her father had some ripping pictures and some rather "dug-up"; hoped he might row down again and take her on the river because he was quite trustworthy; inquired her opinion of Tchekov, gave her his own; wished they could go to the Russian ballet together some time—considered the name Fleur Forsyte simply ripping; cursed his people for giving him the name of Michael when his name was Mont; outlined his father, and said that if she wanted a good book she should read "Job"; his father was rather like Job while Job still had land.

"But Job didn't have land," Fleur murmured; "he only had flocks and herds and moved on."

"Ah!" answered Michael Mont, "I wish my gov'nor would move on. Not that I want his land. Land's an awful bore in these days, don't you think?"

"We never have it in my family," said Fleur. "We have everything else. I believe one of my great-uncles once had a sentimental farm in Dorset, because we came from there originally, but it cost him more than it made him happy."

"Did he sell it?"

"No; he kept it."

"Why?"

"Because nobody would buy it."

"Good for the old boy!"

"No," said Fleur, "it wasn't good for him. Father says it soured him. His name was Swithin."

"How perfectly topping!"

"Do you know," said Fleur, "that we're getting farther off, not nearer? This river flows."

"Splendid!" cried Mont, dipping his sculls vaguely; "it's good to meet a girl who's got wit."

"But better to meet a young man who's got it in the plural," answered Fleur.

Young Mont raised a hand to tear his hair.

"Look out!" cried Fleur. "Your scull!"

"All right! It's thick enough to bear a scratch."

"Do you mind sculling?" said Fleur severely, "I want to get in."

"Ah!" said Mont; "but when you get in, you see, I shan't see you any more today. *Fini*, as the French girl said when she jumped on her bed after saying her prayers. Don't you bless the day that gave you a French mother, and a name like yours?"

"I like my name, but father gave it me. Mother wanted me called Marguerite."

"Which is absurd. Do you mind calling me M. M. and letting me call you F. F.? It's in the spirit of the age."

"I don't mind anything, so long as I get in."

Mont caught a little crab, and answered: "That was a nasty one!"

"Please row," said Fleur.

"I am." And he did for several strokes, looking at her with rueful eagerness. "Of course, you know," he ejaculated, pausing, "that I came to see *you*, not your father's pictures."

Fleur rose.

"If you don't row, I shall get out and swim."

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"Really and truly? Then I could come in after you."

"Mr. Mont," said Fleur severely, "I'm late and tired; please put me on shore at once."

When she stepped out on to the garden landing-stage he rose, and grasping his hair with both hands, looked at her.

Fleur smiled.

"Don't!" cried the irrepressible Mont. "I know you're going to say: 'Out, damnèd hair!'"

Fleur whisked round, threw him a wave of her hand. "Good-bye, Mr. M. M.!" she called, and was gone among the rose-trees. She looked at her wrist-watch and the windows of the house. It struck her as curiously uninhabited. Past six! The pigeons were just gathering to roost, and sunlight slanted on the dove-cot, on their snowy feathers, and beyond in a shower on the top boughs of the woods. The click of billiard-balls came from the ingle-nook—Jack Cardigan, no doubt; a faint rustling, too, from an eucalyptus-tree, startling Southerner in this old English garden. She reached the veranda, and was passing in, but stopped at the sound of voices from the drawing-room to the left. Her mother? Prosper Profond? From behind the veranda screen which fenced the ingle-nook she heard these words!

"I don'd, Annette."

Annette! Did Father know that he called her mother "Annette"? Always on the side of her father—as children are ever on one side or the other in houses where relations are a little strained—she stood, uncertain. Her mother was speaking in her low, pleasing, slightly metallic voice—one word she caught: "*Demain.*" And Profond's answer: "All righd." Fleur frowned. A little sound came out into the stillness. Then Profond's voice: "I'm takin' a small stroll."

Fleur darted through the window into the morning room. There he came—from the drawing-room, crossing the veranda, down the lawn; and the click of billiard-balls which, in listening for other sounds, she had ceased to hear, began again. She shook herself, passed into the hall, and opened the drawing-room door. Her mother was sitting on the sofa between the windows, her knees crossed, her head resting on a cushion, her lips half parted, her eyes half closed. She looked extraordinarily handsome.

"Ah! Here you are, Fleur! Your father is beginning to fuss."

"Where is he?"

"In the picture-gallery. Go up!"

"What are you going to do to-morrow, Mother?"

"To-morrow? I go up to London with your aunt. Why?"

"I thought you might be. Will you get me a quite plain parasol?"

"What color?"

"Green. They're all going back, I suppose."

"Yes, all; you will console your father. Kiss me, then."

Fleur crossed the room, stooped, received a kiss on her forehead, and went out past the impress of a form on the sofa-cushions in the other corner. She ran up-stairs.

Fleur was by no means the old-fashioned daughter who demands the regulation of her parents' lives in accordance with the standard imposed upon herself. She claimed to regulate her own life, not those of others; besides, an unerring instinct for what was likely to advantage her own case was already at work. In a disturbed domestic atmosphere the heart she had set on Jon would have a better chance. None the less was she offended, as a flower by a crisping wind. If that man had really been kissing her mother it was—serious, and her father ought to know. "*Demain!*" "All righd!" And her mother going up to Town! She turned in to her bedroom and hung out of the window to cool her face, which had suddenly grown very hot. Jon must be at the station by now! What did her father know about Jon? Probably everything—pretty nearly!

She changed her dress, so as to look as if she had been in some time, and ran up to the gallery.

Soames was standing stubbornly still before his Alfred Stevens—the picture he loved best. He did not turn at the sound of the door, but she knew he had heard, and she knew he was hurt. She came up softly behind him, put her arms round his neck, and poked her face over his shoulder, till her cheek lay against his. It

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was an advance which had never yet failed, but it failed her now, and she augured the worst.

"Well," he said stonily, "so you've come!"

"Is that all," murmured Fleur, "from a bad parent?" And rubbed her cheek against his.

Soames shook his head so far as that was possible.

"Why do you keep me on tenterhooks like this, putting me off and off?"

"Darling," said Fleur, "it was very harmless."

"Harmless!" said Soames. "Much you know what's harmless and what isn't."

Fleur dropped her arms, and answered:

"Well, then, dear, suppose you tell me; and be quite frank about it."

And she went over to the window-seat.

Her father had turned from his picture, and was staring at his feet. He looked very gray. "He has nice small feet," she thought, catching his eye, at once averted from her.

"You're my only comfort," said Soames suddenly, "and you go on like this."

Fleur's heart began to beat.

"Like what, dear?"

Again Soames gave her a look which, but for the affection in it, might have been called furtive.

"You know what I told you," he said. "I don't choose to have anything to do with that branch of our family."

"Yes, ducky, but I don't know why *I* shouldn't."

Soames turned on his heel.

"I'm not going into the reasons," he said; "you ought to trust me, Fleur!"

The way he spoke those words affected Fleur, but she thought of Jon, and was silent, tapping her foot against the wainscot. Unconsciously she had assumed a modern attitude, with one leg twisted in and out of the other, with her chin on one bent wrist, her other arm across her chest, and its hand hugging her elbow; there was not a line of her that was not involuted, and yet—in spite of all—she retained a certain grace.

"You knew my wishes," Soames went on, "and yet you stayed on there four days. And I suppose that boy came with you to-day."

Fleur kept her eyes on him.

"I don't ask you anything," said Soames; "I make no inquisition where you're concerned."

Fleur suddenly stood up, leaning out at the window with her chin on her hands. The sun had sunk behind trees, the pigeons were perched, quite still, on the edge of the dove-cot; the click of the billiard-balls mounted, and a faint radiance shone out below where Jack Cardigan had turned the light up.

"Will it make you any happier," she said suddenly, "if I promise you not to see him for say—the next six weeks?" She was not prepared for a sort of tremble in the blankness of his voice.

"Six weeks? Six years—sixty years more like it. Don't delude yourself, Fleur; don't delude yourself!"

Fleur turned in alarm.

"Father, what is it?"

Soames came close enough to see her face.

"Don't tell me," he said, "that you're foolish enough to have any feeling beyond caprice. That would be too much!" and he laughed.

Fleur, who had never heard him laugh like that, thought: "Then it *is* deep! Oh! what is it?" And putting her hand through his arm she said lightly:

"No, of course; caprice. Only, I like my caprices and I don't like yours, dear."

"Mine!" said Soames bitterly, and turned away.

The light outside had chilled, and threw a chalky whiteness on the river. The trees had lost all gayety of color. She felt a sudden hunger for Jon's face, for his hands, and the feel of his lips again on hers. And pressing her arms tight across her breast she forced out a little light laugh.

"*O la! la!* What a small fuss! as Profond would say. Father, I don't like that man."

She saw him stop, and take something out of his breast pocket.

"You don't?" he said. "Why?"

"Nothing," murmured Fleur; "just caprice!"

"No," said Soames; "not caprice!" And he tore what was in his hands across. "You're right. *I* don't like him either!"

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"Look!" said Fleur softly. "There he goes! I hate his shoes; they don't make any noise."

Down in the failing light Prosper Profond moved, his hands in his side pockets, whistling softly in his beard; he stopped, and glanced up at the sky, as if saying: "I don'd think much of that small moon."

Fleur drew back. "Isn't he a great cat?" she whispered; and the sharp click of the billiard-balls rose, as if Jack Cardigan had capped the cat, the moon, caprice, and tragedy with: "In off the red!"

Monsieur Profond had resumed his strolling, to a teasing little tune in his beard. What was it? Oh! yes, from "Rigoletto": "*Donna é mobile.*" Just what he would think! She squeezed her father's arm.

"Prowling!" she muttered, as he turned the corner of the house. It was past that disillusioned moment which divides the day and night—still and lingering and warm, with hawthorn scent and lilac scent clinging on the riverside air. A blackbird suddenly burst out. Jon would be in London by now; in the Park perhaps, crossing the Serpentine, thinking of her! A little sound beside her made her turn her eyes; her father was again tearing the paper in his hands. Fleur saw it was a check.

"I shan't sell him my Gauguin," he said. "I don't know what your aunt and Imogen see in him."

"Or mother."

"Your mother!" said Soames.

"Poor father!" she thought. "He never looks happy—not really happy. I don't want to make him worse, but of course I shall have to, when Jon comes back. Oh! well, sufficient unto the night!"

"I'm going to dress," she said.

In her room she had a fancy to put on her "freak" dress. It was of gold tissue with little trousers of the same, tightly drawn in at the ankles, a page's cape slung from the shoulders, little gold shoes, and a gold-winged Mercury helmet; and all over her were tiny gold bells, especially on the helmet; so that if she shook her head she pealed. When she was dressed she felt quite sick because Jon could not see her; it even seemed a pity that the sprightly young man Michael Mont would not have a view. But the gong had sounded, and she went down.

She made a sensation in the drawing-room. Winifred thought it "Most amusing." Imogen was enraptured. Jack Cardigan called it "stunning," "ripping," "topping," and "corking." Monsieur Profond, smiling with his eyes, said: "Thad's a nice small dress!" Her mother, very handsome in black, sat looking at her, and said nothing. It remained for her father to apply the test of common sense. "What did you put on that thing for; you're not going to dance?"

Fleur spun round, and the bells pealed. "Caprice!"

Soames stared at her, and, turning away, gave his arm to Winifred. Jack Cardigan took her mother. Prosper Profond took Imogen. Fleur went in by herself, with her bells jingling. . . .

The "small" moon had soon dropped down, and May night had fallen soft and warm, enwrapping with its grape-bloom color and its scents the billion caprices, intrigues, passions, longings, and regrets of men and women. Happy was Jack Cardigan who snored into Imogen's white shoulder, fit as a flea; or Timothy in his "mausoleum," too old for anything but baby's slumber. For so many lay awake, or dreamed, teased by the criss-cross of the world.

The dew fell and the flowers closed; cattle grazed on in the river meadows, feeling with their tongues for the grass they could not see; and the sheep on the Downs lay quiet as stones. Pheasants in the tall trees of the Pangbourne woods, larks on their grassy nests above the gravel-pit at Wansdon, swallows in the eaves at Robin Hill, and the sparrows of Mayfair, all made a dreamless night of it, soothed by the lack of wind. The Mayfly filly, hardly accustomed to her new quarters, scraped at her straw a little; and the few night-flitting things—bats, moths, owls were vigorous in the warm darkness; but the peace of night lay in the brain of all day-time Nature, colorless and still. Men and women, alone, riding the hobby-horses of anxiety or love, burned their wavering tapers of dream and thought into the lonely hours.

Fleur, leaning out of her window, heard

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the hall clock's muffled chime of twelve, the tiny splash of a fish, the sudden shaking of an aspen's leaves in the puffs of breeze that rose along the river, the distant rumble of a night train, and time and again the sounds which none can put a name to in the darkness, soft obscure expressions of uncatalogued emotions from man and beast, bird and machine, or, maybe, from departed Forsytes, Darties, Cardigans, taking night strolls back into a world which had once suited their disembodied spirits. But Fleur heeded not these sounds, her spirit, far from disembodied, fled with swift wing from railway-carriage to flowery hedge, straining after Jon, tenacious of his forbidden image, and the sound of his voice which was taboo. And she crinkled her nose, retrieving from the perfume of the riverside night that moment when his hand slipped between the mayflowers and her cheek. Long she leaned out in her freak dress, keen to burn her wings at life's candle; while the moths brushed her cheeks on their pilgrimage to the lamp on her dressing-table, ignorant that in a Forsyte's house there is no open flame. But at last even she felt sleepy, and, forgetting her bells, drew quickly in.

Through the open window of his room, alongside Annette's, Soames, wakeful too, heard their thin faint tinkle, as it might be shaken from stars, or the dewdrops falling from a flower, if one could hear such sounds.

"Caprice!" he thought. "I can't tell. She's wilful. What shall I do? Fleur!"

And long into the "small" night he brooded.

(To be continued.)

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION AND THE NEGRO

By John L. Sewall

NO argument is needed to justify the term "revolution" as applied to the present industrial situation of the world. Colossal as has been the recent destruction of material wealth, the deficit in wealth-producing manhood looms larger, and the changed attitude of workers to their tasks is most startling and significant of all. While this revolution is world-wide, its local aspects are sufficiently perplexing and alarming to absorb a large proportion of our immediate attention.

At the outset we were met in 1920 by a labor shortage. Our main supply for the last generation had suddenly failed. In the three decades before the war immigration brought us 20,000,000, and our industrial expansion was proportional. In the six years preceding our net population gain from that source had been a scant half million; and of these only approximately 230,000 had been gainfully employed, while 319,000 were non-producers. In analyzing losses and gains through this period of immigration and the exodus of aliens, we make disconcerting discoveries. For example, during the two years ending with June, 1919, for every net gain of five professional workers and twenty-two skilled artisans, we suffered a loss of fifty miscellaneous workers, most of them the common day-laborers who are the corner-stone of our present industrialism, and added fifty-five non-producers for the community to support. And over against this lessening supply of labor—our net population loss in the first eight months of 1919 was over 28,000—we were face to face with clamorous demands for material help from devastated Europe. The tide of immigration turned toward the end of 1920, and industrial depression quickly altered the labor shortage to non-employment.

The most serious elements in the present situation concern the quality rather

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than the quantity of our labor supply. The mental transformation wrought in the great mass of our toilers by the war brings us to the crux of the problem. Their intensified class-consciousness; their keen memory of the nation's acknowledged dependence upon them in the recent crises; the accumulations of discontent gathering under repression for years past, and just now stimulated by the spectacle of reckless extravagance and the pinch of unrestrained profiteering—a discontent which all efforts are pitiably inadequate to remove or even to measure; and finally the harvests we are now reaping from long-time sowing of the seeds of communistic anarchy and conscienceless capitalism—these in their entirety warrant the phrasing of our theme, and asking what place should be henceforth occupied by the negro in our industrial programme. What are the calls for his service? What is his fitness for meeting those calls? Can his admitted handicaps be lessened? Has he unsuspected capabilities which can be called out? Suppose we try, as a strictly economic experiment, to remove ignorance, stir inertia, rouse ambition, and develop productivity in this tenth of our native-born population who have admixture of negro blood; will it necessarily prove a harder task than we are now finding it to eradicate communism and control foreign propaganda among aliens now here or likely to come to us? Rigidly setting to one side all considerations of altruism or sentiment or inherited social prejudice or convention, this article seeks to discuss these questions on the basis of dollars and cents.

No one can dispute the fact that through many decades of their history negroes have been workers. Emancipation left them owning little but themselves, which at first was quite as much a liability as an asset. Forced by necessity they continued universal habits of toil as when slaves. The fact that in half a century they have come to a race-status where 30 per cent of those over ten years of age are reported by government statisticians as independent of gainful occupation suggests a race-power of productivity which may well be our foundation for further inquiry as to their economic value in coming years, when more widely distributed and tested by a greater variety of tasks.

We have, however, ample and striking statistical proof, in the successive records of the census, of the negro's right to a distinct place in any estimate of the nation's industrial potentiality. Naturally the most extensive line of facts will be found in the realm of agriculture. Here Doctor Thomas Jesse Jones, in his summary of facts brought out by the census of 1910, will be an undisputed authority:

"Negro farmers cultivate 42,500,000 acres of Southern land. Forty per cent of all agricultural workers in the South are negroes. There are in the South approximately two and a third million negro agricultural workers; 890,000 are farmers owning or renting their farms. Negro farm-owners of the South own and cultivate 15,702,579 acres, which they have acquired in less than fifty years. Add to this the land owned by negroes of the North, and the total landownership of the negroes of the United States undoubtedly aggregates 20,000,000 acres in 1910. The total value of land and buildings on farms owned or rented by the colored farmers of the South is almost a billion dollars."

It is true that the negroes are peculiarly eager to own and till land, as is shown by the increase of their farming population in proportion to all their numbers, which is in the ratio of two to one. Yet it is easy to underestimate the negro's contribution to a far wider labor market. We need to keep in mind that even ten years ago over 60,000 were employed in mines; 274,000 were in transportation and similar service; 575,000 in manufacturing and hand trades; while 123,000 were engaged in traffic, including 3,000 bankers and brokers, with 40,000 in professional occupations. And if at this point of the argument we seek a single appraisal of race economic values, based on a broad and unbiassed view of all personal qualifications, we can find no better statement than the following, from one well qualified to voice the views of a section of the country which has had large experience—Governor C. H. Brough of Arkansas:

"To the negro the South owes a debt

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of real gratitude for her rapid agricultural growth; and in no less degree does every true son of the South owe him a debt of gratitude for his unselfishness, his faithfulness, and his devotion to the white people of Dixieland, not only during the dark and bloody days of the Civil War, but during the trying days of our industrial and political Renaissance."

But what of to-day and to-morrow? 1921 is separated from 1910 by a chasm which no calendar can measure. At this present hour we seem to be standing, as the poet phrases it,

> —"between two worlds,
> One dead, one powerless to be born."

If out of the chaos of the hour we are to get order and satisfying progress in world-rebuilding, there must be exact gauging and frank acceptance of the negro's possibilities in the coming industrial schedule of the nation. And to do this we must look below the pigment of the skin and measure brain and brawn together, precisely as in the case of the Scandinavian or Slav. On the one hand we must put aside sentimentalism and harping on wrongs done the negro in the past; and on the other we must put aside prejudice rooted in inherited traditions and ignorance of all but inferior types of the race, that sets itself stubbornly and sometimes jealously against any admission of enlarging values in negro labor.

Time is revealing certain basic facts which need only a mere mention. For one thing, the semifeudal relation of workman and employer which followed, in so many instances, emancipation from legal ownership must largely disappear. There was a fineness in some of those ties which has illumined both literature and life in the South; affectionate pride and devotion on the one hand, and grateful confidence on the other; but these cannot characterize the new age. The response of the colored servant to the mistress of a mansion, as she was mourning over domestic troubles and inquiring what had become of the old-time mammies, was not far from the truth—"Bress yo' heart, honey, dey's mos' all daid!" The negro of to-morrow is to exchange the easy-going dependence of plantation life for a wider and deeper discipline of self-reliance. Even as the huge tractor gang-ploughs break up the virgin soil of Western prairies and simultaneously prepare and plant the ground, even so have the resistless forces and processes of the war dealt with custom and habit and tradition among the colored folk of the Southland. The slogan of "fight, work, or jail!" paid no heed to indolence or inefficiency. Troop-trains and ocean transports wrought an unimagined dispersion among the units of negro manhood, no one of whom came back the same as when he went. And what has been the harvest of such seed-sowing? Terror, curiosity, bewilderment? Yes; and later a courageous response to discipline and leadership under severest tests; and finally a new self-consciousness, individually and racially; and out of it all ambitions which cannot and should not be suppressed, which will surely lead on to economic good or economic loss, according to sympathetic and wise guidance or foolish and wicked repression.

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Side by side with this compulsory scattering of negro toilers there has been the voluntary migration of from one-half to three-fourths of a million of the race into Northern and Western States, the most significant aspects of which are economic. While for years there has been a defined drift of colored population northward, it was not until the war that its proportions became conspicuous; and a menace, in varying degrees, to both sections of the country. It is not without significance that Doctor H. H. Proctor, the pastor in Atlanta of perhaps the largest colored church in the South, has felt it his duty to take up work with the migrants of his race in the metropolis of New York. Discussion of the causes and consequences of this displacement of Southern labor has been varied and animated, including much that is not directly pertinent to our inquiry; but with the publication of an elaborate report by the U. S. Department of Labor, under the direction of Doctor J. H. Dillard, all needed light is at hand. From different angles of observation there have naturally come conflicting opinions; but when we get agreement in both testimony and judgment between Northern and Southern students of the question, and when we find leaders of both

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races agreeing, we may safely accept their conclusions.

In a word, negro laborers have come North by the thousands for the main reason that has impelled all migratory movements of the human race since the time of Abraham—to better one's condition. That the desire and effort for this are natural and commendable is an axiom in economics. The unsatisfactory condition of the negro laborer at the South in the past is admitted and even elaborated by Southern representative leaders. A typical utterance, which might be duplicated many times over, comes from a leading Mississippi daily, whose editor considers this exodus the most serious economic problem of the South at present:

"The plain truth of the matter is that the white people of Mississippi are not giving the negro a square deal. This applies to all the States in the South. How can we expect to hold our negro labor when we are not paying decent living wages? Have we any right to abuse the negro for moving to the Northern States where he is tempted by high wages, when we are not paying him his worth at home? . . . We expect our negro laborers to work for the same wages they were paid four or five years ago, shutting our eyes to the fact that the increased cost of living affects the negro as well as the white man."

But money is not the only ambition of any man. Security for his earnings and accumulations; full enjoyment of his just personal rights; a good home and betterment for his children—these are natural and commendable objects of pursuit, recognized as essential and fundamental in any satisfactory economic order. The Dillard report, an authority that cannot be disputed, summarizes the complete list of causes for this movement as follows:

"General dissatisfaction with conditions, ravages of boll-weevil, floods, change of crop system, low wages, poor houses on plantations, poor school facilities, unsatisfactory crop settlements, rough treatment, cruelty of law officers, unfairness in the courts, lynching, desire for travel, labor agents, the negro press, letters from friends in the North, and finally advice from white friends in the South where crops had failed."

This, bear in mind, is the conclusion of the representative investigators of the South seeking simply for facts. And one more quotation from a similar source, an open letter from the Southern University Commission on Race Relations, enumerates as remedies:

"Fair treatment, opportunity to labor and enjoy the legitimate fruits of labor, assurance of even-handed justice in the courts, good educational facilities, sanitary living conditions, tolerance and sympathy."

The way is now open for direct approach to the main question before us: what are the calls for the negro's industrial service, in view of his present distribution and recent experiences? What is his fitness in specific cases for answering these calls? and along what lines of experiment and endeavor may we wisely seek and expect an increase of his economic value?

In the confusion and vastness of the war's industrial achievements, there was neither time nor opportunity for exact analysis of all the elements contributing to its marvellous results; but some outstanding facts have already been assembled. As in the camps and drives of the battle-field, so in the ranks of labor the negro has responded in large numbers, on both sides of the Atlantic. The records of the labor department are conclusive on this point. For example, exact data are at hand from the war shipyards, showing that 24,647 negroes were there employed, and five out of every hundred were skilled artisans. A detailed study has been made by the department in thirty typical industrial plants, both East and West, divided among iron and steel works, packing-houses, foundries, coke, carbon, and glass concerns, and automobile factories. Of the total of 36,486 men employed in these thirty plants, 4,092 were negroes. Accurate comparisons were kept of their work, on the various scores of turn-over, absenteeism, quality of work done, average rates of pay, and average time put on the job during a pay-roll period. What was the outcome? Negroes made a surprising showing; they fell behind their white fellow workmen in a few points; on most they kept pace with them; in some cases

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they have gone ahead of them. And this, it should be said, in spite of the fact that in nearly half the establishments they did not have free opportunity to enter any and all lines of work, and had no chance to learn advanced tasks and compete on the basis of ability.

The complete census returns alone can give the exact facts as to the number of negroes who were thus drawn into industrial life by the sudden vacuum in the labor market; but the total is likely to surprise us. In Detroit, for example, there were less than a thousand negroes in the automobile factories in 1914; in four years that number had risen to between twelve and fifteen thousand. In Pittsburgh, during one year of the war, negro workers increased from 35 to 100 per cent in some of the steel mills. And in the garment trades the experiments in the employment of negro women on power machines, begun as an extreme measure due to scarcity of help, succeeded so well as to spread from Detroit to other Northern cities.

These favorable indications as to economic resources in negro labor should be connected in our thought, as in these experiments, with wise measures on the part of the government and of private welfare agencies to bring together in helpful relations employers and employed, and carefully adjust their relations. In ten States the Department of Labor has formed advisory committees of employers, white wage-earners and negroes combined, and appointed State supervisors of negro economics, with most beneficial results.

That in other instances the employment of negroes at the North has resulted in disappointment for all concerned is of course well known, and constitutes a challenge to the larger use of such labor supply which must be fairly met. A study of such instances, however, will prove quite as instructive for our purpose as a review of successful efforts. The testimony adduced cannot be impeached, and a full statement of the conditions under which failures have occurred will go far to explain some regrettable events of past months, and shift at least some of the responsibility from the negro. In the early days of the war, the sudden shortage of workmen at the North was hurriedly filled by indiscriminate drafts upon untrained negroes set to work under conditions sure to yield poor results to both employers and employed. A review of the experiences of the railroads and steel mills readily illustrates this. Unscrupulous employment agents, paid by the quantity and not the quality of men secured, brought with the help of free transportation thousands of colored men, mostly single and unskilled, to fill emergencies. These men had their first acquaintance with a strange country by being housed in large camps under conditions wholly unfit, leading to sickness and a disastrous turn-over in supply; one railroad bringing from the South over 13,000 men in twelve months, and at the end of the time having less than 2,000 of them left. One such camp in Pennsylvania was thus described by a government investigator:

"About 400 negroes were housed in ten rough shacks, 10 by 30 feet in size. Wooden bunks were built closely in tiers of three and four, housing about 35 men in a shack. Mattresses were filthy and verminous; old clothes, cans, and whiskey bottles were thrown about, and the shacks had not been cleaned for some days. The toilets and wash-rooms were open sheds, and no sanitary plumbing facilities were provided. The commissary privilege was let to an Italian commission firm of South Philadelphia. It was run like a company store, selling goods at city prices. No mess-hall was provided, but in the store were a few crowded tables. The stench and the flies made it impossible to stay in the room. The men were paying one dollar a month for lodging, and their food cost them from $6.00 to $8.00 a week."

Can we expect any race of men on the face of the earth to do good work under such conditions? Over against these let us put the experience of shipbuilding companies, like those at Hog Island, Wilmington, and Newport News, where the workmen were carefully selected and comfortably housed; and we may summarize the situation by the following extract from the Dillard report:

"The labor problem of the negro is largely one of selection and supervision. Industries with executives far-sighted

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enough to pick the men, to think in terms of the negro's human relations, and to provide housing quarters on a family basis were universally favorable to the negro laborers. Differences of opinion as to the value of the negro as a worker often turned on these points. For example, two steel-plant employment managers serving the same corporation held absolutely opposite views. One had seen 10,000 negroes pass through his mills in ten months, and described the negro as shiftless and undependable. The other manager had provided through the company 128 family homes, for some of the steadiest and most dependable men he had ever employed."

As regards the relation of colored workers to organized labor, the action of the American Federation of Labor at its last annual meeting in Montreal is decisive. "Its action," according to Chairman Duncan, "has settled the negro problem in our organization for all time. Our affiliated unions must now understand that the color line is abolished." While there have been in the past cases of discrimination against the negro on account of his color, it would appear that at last organized labor deems the economic value of such workers so well established as to make it unwise as well as unjust to refuse them admission to unions; and it is now definitely decided to encourage both skilled and unskilled colored labor to join the federation, in either mixed or segregated unions as circumstances may suggest. In labor troubles between whites and blacks it should be noted that unionism has not often been a primary factor; at East St. Louis the original strife was between unorganized whites and blacks in the lowest grades of industrialism. In other instances, as at Chester, Pa., the cause of friction originated in saloon politics and clashes between the vicious elements of each race. There have been, of course, instances where negroes brought in as strike-breakers have been objects of violence, but not so much because of their color as through their use to displace other men.

This discussion of the coming place of the negro in the future labor market of the land may fittingly close with a rather full synopsis of the best-informed presentation of this subject discovered in recent current literature, because based not on theory but on practical experiment. In the July, 1919, number of *Industrial Management* Mr. Ralph W. Immel, connected with a large industrial concern near Baltimore, contributes a description of "The Negro and His Opportunity" which deserves wider reading and study. "The powers of the negro in battle seem to be conceded on all sides," he begins; "if in battle, why not in industry?" A fair question, assuredly. "We are told that as a race negroes surpass whites in acuteness of some of the senses, namely, those of hearing, seeing, and location; why should he not surpass in those arts in which the senses named play an important part?" Mr. Immel then proceeds to a careful analysis of eight distinct problems connected with the employment of negroes, basing his views on facts demonstrated by himself or his acquaintances in recent tests.

First, as regards the question of segregation. This has been found important in all social and welfare relations, such as toilets, wash-rooms, and lockers; but nowhere else. No attempt was made to group workers in white or colored gangs; and this policy never resulted in race friction or undue familiarity on the part of colored men toward white comrades in toil. As regards the negro's lack of a sense of responsibility, Mr. Immel believes this can be developed by proper treatment; his exact words are worth quoting: "When it is put up to him in the right way, a negro welcomes responsibility, and I believe possesses a higher degree of faithfulness in following orders implicitly than many white and especially alien workmen."

As regards the kind of work best fitted for starting a negro's training, three interesting points are specified: tasks where by extra exertion for a period the laborer can gain a spell of rest; work requiring a spectacular and intermittent display of strength; and work where operations possess a certain kind of rhythm and can be accompanied with song.

As regards supervision, emphasis is put on employing white foremen, until later a careful choice of a colored leader can be judiciously made. A rather interesting suggestion as to the traditional laziness or

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lassitude of the negro appears, in which it was noted that every lazy man, and especially a negro, will instinctively and even unconsciously find the easiest way to perform an operation; "in other words, the negro is the original efficiency engineer!" If he has a certain task to do in a given space of time, he will study out the way which takes the least effort and allows him the longest rest period.

As regards the encouragement of thrift, the care of the workman's health (especially guarding against pulmonary disease) and welfare work in the negro's home, all wise and patient efforts will bring ample financial gain to the employer. This testimony, let it be again emphasized, came from the practical experience of the management of a large factory in a great Southern industrial centre, under the pressure of our recent labor shortage; and these concluding words of the article are not to be lightly set aside:

"We must all revise our estimate of the negro. The past two years have wrought in him a change, and the orthodox ideas on negro psychology must be revised to fit. We cannot expect a negro to accept from fellow workmen the treatment dealt to a vassal or a serf, and then at the same time take the same interest as a white workman. In the case of a negro he is just what he is made to feel; if in his work he is accorded equal consideration with others, he will nearly always try to justify and deserve such treatment and consideration."

In our study thus far of the industrial revolution through which we are passing and the place in it for one-tenth of our people, we have summarized so far as our information will permit the situation in our labor market due to the deficit of immigrant workmen, and we have sought all available facts as to the quantity and quality of substitutes from the colored race. The testimony of experience has led to the irresistible conclusion that it is not possible or wise to ignore this factor in the present and future supply of labor. This brings us to the final question proposed—how can the negro's demonstrated capabilities be increased and his admitted handicaps be lessened?

In formulating our answer, let us keep as closely as we can to the domain of the dollar, as a shrewd owner of slaves might have done a hundred years ago. Let us in our discussion set aside philanthropic or humanitarian considerations, while remembering that in the last analysis they are inescapable elements in the problem. And as a starting-point, let us quote a single comprehensive sentence, once more, from Doctor Dillard's report; words which embody the gist of the whole matter:

"The genuine progress of a country depends upon the spread of good conditions of living and good chances of healthy improvement among all the people of the country, including especially those who have hitherto had the least chance through power, education, or inheritance. This truth has been gradually forced upon the world by bitter experience; and it is the special sign of enlightenment in our day that it is now so generally realized. . . . . Many immigrants from Europe and most of the colored people in our Southern States are within the definition of those who have had the least chance through power, education, or inheritance."

To which utterance we may well add the saying of a great student of social conditions. "Any community which is not a good place for every one to live in is not a good place for any one to live in." The matured judgments of Southern leaders already quoted in connection with race migration and its causes and remedies really cover all that can be said about this phase of our subject. As regards race relationships where most of the negroes live, the last word of theory has been spoken with frankness and emphasis by the finest and strongest men of both races, who are in absolute agreement as to dominating principles. The great need at this point is to secure the acceptance and practice of these principles throughout the rank and file of the unreasoning prejudiced—partly because illiterate—of both races. It all resolves itself into the attainment of two simple things, the essentials of economic success ever and everywhere—justice, knowledge. The square deal and proper education make up the irreducible minimum in that democracy for which white and black fought side by side in France, and which has deadlier foes than

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any Hun invader imperilling our life from within at this hour.

Concerning justice there is need of no more theorizing. Terrible as have been some occurrences of the recent past, there is distinct gain in the demonstration that no longer can any section of the country pharisaically congratulate itself on its superiority to its neighbors. North and South, East and West, the hour calls for the turning of theory into action. But concerning the education of the negro, the last word has by no means been said; and the present industrial condition calls for some further thinking as well as practical endeavors and bold experimentation.

First of all, let us cease the tedious dispute over the gold and silver sides of the traditional shield, as typifying the supposed opposition of cultural to practical education. Is it not also time to abandon the idea that because some types of education have harmed some types of negroes we are therefore excused from all further effort along any lines of such endeavor? There is food for thought in the words of the editor of *The Crisis*, whose brilliancy of expression has not of late been equalled by his sound judgment or helpful spirit:

"Teach thinkers to think; a needed knowledge in a day of loose and careless logic; and they whose lot is gravest must have the carefullest training to think aright. How foolish to ask which is the best kind of education for one or seven or sixty million souls! Shall we teach them trades, or train them in the liberal arts? Neither—and both. Teach the workers to work, and the thinkers to think; make carpenters of carpenters, and philosophers of philosophers and fops of fools. . . . The finest product of our training must be neither a psychologist nor a brick mason, but a man."

And to this should be added another word, which goes far closer to the heart of the matter—this time from the dean of Howard University:

"In democracy as in ethics, the individual is the ultimate unit, and there must be essential equality"—a very different thing from social equality—"among the units, else the fabric of democracy like the fabric of ethics, must fail. Under the traditional attitude of the white race toward the negro, it was supposed that the guiding intelligence should be lodged in the white man's brain, and the muscular energy in the negro's arm. But the circuit is too long. In a democracy each man must think as well as work. The country can no longer look upon the negro merely for his utility as a tool, but must regard his totality as a man. An ideal American citizen is not a working man, but a man working. The United States can never reach the desired goal of efficiency until it utilizes the undeveloped energies which lie dormant in the brain and brawn of every citizen."

Efficiency! In spite of a natural recoil against that overworked word, we can accept no substitute for it at this point. There is no other term so completely covering what we are seeking in this hour from all workers, and which therefore may be properly stressed as the test of adequate education.

The mere transfer of individuals from the census classification of illiterate to literate is not enough. It is gratifying for its promise rather than for its achievement. Among nearly 4,000 draftees, black and white together, from a Southern State where the percentage of illiteracy was 40.1, it was shown that over 75 per cent could neither read nor write with practical effectiveness. How high a value shall we set on that education of the negro which consists in a self-directed smattering of superficialities, sought mainly in order to wear better clothes than his fellows and keep his hands unsoiled by manual labor? At least we may reckon it less dangerous than that possessed by some of the radical negroes in the North, some of them boasting degrees from Harvard University, who are to-day pushing a propaganda for social equality in all things for their race, and even commending legalized miscegenation.

Has not the time come for a clear and strong demand that the negro, as well as the alien, shall be genuinely Americanized by furnishing him that kind of an education which shall give him power and opportunity and purpose to pay back into the nation's wealth whatever his natural abilities can produce when brought under the most scientific vocational guidance and discipline? On the basis of wise

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economics, why not try the experiment of giving the neediest the largest help? In view of the negro's record for the last few years, already given in very small part, is this a rash investment?

Only if this experiment is to be tried, let the trial be a fair one, unimpeded by the assumption at the start that certain attainments are beyond the negro's capacity; a premise that is neither scientific nor sensible in view of the records of a Booker Washington or a Major Moton. Was there ever a time when both our aliens and our negroes needed wise leadership, coming from their own ranks, more than now? This is peculiarly true in the realm of that master-force in the life of the colored race—their religion. It is admitted by the best-informed of both races that the crying need of the ministry in colored churches is better quality rather than more quantity; as statistics show one minister to every 562 negroes, with only one to 815 whites. If godliness is profitable for the life that now is, to say nothing of that which is to come, it is surely worth while to guide and train to the highest efficiency those who are to shape the religious life of the race. The same truth holds with lawyers and editors; with doctors and nurses who keep in trust the economic asset of health among colored toilers and the inmates of their homes, and who are the main bulwark against the terrific waste of life through preventable disease, so much greater among the colored race than in any other.

On the other hand, if the colored worker is to be a farmer, why not do our best to make him a scientific one, that he may pay back the largest increment to the nation's wealth? One need only read the records of improved farming around Tuskeegee or the productivity of skilled artisans among the graduates of Hampton, or see the higher skill in home-making and personal domestic service in the pupils of multitudes of other schools addressing themselves to the specific training of the colored youth for specific tasks that are calling for their service.

Such, then, is the true programme for increasing the capabilities and lessening the liabilities of the negroes in our future tasks of production: fair dealing and education specialized to meet specific demands. It is ample for its purpose; but it calls for a larger vision than any nation on the face of the earth has yet seen; yet none too large for the industrial possibilities of our land in this hour, and none too large to measure up to the obligations which are a mandate from our opportunity. The programme is far too large for the South, where the majority of the negroes should and will abide, to carry out alone, in view of inherited conditions of illiteracy. In spite of disproportionate division of school funds between the two races, this section as a whole has carried uncomplainingly a burden of taxation for education tremendous when compared with its total resources. The whole nation must come to its aid in the future, as Northern philanthropy has done in the past; for it will take more than one generation to atone to the South, either in intelligent sympathy or substantial compensation, for the sufferings inflicted and the impoverishment imposed upon its already devastated territory in those sad reconstruction days.

In this hour of the world's dearth of material products and feverish passion for larger life our nation has a task that will call forth all its reserve powers; but as those powers are freely poured forth their reserves will steadily multiply. If in our government at Washington we need Departments of Labor and Commerce, we equally need Departments of Education and Health. As we awaken to this great vision, we shall hear and heed the call for nationalized education on such a scale and of such a type that the dividends on investments in personality shall in the sight of all men bulk far beyond the dollars dug out of the soil or won in the roar of factory or brought back by commerce from distant lands. Emerging from the bitterness and perplexity and confusion of our industrial life in this hour, we shall discover that the greatest wealth of any nation accumulates through the making of money by means of the making of manhood.

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DUDE-PUNCHER STEVE

By Fred Copeland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

"CATHERINE, the varmint was solid black and glistened like a cinder."

Craftily I raised my head. The horse and rider were strangely large now that they were so close. Both were looking away from me into the greasewood fringe beside the road. Discreetly hidden in the brush, I admired the pinto whose bold markings I had caught two miles away when, a tiny dot, it had borne its black-Stetsoned rider down a long ridge from the broken, rolling northern Wyoming rangeland. Presently the black Stetson turned and the brown face beneath looked back over the road.

"I reckon there ain't any use now; there wa'n't a white hair in the critter's pelt." The reins drooped from the saddle-horn, and the man looked thoughtfully again into the greasewood beside the road.

It dawned on me. The object that had brought them to a stop was a cat, a coal-black one; I had seen the creature myself as it ran frightened at my approach when I walked out into the brush. It was superstition that had laid hold of the rider on the road. The cat had crossed directly in front of him.

Somewhere a horse whinnied. The pinto laid both ears forward, and then, with one anxious ear turned backward, started eagerly toward the buildings of the near-by ranch.

"We are going to have a caller," I announced, as though the rider of the pinto horse was invisible to all save myself.

Scott Lawson hitched himself to an upright position as I sank in a porch chair beside his jovial presence.

"Is this Scott Lawson's dude ranch?" soberly inquired the rider of the pinto horse when he had crossed to the porch. Had he removed his well-preserved Stetson, his bow would have been that of a Chesterfield.

"You're talking to Scott Lawson right now," stated that gentleman's hearty voice.

"I am Steve Graydog—dude-puncher," said the man simply.

Scott Lawson was leaning forward in his chair. If one's feet can be said to be a crowning feature, Steve's should have worn a crown. In a way they did. No rattlesnake's back could have outdone in savage splendor the solidly beaded yellow moccasins with their oddly marked diamond figures in red and purple.

"Where'd you es-c-a— Did you come over from the Crow reservation?" ventured Lawson.

"From the irrigation works on the reservation," said Steve. "The mosquitoes are worse this year; it's like working in a blizzard." Steve swept off his black Stetson. Two braids of dark hair suddenly dropped over his ears and down the front of each shoulder.

It seemed as though Scott Lawson lifted one ear like a startled hound.

"An Indian," I exclaimed inwardly, after the manner of one who had had something held back on him.

"You're hired," Scott nodded. "We keep our horses in the pasture below the house. Better come back in a few minutes; Olla will get you a bite to eat."

Did Steve's attitude change subtly for an instant at the girl's name? It was an outlandish thought, but it came to me, none the less.

Lawson was grinning: "He's smart enough to know he'd be a drawing-card at any dude ranch."

Scott Lawson was keeping something back. I could feel it. "He's not a full-blood," I stated, as though I held the wisdom of the plains.

"His name's regular enough, but he handles English like a breed. Some of them speak better English than the average American. They're proud of it."

Thoughts of Carlisle flashed through

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my mind, but they were unsatisfying. I wondered if Lawson had noticed Steve's face when Olla's name was mentioned.

It was Olla who opened the door at Steve's rap, and it was a little too dark to see clearly. She may have tried to speak, but, if so, no sound came. At the polite and well-modulated voice Steve used in his greeting, the girl, gracefully framed in the lamplit doorway, winked hard over the strangely contradicting phenomena of sight and sound.

"The table is right over here," she announced, backing into the kitchen as Steve's gayly moccasined feet crossed the door-sill.

My many summers at the ranch had made me all but one of the family. Lawson, that afternoon, had made a trip with me for trout, and we, too, were tardy for supper. If Steve was surprised to be seated with us, his face did not show it. However, at one of the times when Olla bent over the table after a trip from the stove, he stole a cram-like look of propriety at her face with the lamplight full upon it. Olla glanced at him silently but her eye grew warlike, and the dude-puncher turned thoughtful, almost reminiscent, eyes to his plate. There was just enough oddity of expression in his face to cause me later to recall the seemingly small and entirely natural incident. That Olla was Scott Lawson's own daughter, I had never questioned. But I did not blame Steve for his secret glance of admiration. Had I been in his early twenties and white as I am, I would have put in more than my summers in northern Wyoming. To be sure, I had been in places where one might find girls somewhat like Olla. I had seen the same grace of movement and the same hazel eyes while wandering in the bewitching afterglows of autumn evenings east of Montreal's Saint Lawrence Boulevard. But there was a difference. The clear color of Olla's cheeks was the matchless product of the sun-bathed rangeland. And she was a bit taller without the loss of roundness.

Scott Lawson wisely allowed Steve to eat in peace. But I had no idea of doing so, even though his faultless table manners might have been a warning. I plied him with assorted questions. Had he been over the Custer battle-field? He had. Also he had been over to the agency of the Northern Cheyennes, a place I planned to go. Had he ever been East? Certainly. "I have been around the world once," he said. I hadn't, and I shut up. And Scott Lawson smiled. Perhaps with the thought of increasing my wisdom, Lawson asked me to take Steve down to the bunk-house and introduce him to the foreman, Phil Crawford, and the boys.

Although I knew all the eight men at the bunk-house, I some way felt ill at ease as I led Steve into their midst.

"Scott sent me down with the new man he has just hired—Mr. Steve Graydog," I added, in a hurry to be rid of the name.

They were all mountain-wise, range-broken men, picked with care for diplomacy in handling dudes, but they were looking at me with keener interest than at Steve. He, lucky dog, had found a stool in a more sheltered position than mine, and I envied him.

"Ride in?" spoke up Phil by way of greeting.

Steve nodded.

"Better lug your war-bag in here tonight."

Steve went after it.

"Did Scott Lawson send you down here all alone with him?" anxiously observed Shorty, a grizzled little man I had known well for several summers.

I knew the signs and slipped out into the gathering darkness. The roar which followed proved my departure was not ill-timed. But I laughed silently to myself. They would not have tried it on a regular first-season dude, and the honor was not lost on me.

Before seeking the certain kind of sympathy Scott Lawson and Olla would have for me when I returned to the white ranch-house, I wandered down toward the river to cool off. When in the blackness of a bunch of young cottonwoods I heard two soft whistles. Steve's dark form was at the pasture gate. Out of the starlight the pinto horse, Catherine, suddenly appeared. Steve ran his hand fondly under the animal's mane.

"Do you reckon you could stand a whole biscuit?" inquired Steve with feigned surprise as the velvet lips of the horse played with his sleeve.

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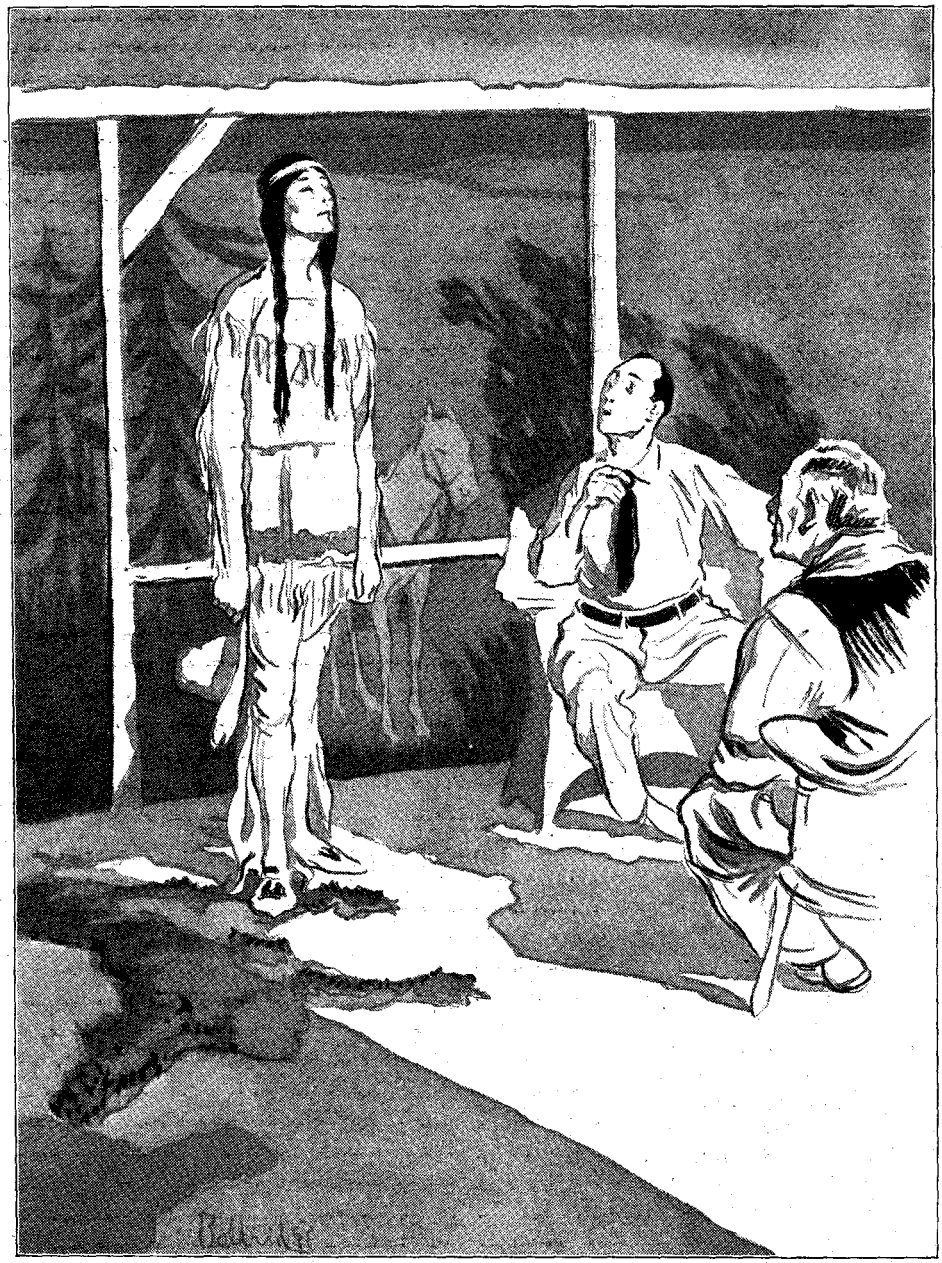

Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

"You're hired," Scott nodded.—Page 343.

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The Catherine horse nudged him sharply.

"That's all I dared to lift, seeing who loaned it to me," lied Steve, and then: "That cat was black, all right, Catherine, and crossed plumb in front of us. And we're hired."

The pinto's white lips nervously fondled Steve's left ear.

"But I reckoned that little old cat would put his pizen paw on us—he's gone and done it. Olla's still here. She was the third person I had talk with," Steve explained it thoughtfully.

"She's the third person I've had talk with," he had said. He was certainly superstitious to a nicety. Like many wanderers and all gamblers, he held the idea that the third person he met in a new place was his enemy. And somewhere he had known Olla before.

The following afternoon I went to Lodge Grass in the three-seated auto-bus for the first batch of dudes. I felt that I could endure the trip on the front seat; the two rear bone-rattlers I feared as I did an operating-table. But it was safe enough when you knew about it. Phil Crawford drove the thing. It was thirty miles to Lodge Grass, but we felt in no hurry in the June sunshine. The train was always two to four hours late here in the half-way rangeland country, but it would arrive right on the minute in a day or so on the Pacific coast with great pomp and brilliance. All of this I burdened Phil with, and after I had thus proved to him how thoroughly Western I was, we arrived to learn the train had departed a half hour before, having arrived exactly on the minute. It had brought us from Philadelphia two female teachers of the first run of eye-glasses, and from Montreal a pair that one looked at as at a river with a little too smooth a surface. Scott Lawson had said a mother and son by the name of Donaldson were expected on the train. I had pictured a much younger pair. It struck one as rather queer that a woman who could not without perjury have taken oath to an age less than sixty, and a son with a last hold on his twenties, should select a dude ranch for a full summer. It took less than a quarter hour to learn they were unfamiliar with anything west of Chicago.

Like a cackling-hen crate on the rear of an express-truck, we rattled over the west bluff of the Little Big Horn valley. We wound through great troughs of the rangeland sea, only to come out on hog-backs which we followed till they melted to level stretches. At these places the school-teachers raged over the prairie-dogs, owls, prickly pear, and the brush, the latter learnedly pronounced sage, even though as often as not the dark green of the greasewood showed on the tough branches. The mother and son held for the most part to a polite silence. At last we began the descent of the hogback on the slope of which I had first seen at a distance Steve and his pinto horse. I wondered if Steve had erected any more monuments to the god of superstition since I had been away.

On a back seat one of the school-teachers lifted up her wiry voice with a suddenness that caused both Phil and me to turn in alarm.

"It's a real Indian!" she exclaimed with a cry as wild as a Canada goose.

Not three rods from the road on a little elevation which threw him into relief against the sky, Steve had risen in his dizzy yellow moccasins. A single feather of some kind protruded from the apex of his dark braids at a rakish angle. He did not turn. One might have thought him holding communion with the last steps of day.

One of the school-teachers wanted to get out and go nearer, although the white ranch-house was already at hand.

"You'll see him often, ma'am," solemnly protested Phil; "he ranges right here on the ranch."

Steve's initial and original dip in the pool of dude-ranching sent both Olla and her father into mirthful fits of laughter when I secretly told them of the occurrence. Soon after, Scott Lawson's face suddenly became thoughtful. That Steve was to become intensely popular with the ladies as the summer colony grew in size was in a way surprising. But he was a Chesterfield. He had the remarkable faculty of keeping his face solemn under the most provoking circumstances. He taught each arrival how not to fall off a horse. To be taught horsemanship by an Indian was something to tell the people

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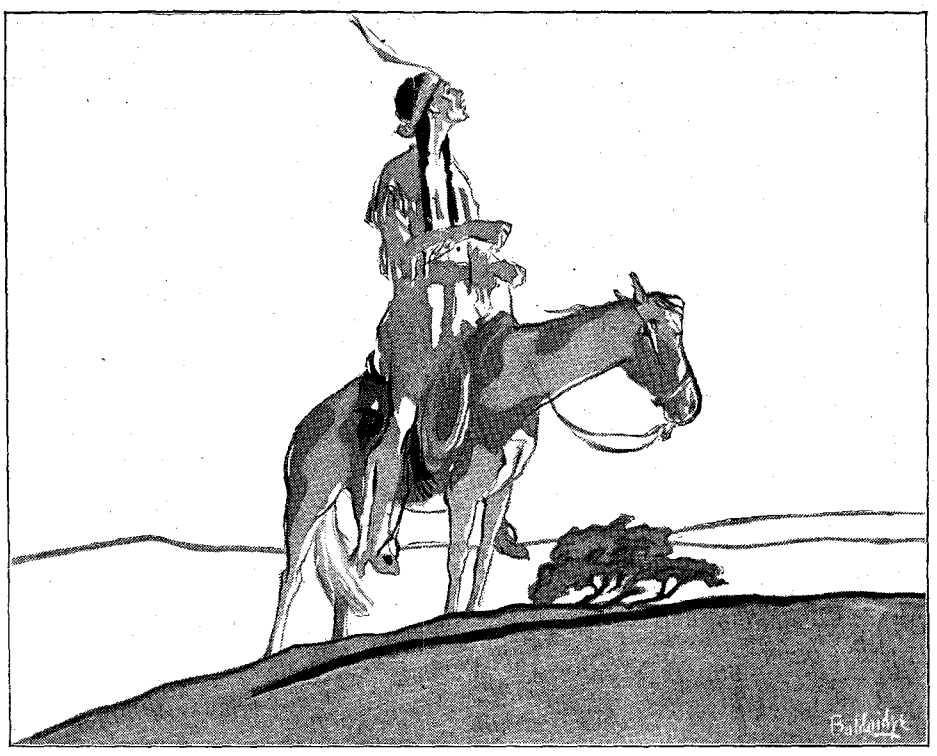

"It's a real Indian!" she exclaimed.—Page 346.

back East. It seemed as though he were too lamblike, that he was storing energy against a time of his own choosing.

Had not Scott Lawson been so graciously cultivated by Mrs. Lawrence Donaldson, he, too, might have sensed something odd in the way the woman studied Steve. It seemed as though she were waiting for some familiar act or set of speech. When it dawned on me there must be a reason more potent than her interest in an Indian, I caught myself watching her even as she watched Steve. Steve met her advances at conversation with a reserve that was truly Indian. I had an idea the Mrs. Donaldson and her son were unaware that during their first two days Steve had put them under a more delicately ground glass than those used in their social set in the Canadian metropolis.

Olla had taken to going on the trail-parties this year, and when she rode her pony up to the white ranch-house mornings with the saddle-ponies following, solemnly led by Steve and the boys—well, it was good to see the dark-eyed girl in bright-red waist and tan skirt on her buckskin pony. Some way you knew it was her own pony; the animal betrayed it in the toss of its cream-colored mane. Moreover, Steve gave Olla the same attention a queen would expect, and Steve looked very well able to protect her from anything that came one at a time. At first both Scott Lawson and Phil Crawford had tried to argue him out of the idea of giving Olla more attention than the guests of the ranch. "These people are paying for it; Olla goes along to help give them a good time," they explained. But Steve closed his mouth like a trunk-lid; he would have left a dude hanging head foremost from a stirrup if he decided Olla needed anything. It was noticeable Steve sought to shield Olla from Mr. Lawrence Donaldson. From the first, the young man had never been seen to arise and dash off when Olla was in his presence.

My many summers on the ranch privileged me to eat late supper with Olla and

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her father, and nearly every evening when the faithful breeze came down from the Big Horns and found us on the screened back porch, I would inquire gravely of Olla regarding Mr. Lawrence Donaldson:

"How is the Don's health to-day, if I may ask?"

"Oh, he's quite lively, thank you."

"Mm!" I would breathe while Scott Lawson grinned broadly.

Indeed, I learned little, for Olla seized on such times to compliment me on my riding, saying: "I was noticing to-day how you only have to hang to the saddle with but one hand—really, you ought to go down to Cheyenne next year and try for the bronco-busting prize and the silver-mounted U. P. saddle."

It was on one of these evenings when the three of us were on the porch that Steve rapped on the screen door.

Nothing he did seemed to surprise Lawson, and he told him to come in.

"I wonder if I could get a needle and thread," he said as simply as a child; "I've torn my coat."

"Let me have it," ordered Olla. "It won't take but a moment."

Olla procured a work-basket. Lawson rolled a cigar across the table to Steve:

"Light up, St-e——"

A nervous, wiry voice cut in on him from near the porch, and we had to listen.

"There! here it is," and the pair of school-teachers from Philadelphia bent over a note-book.

"You see, I put it down each time just as that Indian, Steve, told me."

"Wateeka," slowly pronounced the other woman.

"Yes, wateeka; last Monday it was the Crow word for horse; on Friday it meant river, and to-day I asked him the word for prairie-dog, and it was 'wateeka' again."

"Doubtless he gave you a different word each time, and it sounded like this Indian word you have written here, my dear."

The pair moved on. Scott Lawson slapped his knee and let out muffled snorts of mirth, before he saw Steve was actually blushing.

"You're all right, Steve," he piped up.

Steve let out a species of laugh and hurriedly arose for his coat. When Olla handed the coat to him her dark eyes distinctly said: "Don't you mind them, Steve." She carried in her basket and did not come back.

"Scott," I began irritably, "don't you realize Olla is a mighty attractive girl and that this ranch is one of the very best in Wyoming? Why, I believe even Steve sees what the Donaldsons are up to, or else he sees something else—the love of half-breeds burns with a more intense heat than either that of red man or white: so I've heard."

Lawson looked at me with the mildness of a cow, or was there a keenness back of it veiled by his cloud of cigar-smoke? Some way I felt he was hiding something from me, and Lawson and I were old friends back through the years.

"I reckon when she finds what she calls a man, she'll somehow let him know it. That's what she told that young Scotchman from Montreal three years ago."

"I remember he left suddenly," I said, now perfectly satisfied to wiggle out the best way I could.

Lawson looked at me again: "The Donaldsons are nicer people than what you think. They're fixed well enough and they seem to think a heap of Olla. They've asked her to go back with them for a little vacation in Montreal. You know," went on Lawson eagerly, "two years at a girls' school in Chicago is all the East Olla ever had."

Fickle fate often decides that those who come first shall go last; the two school-teachers and the Donaldsons were staying till the very end of the season. I regretted it, for Mrs. Donaldson had taken it upon herself to question me at every opportunity about Steve. But on this evening I need not have worried myself. Olla and the Donaldsons were deeply interested in their own conversation. The thing had become so brazen it was sickening, and it was a relief to seek the boys at the bunk-house. At odd times I had heard a banjo twanging at the bunk-house. Although I remembered the ancient instrument as a fixture of the place, it had never given tongue in any of the summers I had been at the ranch.

As I cleared the kitchen end of the

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house, a bow-legged object scurried by, and then, recognizing me, stopped. It was Shorty. Clutched to his ribs were two watermelons:

"Come on down. We're going to have a palaver, and the modern Paddiewhiskey is goin' to soothe our savage natures with some overchoors." Shorty was excited.

Down by the river-bank a fire burned, and when we reached it and rolled the watermelons into the circle of faces, a cheer went up. On an old tin powder-canister, emptied, perhaps, twenty years before, sat Steve with the banjo. Well, it settles on one rather queerly to see a banjo in connection with two dark braids of hair over the player's shoulders.

"Play that 'Turkey in the Straw' piece again," urged Shorty. "I missed her in gettin' these here nigger-berries," and he up-ended one of the watermelons with knife in hand.

"Ain't you 'fraid it will excite you, Mr. Harlow?" gravely inquired Steve as he knocked out a trial chord on the instrument.

"Seein's how we all had to suffer for a month in the bunk-house while you was gettin' back in form, as you claimed, I reckon it ain't liable to knock me plumb over."

Steve played the thing for Shorty, and later, when the fire had burned low, he swung into the sweetest of cowboy songs, —"The Cowboy's Dream"—singing the air with a fresh, true tenor. The men, one by one, joined in strong on the chorus. Some one in the throes of the chorus threw a piece of watermelon at the fire. As if in indignation, the fire leaped and lit up three faces in the first rim of darkness: Olla and the two Donaldsons. A queer look came into Steve's face, for it was general gossip Olla was going East with them, but with startling grimness came the seventh verse:

"And I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling,—
A maverick, unbranded on high,—
And get cut in the bunch with the 'rusties'
When the Boss of the Riders goes by."

Olla returned Steve's occasional glances during the singing as though she would be proud to pull some one's hair. But Mrs. Donaldson—well, her face was startling. She had at last found that something in Steve for which she had been hunting. Had Steve naïvely presented her with that something when she least expected it? Perhaps. To-morrow would be Friday, then would follow Saturday with the departure of the Donaldsons and Olla.

On Friday a last horseback ride in the foot-hills had been arranged for by the two school-teachers, and all hands went on it. It was a ride that ended in a race for shelter, for a belated thunder-storm swept up over the Big Horns with a suddenness that was appalling. With the first plump bellow of thunder Mrs. Donaldson became frantic, but Steve managed to tangle his hand in her veil or turban or something she was ever wearing. She yelled she was being scalped, but Steve hung on, and thereby saved the already nervous horses from a stampede. Once mounted, both school-teachers tossed all horsemanship to the god of the storm, and were pounding hard when we made the house and dismounted in confusion. Everything movable from foxtail to tumbleweed was on the wing in the thunderous gale ahead of the storm. A newspaper careened wildly in our midst and flattened on a horse's head, where it fluttered like a dying chicken. The horses reared and jammed. Olla was in their midst, and with a catch of the breath I saw her go down. Young Donaldson ran like a sand-snipe, mounted the porch as cleverly as a monkey, and clung to a post, staring wildly at the confusion. Instantly both Steve and Phil Crawford plunged among the frantic horses.

It was Steve who brought Olla out. Scott Lawson had appeared from somewhere, but Steve would not give her up. Mutely he waited for some one to open the door to the white ranch-house. It was Lawson himself who did it. When Steve laid her on a couch in the great living-room, Olla opened a pair of dark bewildered eyes. Instantly Steve had spoken to her, but none of us heard what it was. Olla smiled, even as she unconsciously reached for her left arm.

"Broken, I reckon," muttered Lawson after he had hurried to Olla and examined the arm.

"I'll get the first doctor in Sheridan," said Steve gravely as he turned for the door.

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I caught myself watching him with the intentness of one curiously examining a man who just "got religion." A short fifteen minutes had changed him completely. Either that or else he had unconsciously thrown off the rôle of an actor. A moment later I saw him and his Catherine horse dash by. The sheets of rain slammed against the windows as though dished off the flashes of lightning. It would have been worth much if I had had the presence of mind to have offered him my old slicker.

In the night I heard the sound of an automobile, and much later when the sun was streaming over the range I heard the sound of horses' feet. By the time I had reached my bedroom window Steve had pulled his horse to a walk. Stiffly he dismounted and looked eagerly at the door as though it would open and reveal some of us. But it didn't. He took off his hat and absently ran his hand through his hair in meditation. The act caused me to jam my nose against the pane. His hair was clipped short like any one's. The flat, squatty moccasins were gone. It's queer what a change comes to a man when you redecorate both ends of him. A cropped head and high-heeled riding-boots—well, I suppose an artist would have had him on the wall beside the window in a twinkling, but I could only look, too overcome to rap on the pane to him.

A half hour later I didn't know whether to be sorry or glad that Olla's injury was only a sprain, for she was determined to go with the Donaldsons. When Scott Lawson and I returned that afternoon from seeing them off, the place held a peculiar loneliness. Phil Crawford was on the steps and something was on his mind.

"Steve's pulled out!" he blurted.

"Gone!" said Lawson and I together, as though we had been practising the thing.

"Moulted and flew!" echoed Shorty. "You ort 'a' seen him, he looked that quaint with his pigtails sheared—he must 'a' routed out a barber in Sheridan."

"Tail him! Find him some way!"

A moment before, I thought I knew Scott Lawson. Now I knew I didn't.

A solid week did not find Steve, but it brought Lawson a letter.

The next morning Lawson packed a grip.

I was hardly foolish enough to remind him we had a hunting-trip planned into the Big Horns. It dawned on me Scott Lawson was going to make a hunting-trip of his own with the determination to find out whether he or his quarry was a goat. There was nothing left for me to do but pack my belongings and go back East with him.

So it was that when the chimes of Saint Andrew's floated sweetly over the solidly built, British-toned western half of Montreal one evening in the first week of October, they found us, not on a spur of the Big Horns, but in the Windsor Street station. Olla had met the train. Never had I seen her more bewitching than when she waved me good-by from the motor-car in the soft autumnal twilight when the first sparkling lights and the dark spires were struggling for supremacy against the Western sky.

At sight of Olla, Lawson had seemed to come out of the dumb secretiveness that had possessed him on the trip East. I had felt a tightening all over me when he secretly told me to meet him the next day but one. I had agreed, provided he would bring Olla, for I wanted to take them to a place I felt odd enough to excite their wildest fancies of the old city of fur kings. I wanted, too, to get them away from the tinselled atmosphere of the Donaldsons for one hour.

I was disappointed when we finally met. "Where's Olla?" I asked.

"She said she'd trail into that place you mentioned by the time we got there."

"Don't tell me that Donaldson outfit is coming, too."

Lawson looked at me but didn't speak.

It was nearing sunset when we arrived at the little rocky tongue of land reaching out toward the Isle of Montreal from the Ottawa's western shore. As long and low as the peninsula itself, an old Hudson's Bay Company house crowned the lower end. Long since abandoned, the old landmark of the lower Ottawa had become a popular rendezvous for Montrealers. As Scott Lawson and I left the motor-car and walked down past the old stone house on the point, the Ottawa was shining under such a sunset as the charm

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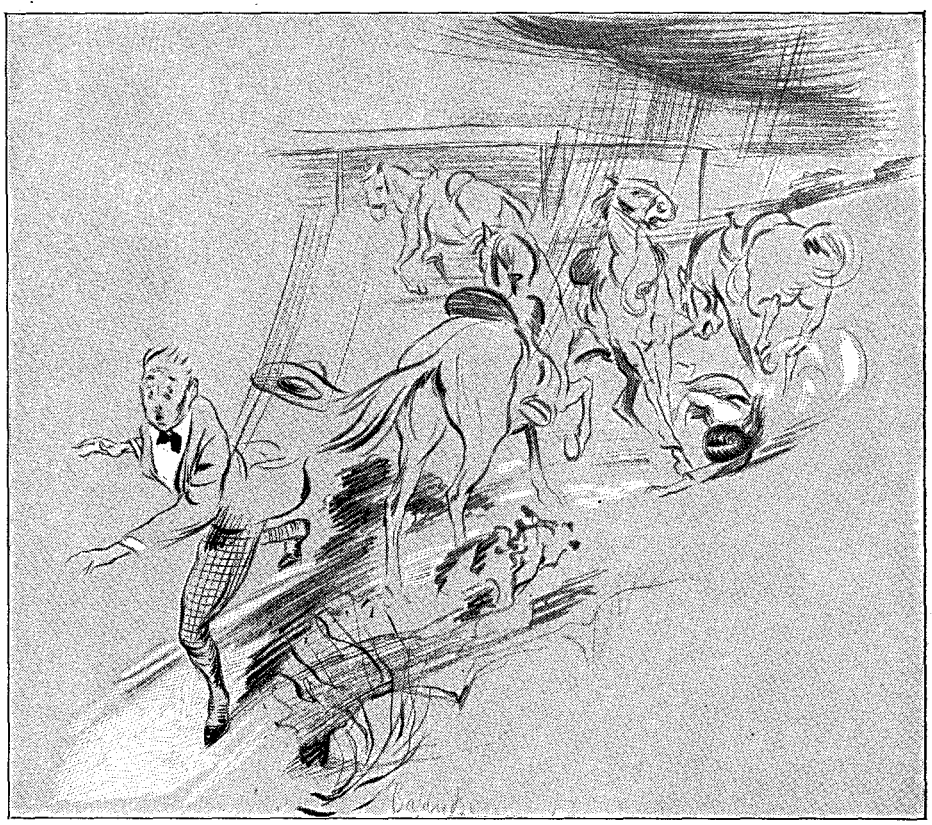

Young Donaldson ran like a sand-snipe.—Page 349.

of the early Canadian autumn knows so well how to paint. Up under the coloring of the Western sky the Lake of the Two Mountains flamed with as vivid a crimson as the water-maples wore. Low down in the flush of the sky a line of dots floated, now rising, now falling. It was a famous place for wild duck. Occasionally a shot betrayed the fact that the evening flight was being disturbed.

Either it affected Scott Lawson, or else the time had come when he wanted to try me out with something that had been resting on his mind. Of a sudden he turned:

"Did you know Olla is part Sioux?"

It seemed as savage as the red of the sunset flaming at our very feet, but I yelled back, "I'm glad of it," and I don't know why I shouted it so loud.

"That's the same way Steve said it," observed Lawson.

"Steve!" I managed to say, turning squarely on Lawson.

"He's been here in Montreal ever since Olla got here."

"And they both have Indian blood," I said.

"And he ain't on his last legs same's that old century-plant of a Donaldson woman and her little son. She heard Steve singing that night and finally tumbled. She couldn't get Olla away fast enough. When I got Olla's letter I wised real fast. Steve spent two months at the ranch three years ago. I reckon that's him now."

Cutting across the relentless volume of the Ottawa, and driven by the powerful shoulder shove and wrist swerve only known to the old voyageurs, a slim little Peterborough canoe was noiselessly seeking the protection of the point where Lawson and I leaned against a boulder.

As the canoe was about to beach, a bewitching head and shoulders turned toward us. Some one waved to us. It

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was Olla. I nearly snapped in two my best lilac-bordered silk handkerchief in answering.

When the tall person in the stern stood up, I grabbed Scott Lawson by the arm. It was Steve. He was in a suit I knew only grew in the most expensive tailor shops along St. Catherine Street.

"He owns that stone fort with the two towers right across the street from the Donaldsons," remarked Lawson a little loftily.

I turned for another look at the canoe, but Steve seemed to be having a hard time of it dislodging Olla; in fact, Olla's face was quite hidden for the moment.

"How do you do?" bellowed Scott Lawson as he turned my back on them.

"I'm glad to know you," I snapped irritably, little knowing what I was saying.

SOME BIOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF IMMIGRATION

By Edwin Grant Conklin

Author of "Biology and Democracy," etc.

I

THE most important aspect of immigration is the one which is least often considered; namely, its far-reaching biological effects on the character of our people as a whole. This is not to say that other aspects of this problem are not important, but they are mostly temporary and trivial as compared with this biological aspect. Indeed, in so far as other phases of immigration are of deep and lasting significance it is due to the fact that they affect the racial characteristics and the bodily and mental traits of a people. On the other hand, the considerations which have most influenced us in the past regarding immigration have been (1) sympathy for those whose lot is less fortunate than ours and a philanthropic desire to share with them the blessings which we enjoy; (2) the laudable ambition to rapidly become a great and powerful nation which shall take and hold a leading position among the nations of the earth; (3) the consequent necessity of developing rapidly our great natural resources and the demand on the part of private and public interests for cheap and abundant labor.

But while we keep open house to all the world, and grow great in numbers and rich beyond all others, we take little or no thought for the future. By our present policy we are determining the character of future generations. We are deciding irrevocably whether we shall breed men and women of high or low standards; of sturdy bodies, sound minds, and good morals, or the reverse. Although we are shaping history for hundreds and thousands of years to come, we are, as a nation, more thoughtless about the issue than we would be if it concerned only the price of coal or food to-morrow. By our immigration policy we are actually deciding the fate of America more surely than could be done in any other way. Neither forms of government, nor army and navy, nor wealth and power, will determine our future as completely as will the character of our citizens.

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or moated gate,
But men, high-minded men."

We are all immigrants or the descendants of immigrants, and we cannot reasonably object to others because they came on a later ship than we did. But we can and must see to it that we do not adopt the criminals, defectives, and degenerates of the world; and if we have any regard for the welfare of our children and any desire to leave worthy descendants we will select with as much care as possible those whose blood will in years to come mingle with our own.

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This is the biological problem involved in immigration. We not only share our country with the immigrant but we take him into our families and give him our children or our children's children in marriage. Whatever present antipathies there may be to racial mixture, we may rest assured that in a few hundred years at most these persons of foreign races and blood will be incorporated in our race and we in theirs. From the amalgamation of good races, good results may be expected, but fusion with inferior races, while it may help to raise the lower race, will pull the higher one down. How insignificant are considerations of cheap labor and rapid development of natural resources, how short-sighted are even considerations of sympathy for less fortunate people, or the maintenance of high standards of living, or the preservation of our present social organization when compared with these biological consequences!

We have heard for so long that "all men are created equal" and that differences between persons and races are due entirely to environment that this has become a part of the faith of democracy and, in spite of the teachings of science and common sense, we expect to get grapes from thorns, figs from thistles, and good citizens from poor stock. President Roosevelt was one of the first of our statesmen who looked steadily beyond his day and generation to the more distant future. He inaugurated, or at least gave impetus to, a great movement for the conservation of the natural resources of this country and he maintained that selective immigration was second only to conservation in its importance for the welfare of future generations. Indeed, in the face of the foreign invasion which has been sweeping over this country since 1900, it may be said that immigration is the first and very most important problem for the citizen who looks to the future welfare of his country.

Armies equal in size to the one we sent to France land every two years on our shores, and at the present time millions are said to be waiting to enter. Since 1900 more than thirteen million immigrants have entered this country, and approximately one-third of our present population of more than one hundred millions are immigrants or the children of immigrants. Two-thirds of the population of New York State and three-fourths of that of our great cities are foreign born or the children of foreign-born parents. From a fourth to a half of the population of the large cities of the South are negroes. Already we are the most heterogeneous people on earth; here are found representatives of every race and tongue and culture in the world, and still they continue to come in enormous numbers. It is doubtful whether any other migration in the history of mankind compares in magnitude with that which has been converging on America during the past twenty years. The sources and magnitude of this migration are indicated by the following general summary:* Of more than thirty million persons in this country who are foreign born or the children of foreign-born parents there are from eight to nine million Germans, four to five million Irish, about three millions from Great Britain, about three million Slavs, from two to three million Scandinavians, more than two million Italians, and about two million Hebrews, while all other races and nations constitute about five millions.

II

It was long the boast of America that we had here raised a standard to which the oppressed of other lands might freely repair, and it was not race pride or prejudice or callous selfishness that first induced the American people to place certain restrictions on immigration; rather it was the certainty that the currents of our national life were being corrupted and we were being seriously burdened in caring for criminals, defectives, dependents, and diseased persons of other lands. Accordingly, convicts, other than for political offenses, lunatics, idiots, and persons suffering from a loathsome or a dangerous contagious disease were excluded, and, later, prostitutes and those engaged in the white-slave traffic were added to this list. These restrictions are so evidently and immediately in the interest of public health and morals that there is now no considerable objection to them. Still

* Collated from U. S. Census, 1910.

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later the "literacy test" was added, against strong opposition, and provision was made for a much more rigid examination of immigrants for insanity and mental defects. But the number of those applying for admission has been so great and the facilities for examining them so inadequate that the exclusion laws could not be effectively enforced. At Ellis Island, before the war, the long lines of immigrants passed the inspectors at the rate, it is said, of five thousand a day. It may be possible to thus assemble the parts of automobiles on a continuously moving platform, but any one who has ever made examinations for tuberculosis, for insanity or mental deficiency, for criminal and antisocial instincts, will realize how utterly inefficient such a method of examination must be.

The physical examination of immigrants can be carried out effectively if it is not rushed too rapidly. Practically any serious bodily defect can be detected if the examination is thorough; the immigrant carries it with him and cannot successfully conceal it. There is therefore no reason why under our present laws persons with serious bodily defects, whether inherited or acquired, or with dangerous diseases, may not be excluded if the examination is not hurried.

The mental examination of immigrants can also be made effective if it is sufficiently thorough. There is no excuse for admitting imbeciles or others with serious neuroses or psychoses if only time enough is taken to make a satisfactory examination. These defects, also, the applicant for admission carries with him and he cannot successfully conceal them. But, on the other hand, we are now admitting large numbers of persons of low intelligence, and it is this class which constitutes the greatest biological danger both for the present and for the distant future.

The mental tests used in our army revealed a surprising amount of illiteracy and, what is much worse, an alarmingly low level of average intelligence. These tests were devised to measure intellectual capacity or inherited ability rather than acquired information or education, and for the first time they give us a means of estimating the approximate number of persons in this country of low, mean, or high intelligence. The tests were of two sorts: the Alpha test for those who could read and write and the Beta test for all others. They were taken by about one million seven hundred thousand drafted men, who may be assumed to have been somewhat above the average intelligence of the entire population, since none who were evidently feeble-minded were drafted. Seven grades were recognized, ranging from A to D−, these grades being designated as follows:

A, "very superior intelligence"; B, "superior"; C+, "high average"; C, "average"; C−, "low average"; D, "inferior"; D−, "very inferior." The "mental ages" of these different grades and the relative numbers in each are:

GRADE	MENTAL AGE	PER CENT OF WHOLE
A.....	18–19	4½
B.....	16–17	9
C+.....	15	16½
C.....	13–14	25
C−.....	12	20
D.....	11	15
D−.....	10	10

Assuming that these drafted men are a fair sample of the entire population of approximately one hundred millions, this means that forty-five millions, or nearly one-half of the whole population, will never develop mentally beyond the stage represented by a normal twelve-year-old child, and that only thirteen and a half millions will ever show superior intelligence.

When it is remembered that mental capacity is inherited, that parents of low intelligence generally produce children of low intelligence and that on the average they have more children than persons of high intelligence, and, furthermore, when we consider that the intellectual capacity or "mental age" can be changed very little by education, we are in a position to appreciate the very serious conditions which confront us as a nation.

We have always recognized that the success of democracy depends upon the intelligence of the people, but we have never before had any adequate conception of the very low level of the average

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intelligence of the nation. Furthermore, we have generally assumed that intelligence depended upon education and that general compulsory education would solve all our problems. But, alas, it is not the panacea that was once supposed. Education can only bring to development the qualities which are potentially present; it cannot increase those potentialities or capacities; and the attempt to educate a person of D grade beyond the fifth year of the elementary schools is usually wasted effort.

Undoubtedly the ultimate standing and success of any popular government must depend upon the intelligence of its citizens, and yet, owing to the larger families of the unintelligent and to the great influx of foreigners of low mental capacity, our average intelligence has probably been declining for the past twenty-five years at least.

If education will not solve this serious problem, what can be done? Evidently the first thing to do is to prohibit further immigration of persons of inferior intelligence. Our present "literacy test" is very unsatisfactory for this purpose. It is well known that persons of very inferior intelligence and even imbeciles can learn to read, and, on the other hand, the army test showed that some persons of superior intelligence had not learned to read. Reading does not come by nature, but by education; it is a mark of educational opportunity rather than of inherited capacity, and it would be a great gain for the nation if the army mental test were substituted for the literacy test in the examination of all immigrants and if all persons who fall into grades D or D — were excluded from the country. Any movement to raise the mental level of our citizens must begin by excluding immigrants of low intelligence, and the longer we put this off the more serious our problems of mental deficiency will become.

Finally, there is a marked correlation between low intelligence and crime. Goddard* estimates that approximately fifty per cent of those confined in penitentiaries and reformatories are mentally defective, and it is probable that not less than seventy-five per cent of all criminals are of inferior or very inferior intelligence. Any measure which would prevent the growth of this class of persons of low intelligence would to a large extent reduce the immense amount of crime and lawlessness in this country; and at present there is no other way in which this can be done so effectively as by excluding all immigrants of inferior mentality.

The result of our lax system of admitting immigrants is shown not only in the great number of mental defectives but also in the large number of criminals among the foreign born. Of late we have heard much of the "crime wave" in this country, but this wave is only a ripple on the flood of crime which we have with us continually. For example, Chicago, with a total population about one-third that of London, had in 1916 nearly twelve times as many murders, and in 1917 and 1919 nearly six times as many. New York in 1916, 1917, and 1918 had in each year six times as many homicides as London, and during these same years from two and a half to eight times as many burglaries. These two cities are not wicked beyond all others but are similar in this "bad eminence" to many of the larger cities in this country. That a disproportionate amount of this crime is traceable to recent immigrants, or to unassimilated races, is shown by the fact that more than three-fourths of the total population of these cities are immigrants or the children of immigrants. In New York City, where the Russians constitute ten per cent of the population, they are charged with twenty per cent of the total arrests; the Italians are seven per cent of the population and have twelve per cent of all arrests; in Boston the Irish are ten per cent of the population and have fifteen per cent of all the arrests; in Chicago the negroes are only two per cent of the population but they furnish thirteen per cent of all the arrests for felony, while in Washington, where they constitute twenty-eight and one-half per cent of the population, they furnish forty-two and one-half per cent of the total arrests.* These startling figures prove that to a certain extent our "crime waves"

* Goddard, H. H., "Human Efficiency and Levels of Intelligence," 1920.

* Fosdick, R. B., "Crime in America and the Police," 1920.

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are due to the immense number of foreign-born stock or alien races in our cities, and they indicate that our immigration laws have not been very successful in shutting out criminals and potential criminals.

How much of this lawlessness and crime is due to inherited traits is not indicated, but in view of the fact that certain classes of crime are associated particularly with certain races it seems probable that there is in these races an inherited tendency to peculiar forms of lawlessness and crime. For example, in New York, in the number of hospital cases treated for drunkenness, the Irish lead all other foreign-born stock.* Very probably the excessive amount of insanity among the Irish as well as this disproportionate amount of alcoholism are indicative of an unstable nervous organization which is inherited. In crimes of violence, kidnapping, and blackmailing the Italians lead all foreign-born stock with more than two times their proper proportion. In this case, also, it seems probable that there is inherited as a racial characteristic a highly excitable and emotional disposition with deficient powers of inhibition and control.

In gainful crimes such as robbery, larceny, and receiving stolen goods the Russians and Poles lead all foreign-born stock; in white slavery and prostitution the Hebrews lead, and in crimes against chastity the English are pre-eminent; however, it is impossible to say to what extent this larger incidence of these particular crimes in the races named can be regarded as due to bad heredity, and to what extent it is the result of bad education and environment. Of course no race has a monopoly of good or bad qualities, and we breed our own criminals as well as import them, but this merely emphasizes the importance of shutting out more effectively those who may be expected to add to this group not only in their own persons but also in those of their children.

III

In order to estimate the significance of any biological process or tendency, it is necessary to get the evolutionary point of view. Only one who can, like Darwin, see such processes in four dimensions—length, breadth, depth, and *duration*—only such a one can estimate the probable effects of our past and present immigration upon the future of America and of the world; and even a Darwin might well have declined to hazard any prophecy regarding a situation in which the factors involved are so numerous and complex.

What will be the maximum population of the United States, and how soon will that maximum be reached? We have had many estimates of the probable duration of our oil, coal, iron, nitrates, phosphates, and other natural resources; why not forecast the limits of population? In all living things populations tend to increase in geometrical ratio, but this tendency is limited and modified by many environmental conditions. For one thing, the area of the habitable globe remains fixed and this limits the possible food-supply. Migration may for a time relieve the pressure of overpopulation, but its limits are soon reached. In the case of man the control and utilization of natural resources has greatly extended the possible growth of population, but it is evident that these resources are not indefinite in extent. The whole world must look forward to a time, at no distant date, when the limits of population will be reached everywhere. "The population question," said Huxley, "is the real riddle of the Sphinx to which no political Œdipus has as yet found the answer. In view of the ravages of the terrible monster, overmultiplication, all other riddles sink into insignificance."

Pearl* has shown that the growth of population in the United States may be represented very accurately by a long *f* shaped curve in which our present population of about one hundred millions falls slightly above the middle point, and he predicts that "the maximum population which continental United States, as now areally limited, will ever have will be roughly twice the present population." He estimates that this maximum will be reached in about one hundred and eighty years, and that at that date "unless our food habits radically change . . . or un-

*See Jenks and Lauck, "The Immigration Problem," 1913.

*Pearl, R., "Proceedings National Academy of Sciences," 1920.

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less our agricultural production radically increases, it will be necessary . . . to import nearly or quite one-half of the calories necessary for that population."

This is a different story from that which we have been accustomed to hear. No longer is it true that "Uncle Sam has land enough to give us all a farm," and the time is not very far off—only about six human generations—when the death-rate in this country must equal the birth-rate, or our descendants of that date must emigrate. And where will they go? By that time other parts of the world will be much more fully occupied, and other nations may choose to be more careful for their future than we have been for ours. And we thought we had room enough for all the crowded peoples of the earth for all time to come! There will then be no immigration problem, but for hundreds of years more our descendants will have the racial problems bequeathed to them by us, in order that we might "get rich quick" by stripping our land of its natural resources as rapidly as possible.

What kind of people will Americans be in this not distant future? What kind of government, and of social institutions, shall we have when the pressure of population intensifies the struggle for existence and brings racial and industrial groups into keener competition? Any separate race or class in our population is bound to be a storm centre under such conditions, and we may well pray and plan to be preserved from future battles along the lines of race, language, or religion. We want no Jewish pale or anti-Jewish pogroms, no Ulster-Irish feuds, no little Italies or Hungaries or Russias set down in our midst, and we want no race wars along color lines; but how are these to be avoided? "Blood is thicker than water," and some kinds of religion more potent than patriotism, and in the increasing struggle for existence and advantage which is bound to come with increasing population these different racial and cultural groups will tend to consolidate unless this tendency is in some way overcome. Of course education and "Americanization" will help to allay these antagonisms and to unify the nation, but any one who hopes to make reason in the mass of mankind dominant over emotion within the next five thousand years is himself an emotional optimist rather than a rational realist. Probably the only hope of permanently unifying the diverse elements in our population is by amalgamation.

We talk euphemistically about the "assimilation" of foreign peoples, as if they were so much food material that could be digested, absorbed, and built into our own organization without in any way changing that organization except to make it larger. This is what happens in the assimilation of food, but in the process the food is broken down to relatively simple substances which can then be built up into each peculiar kind of protoplasm. But the only way in which we could "assimilate" alien races, that is, convert them into our own life and not be converted into theirs, would be by eating and digesting them, thus destroying their protoplasm, hereditary traits, instincts, and cultures, and out of the elements of these building up our own organization. The blending of two or more *living* streams is not assimilation but amalgamation, and in the process both streams are changed. This is what takes place in the combination of different germ-plasms in sexual reproduction, and it is no more reasonable to suppose that our national traits and ideals will remain the same after this combination with alien peoples than to think that the children of a white father and a negro mother would inherit only the traits of the father.

Existing races and types of mankind have been established and perpetuated by isolation. The present tendency to the breaking down of isolation and the commingling of races is a reversal of the process by which those races were differentiated. If in the past "God made from one blood all nations of men," it is certain that at present there is being made from all nations one blood. By the interbreeding of various races there has come to be a complicated intermixture of racial characters in almost every human stock, and this process is going on to-day more rapidly and extensively than ever before. Strictly speaking, there are no "pure lines" in any human group; in every country of Europe are found many

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different hereditary types; the "pure" Irish, German, Russian, or Italian type is only one of many selected out of the mixed types in each of those countries. It is not possible to characterize hereditary types by merely naming the country from which they came, for there are many kinds of English, Germans, Italians, Russians, and Jews, just as there are many kinds of Americans. Certainly no intelligent person supposes that there are any "pure" American types, unless it be among some isolated tribes of red Indians, and no sensible person laments this fact. It is not the mixture of the blood of different European races in this country that should cause concern, but rather the amalgamation of superior hereditary types with those of inferior physical, mental, and social traits, from whatever country or race they may have come.

We are quite accustomed and reconciled to the interbreeding of European races, but the average white person at least is unable to look upon the commingling of blood of the primary races of mankind without serious misgivings as to its effect on the future of the species. Within certain limits cross-breeding of animals and plants seems to produce increased vigor, and there is no doubt that highly desirable combinations of the characters of different breeds can thus be made. But it is a general belief that the crossing of distinct species or subspecies does not lead to improvement, and it is said that the actual results of the crossing of white, black, and red races in South America, Mexico, and the West Indies, and of brown, yellow, and white races in Polynesia, has produced hybrids inferior to either parent.*

Nevertheless, it is probable that here, also, the result depends not so much upon race or color as upon the qualities of the individual parents. Most of the children of superior parents will themselves be superior, even if those parents belong to wholly different races; but it is practically certain that the general or average results of the crossing of a superior and an inferior race are to strike a balance somewhere between the two.

Which are the higher and which the lower races of mankind must depend largely upon the point of view and the qualities under consideration. The white race assumes, usually with a good deal of arrogance, that in all respects it is superior to other races. But no race has a monopoly of good or bad qualities; all that can be said is that certain traits are more frequently found in one race than in another.

What is true regarding "assimilation" of foreign blood is true also of foreign cultures. The immigrant brings with him his ideas of government, race, and religion, of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, of honor and disgrace, of theft and falsehood, and private vengeance and murder, and only slowly does he modify these ideas in his new environment. Furthermore, he infects others with his ideas, so that the cultures of the Old World and of the New are blended. All that we have and are, the good as well as the bad, we owe to immigration; we have derived our institutions and culture, as well as our blood, from many sources; but we have not been wise enough to select the good and eliminate the bad.

There was once the supreme chance of breeding here the finest race and nation in the whole history of mankind. Here was an almost unoccupied continent to which came at first only the bravest, most hardy, most independent peoples of western Europe. The English Puritans thought that "God had sifted the whole nation that he might send choice grain into the wilderness," and this sifting gave us the sturdy, liberty-loving, New England stock of our early history. If God had only continued to sift the nations for our benefit, or if our fathers had exercised only reasonable caution in sifting out those who were to form the American nation, we might have had here only the choicest blood and the highest types of culture of all lands, we might have replaced the slow and wasteful methods of natural selection by intelligent selection and thus have enormously advanced and hastened human evolution. That chance has gone forever.

But it is un-American not to be optimistic, and in the face of conditions which might well cause pessimism let us still be true to type:

* Stoddard, L., "The Rising Tide of Color," 1920.

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"Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He greets the embarrassed Gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
Or match with destiny for beers."

All is not lost and good may yet come out of our present situation, if only we act with courage and clear vision.

It is known to all breeders of animals and plants that mongrels or hybrids are not always inferior to pure races, and they are sometimes greatly superior. Where two breeds have certain qualities which are desirable and others which are undesirable it is often possible by crossing them to get some hybrids in which the good qualities of each breed are combined and the bad ones eliminated. Many species of domesticated animals and of cultivated plants are of hybrid origin, and most of the new and improved varieties of plants and animals are the results of deliberate crossing.

According to all biological experience the amalgamation of races in America should produce a great variety of human types, and increased variability means increased chances for further evolution, for higher differentiation, for better adaptation to environment, *if combined with artificial or natural selection.* For thousands of years the progressive evolution of the individual man has halted and progress is now limited almost entirely to society. It may be that out of this mixture of old races in the New World may come a new impulse which will carry mankind forward to a new level. But this can only happen as the result of the selection of the best and the elimination of the worst, and intelligent selection is greatly to be preferred to natural selection.

No other nation has so great a variety of human types as ours; no other form of government except a genuine democracy offers so favorable an opportunity for each person to find the place and work in society to which his inherited capacities entitle him; no other nation has a greater need or a greater opportunity for practical eugenics. If only we have the wisdom to exclude, henceforth, all immigrants of inferior quality and to eliminate from reproduction our own defective and inferior types and to segregate and perpetuate our best, America may be the scene of the greatest human evolution which the modern world has witnessed.

But even if we fail to employ intelligent selection, nature will not fail to use her method of elimination. The principles of evolution which have led from Amœba to Man are still operative, and although natural selection is terribly wasteful and extremely slow, it is very effective. The march of progress will not cease because we refuse to join it, and in the end the elimination of the unfit will give the world to the fit.

TRIBUTE

By Aline Kilmer

DEBORAH and Christopher brought me dandelions,
Kenton brought me buttercups with summer on their breath.
But Michael brought an autumn leaf, like lacy filigree,
A wan leaf, a ghost leaf, beautiful as death.

Death in all loveliness, fragile and exquisite,
Who but he would choose it from all the blossoming land?
Who but he would find it where it hid among the flowers?
Death in all loveliness, he laid it in my hand.

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CHEATING THE JUNGLE

By Blair Niles

Illustrations by J. Rumsey Micks

I WAS alone on the veranda of the little bungalow, when Paul Rainsford came out and sat down on the top step. Two great blue-and-yellow macaws flew screeching high overhead; then two green Amazon parrots; two more macaws; more parrots; more macaws; calling to each other as they flew.

The faintest perceptible sigh escaped Paul. I remember thinking at the time that it seemed almost too listless to have assumed the form of a sigh.

"Do they always fly like that?" I asked. "In twos?"

"What? . . . Oh, the birds, you mean? Yes, always in twos. You see them like that every morning early, and every night about this time." Again the phantom sigh.

As I instinctively searched the face of the man beside me, it came over me that I had never before been so immediately, so startlingly, arrested by anything as I was by young Rainsford's face with the jungle night falling fast upon it.

Tanned by the sun, he was still obstinately fair; gleaming hair fell back from a brow on which time had written little and tradition much. When he lifted his eyes to my question, I saw in them the best of what is England. He would play the game straight as he saw it.

He evidently felt a certain obligation toward me; for he brought himself back with obvious effort from his rapt contemplation of the tropic night and the gorgeous birds hurrying past in couples.

"Pity you couldn't have gone on with Mr. Meredith. I'm afraid you'll find it slow here. . . . Nothing happens, you know—" He broke off with a laugh.

"You forget, this is undiscovered country for me. I intend to prowl about and get acquainted with it."

"True. I used to look at it so myself." He spoke as though that lay a long way behind him. "And after all," he continued, "one gold-mine in the 'bush' is more or less like every other."

"You mean to say you call this—this mammoth jungle—bush?"

"Does seem odd. But it's what the natives say. . . . And you fall into their ways."

The darkness had come all at once now, as though some one had blown out a light without warning. I could no longer see anything, not even Rainsford's face.

"Where's your twilight?" I demanded.

"Oh, it's one o' the civilized things we've abolished down here. We can light up if you——"

"No. I like the experience."

Acquiescing, he retired again into motionless abstraction.

With the abrupt blotting out of things seen, things heard became magnified and multiplied. To the cries of occasional belated macaws, the night added a thousand voices. The jungle hummed, buzzed, twittered, called, and moaned. It seethed with hidden life. I recall that I felt suddenly oppressed. Nothing in the universe seemed silent, except the man beside me.

Into that babble of utterance came another sound, which I did not at first place as human, so completely was it in harmony with the voice of the jungle. The guitar might easily have been some melodious insect serenading its mate; the song might have been the plea of some little desolate forest creature.

"I'm wearin' my heart away for you! I'm wearin' my heart away for you!" in endless, primeval repetition.

"What's that, Rainsford?"

He told me only that it was Linda-Lu singing. He contributed nothing to this meagre fact, and my idle curiosity bided its time.

Paul shivered in the warm night, and then jumped up, saying he'd got to go down to the plant and would I like to go along?

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As we neared the mine at the foot of the hill, the roar of dashing water quenched our voices; but even in the disconnected snatches of talk that were possible, I began to find that Paul was on intimate terms with the jungle. He hadn't just taken it for granted, as do most men, seeing in it merely the gold or rubber they seek. Perhaps if he'd thought only of his turbines and of the problems of placer mining, the jungle might not have hit him as it did.

He stopped once under an arc-light, to show me the marvellous moths: hawk and owl moths, and great creamy ones, with wings nearly a foot across, which he called moon moths.

"The jungle may get us!" he exclaimed, "but once in a while . . ." The rest was lost in the clamor of water below, and then I caught, "this lamp of mine now. . . . Every night it lures these poor fellows out of the forest . . . just to hurl themselves against it!"

He seemed, I thought, oddly exultant, and a little excited, to be able to beat the jungle at its own game "once in a while," as he said.

As we descended, the tumult increased until we came suddenly out upon the edge of the clearing, where the great jet was at work. It was extraordinary! There in the very heart of the vast South American wilderness!

Rainsford's clear voice went on shouting to me, as though he were telling me nothing at all remarkable: how they'd brought the turbines in sections up the rivers and creeks. It had taken weeks to do it. Trees that had fallen across the streams had had to be cut away. In some places they had even had to deepen the narrow, winding creeks. He had never left his machinery, night or day, moving his camp from time to time according to the slow progress of the heavily loaded boats. I could see it had been an appalling job; but he didn't seem to know that.

Yes, the labor was difficult; coolies, negroes, Indians, Spaniards, and whites, or rather, every conceivable gradation between them.

He had been there from the beginning. He had found untouched jungle. Now, with ingenuous pride, he pointed to the dammed-up lake, from which his centrifugals sucked the water; the pipe line through which it flowed to the mighty spout that was demolishing the cliff as easily as a child sweeps away his castle of sand.

He had to explain to me how the trough down in the gorge was placed, so that the water washed into it the grains and nuggets of gold, held in the ochreous clay of the cliff; and how the heavy mercury lay sluggish at the bottom of the trough, holding the gold until they were ready to claim it.

Under Paul's supervision the entire plant had been assembled, and by that motley crew, who had never before handled any sort of machinery.

It would have been interesting to me at any time; for he had an affectionate way of talking about mechanical things, as though they were alive and possibly even human. But you can fancy its interest in such a setting, with the mysterious forest close about, and just that little patch of man's invention and enterprise! Scarcely more than five acres of clearing, surrounded by miles and miles of—what!

I felt all at once very small and inexperienced beside this unpretentious boy. I began to understand the incommunicable difference I had always felt in Meredith, when he would suddenly appear among us at the club, after one of his lengthy trips to some outlandish country, where he played fast and loose with his capital.

The difference had lain in his eyes. They looked as though they had seen things—unmentionable things, that perhaps it's just as well the ordinary man never knows. I realized swiftly that Paul's eyes held that same look, although at first I'd only seen England in them.

I don't know just how to put it, but, I think, it was as though in the eyes of these men who had lived in the wilderness, something primitive was awake, something that civilization has put to sleep.

It came over me, then, that at no far distant date, that slumbering thing would stir in me; but I somehow knew that it would be aroused through Paul Rainsford, inevitably, without willing on my part or intention on his.

It was a strange vision to walk in my mind, as we stood there, watching the

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glare of the furnaces play on the bare, burnished bodies of the Indians, as they incessantly fed cordwood to the boilers.

I was struck by the contrast between the stolid expression of these Indians and the rollicking face of a huge negro, whose massive strength was directing the stream of water. His white teeth shone, as though the mine, and indeed all creation, were a tremendous joke, the point of which we solemn white men always missed.

"Who's the ebony colossus? . . . the one guiding the column of water . . ." I had to repeat my question, shouting above the reverberating roar, and the frequent, sliding, grinding crunch of masses of earth breaking away.

"Oh! . . . That's 'Marillo . . . from Venezuela . . . the uncle—they say—of the girl you heard singing."

I unconsciously thought aloud: "No wonder she sang like that! Like a child of the forest! . . . But, somehow, I didn't get the idea she was black. . . ."

There was no reply, and without further speech, we walked back to the bungalow.

I slept long, for my journey of the past few days had wearied me. When I awoke the sun was already blazing. The air was hot and close. I dressed and went out on the veranda, ignorantly hoping to find a breeze. Instead I found a slight girl in a stiffly starched white frock. She was arranging golden-shower orchids in a bowl. When she saw me, she smiled shyly. "I thought all the men were down at the mine," she explained, her voice running up a little scale and ending on a tremulous high note. I later learned to know this as the West Indian inflection; but it will always mean to me Linda-Lu, and no one else.

"Are you the girl I heard singing last night?"

"I must be, for I am the only woman in the camp."

I was incredulous. Rainsford had certainly said that 'Marillo, the negro, was her uncle. But this girl was olive! The yellow of the mulatto showed only in her palms and in the saffron of her nails. Otherwise, she might have been Italian. Her features were delicate; her eyes large and dark, with enormously long lashes; and her straight black hair was wound about her head in coronet braids. I questioned again: "I think they said your name was——"

"Linda-Lu," she volunteered, but she pronounced it "Leenda." I recognized it, then, as the Spanish word for lovely.

"Ah, I see! Linda! That is very appropriate!"

She blushed prettily. She was not too olive to blush, I observed, and decided at once that she must be chiefly Spanish, with just a taint of that fatal tar-brush to which "Uncle 'Marillo" bore such unanswerable testimony.

I looked up to see Paul Rainsford standing watching us; no, watching us does not express it; he was shining on us. Not a word passed. They simply looked at each other. I turned away dazzled, to face the relentless glow of the tropic sun. Already I knew too much. Yet I had not been twenty-four hours at Meredith's gold-mine on the Mazaruni; and I had never even heard of Rainsford, until we had met at supper, the night before.

It was Paul who finally spoke, as casually as though there had been no period of shining.

"Good morning, Mr. Holbrook! I've just run up to ask if you don't want to go into the jungle with me? . . . Oh, of course, you must have some breakfast first! . . . There's a report that one of the 'pork-knockers' has located gold, and I must look into it."

"Of course I want to go! But what's a pork-knocker?"

"Oh, one o' the chaps that go prospectin' about in the bush. Most of the mines down here were discovered that way. Then some one comes along and buys 'em out. The name—well, I imagine they don't make more than enough to keep themselves in pork! . . . They don't often strike it rich, but they're always hoping. . . . My job's to see that Mr. Meredith doesn't miss any find that's worth while."

We went, following the stealthy lead of an Indian guide. I noted in silence how deftly he walked, putting one foot so exactly in front of the other that a straight line would have marked his course.

We proceeded in single file, Rainsford following the guide.

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The jungle was dark, damp, steaming. It did not seem possible that back in the clearing the sun had been so blinding. Scarcely a ray of light filtered down to us through the dense canopy of foliage.

Lofty trees vaulted high above. It was amazingly quiet and incredibly beautiful.

The only living thing apparent to my untrained eyes was a glorious blue Morpho butterfly, fluttering lazily ahead of us, blue like some priceless old stained-glass window. Then far away, far in the depths of the forest, a deep bell note rang, as if calling to worship. It's all like a cathedral, I was thinking, when Paul commented: "That's the bell-bird—the campanero. . . . You're lucky to have heard it. It's very rare."

Again it tolled, and the loveliness of it kept me silent.

Paul began to speak: "You think it's all deserted here, don't you?" I fancied the eyes he turned on me were feverish. "It's always this way in the heat of the day. The creatures are resting. But it's not deserted. That's the uncanny part of it. . . . Eyes—oh, thousands of eyes—are watching us. Eyes that are ever so much sharper than ours. All sorts of beasts, big and little, smell us. . . . While we smell nothing and see nothing! We think we're walking quietly, but the whole jungle is shuddering at the noise we're making. Even the Indian there is clumsy compared with them—" he broke off at the sound of a high, clear whistle:

"Pe-pé-yo! Pe-pé-yo!" many times repeated. Before I could put my inquiry, he replied, now in the most matter-of-fact tone, so that I wondered if I'd imagined any flushed excitement.

"Listen to that! The gold-bird! Absolutely, to my mind, the most characteristic thing in the bush! Yet I've never seen it! The natives say it's always to be found near gold—like our rainbow myth, you know. . . . Easier to locate gold than to get a sight of the bird. . . . A real ventriloquist, that bird!"

They stopped to let me rest, after we had climbed over a fallen giant that lay across our way. I was drenched in perspiration and glad enough to sit down.

Paul talked of mining, as he'd seen it in different parts of the world, quite as if the gold-bird had called him back to the normal point of view of a mining engineer.

He interrupted himself now and then, however, to show me sundry things I'd never have observed without him: a procession of parasol ants in hundreds, each carrying its fragment of a leaf, which, he said, they'd later manipulate into small moist balls on which would grow the fungus they fed upon; he pointed out toads, mottled yellow and brown against the tree trunks, a green lizard on a palm leaf, various sticks and leaves which turned out to be insects—all saving their lives by close imitation of their surroundings.

After a long pause he continued—"Every blessed thing is preying on—or escaping from—something else! . . . As the Indians say, every animal has its tiger. . . . Because there's plenty of nuts and fruits to be eaten, there's a host of birds and bats and monkeys. . . . And because they're abundant, there are lots of cats of all sorts and sizes to devour them! . . . That sort of thing's going on everywhere—in the water, on the ground, up in the air. . . . Makes you dizzy! Look! Even the vines are strangling trees to get air and sunlight!"

I was appalled at his interpretation of my cathedral.

"It all seems quiet to you," he resumed, "perhaps even peaceful, but not after you know it . . . never after you know it!"

Through him I began to feel the teeming, ceaseless struggle for perpetuation.

"Rainsford!" I realized afterward that my question converted itself into a sort of cry. "Rainsford! What's it all for?"

He dropped the captured leaf-insect he'd been showing me. I was instantly sorry, for when he answered he turned on me a curiously glittering look.

"That," he said, "is what gets me! . . . Creation—prodigal, reckless creation . . . never rests. . . . I—I can't get away from it—I don't understand what it means. . . . Sometimes seems as if . . . going on like this all the time, you see . . . never stopping—not since the beginning! . . . I can't make it

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out. . . . As I say . . . seems as if . . . as if it's all we were meant for . . . and if that's the case . . ." he broke off confused.

"Pe-pé-yo!" reminded the gold-bird, and we rose and went on.

That night the parrots again flew overhead in couples, and again an invisible Linda-Lu sang.

It was during Paul's delirium that I discovered how hard he was really taking it. I don't remember how many days, but it was not more than five, after my arrival, that Paul came down with what they all laconically pronounced "bush-fever."

I knew little of nursing and nothing of tropical diseases. Neither did Murray, the burly Westerner who was Paul's assistant and upon whose shoulders all responsibility now fell. There was no one else, unless you count the assorted humanity down below in the mine.

What, then, could I do when Linda-Lu appeared in the sick-room? I hadn't asked her to come. I couldn't take the risk of sending her away. She seemed to have some knowledge of what to do—when to give quinine and how much; she could concoct out of nothing at all several fairly palatable dishes; and she never tired in changing wet cloths on Paul's scorching head. And after all it could do no harm! He was delirious most of the time.

So we kept a vigil together, this strange, shy little creature and I. Although we never mentioned it, I felt that we both knew that Paul was fighting something more than bush-fever; for Linda's gaze always eluded me in his stark moments of delirious revelation.

One night, in particular, lives with me. Paul was in that blazing fever which, I learned, always follows the quivering ague.

"It will get me! . . . in the end . . . surely . . . the . . . the jungle!" he was moaning.

Linda got up and put out the candle in the corner and laid a fresh wet cloth on his fiery head. I could not help hearing her whispered "No! No! Paul! Dear! I won't let it get you!" as she bent over him.

He lay still after that, until he was roused by the long, deep, savage roar of the howling monkeys.

We, Linda and I, had grown to dread the nightly howl of those red baboons. They never failed to terrify our patient.

He sat up now, glassy-eyed. "You hear it! You hear it! The jungle . . . always . . . death and life! . . . Life and death! . . . What for? . . . Always killing—killing! Creating to kill and create! All over again! . . . It will get me! . . . Linda! . . . Linda darling! . . . Don't leave me!"

Ah! Now I was seeing the horror through Paul's eyes, just as I had known all along that I should.

Later, before my eyes, he went to sleep like a baby, with Linda's hand in his. He slept soundly and long. Linda never stirred, and at last I spoke.

"Linda, have you ever travelled?"

"Oh, yes! I've been to Berbice and Morawhanna." And as if, upon reflection, that seemed inadequate, she added, "Of course, I lived in Venezuela until I was six years old."

I let her meditate, before I took it up again: "You don't know England, then—where Paul came from?"

The girl's eyes fixed me. She waited, but somehow I couldn't go on, not until my look fell on Paul. He seemed so young, lying there with his blond hair damp and tumbled. I turned back to the dark little thing to whom he clung. There was something in the fairness of his head on the pillow that steeled me to do the thing I knew I had to do——

"Well, England is not like Berbice or Venezuela, or anything you ever knew." I gave her time to assimilate. "It is never hot—like this . . . but cool, with green fields and hedges, and strange flowers and fruits that you never heard of. . . . Oh, daisies and buttercups and strawberries and peaches!"

I rose and moved the remaining candle, for Paul had turned his head so that the light fell on his face.

"It's quiet there in England"—I went back to my chair—"and very peaceful. There are lovely girls with skins like pink-and-white rose petals"—God forgive me! I knew it wasn't sporting to say that! "It's an island, you know. The people go out all over the world, just as Paul

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"You hear it! You hear it! The jungle . . . always . . . death and life!"—Page 364.

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has. . . . But only England is 'Home' to them!"

I lit a cigarette very cautiously, keeping my eyes on Paul's sleeping face.

"There's no jungle there. . . . That's why all this—this struggle, you know"—I sought a word for Linda-Lu, but could find nothing but the verb "to horrify"—"this struggle horrifies Paul as it does."

That got across, for the pupils of her eyes grew large, as fear of what was to come crept into them.

"Nothing," I continued slowly, "nothing must ever happen that might make it difficult, or impossible, for Paul to go 'Home'!"

As usual, it was the unpremeditated, concrete thing that clinched. You see, quite unconsciously, I burst out then with the words that were eternally ringing in my ears, and which I've only just lately been able to get away from. I burst out with—"The jungle mustn't get him!"

In our steady regard of each other, neither flinched. Linda did not say a word, but she ever so gently withdrew her hand from Paul's. I had won.

But, as I let down the mosquito bar over my hammock and shook out my pajamas to dislodge any lurking scorpions or centipedes, I asked myself why on earth I felt such an infernal brute!

If Paul had been anything but what I'd discovered he was, the matter might have taken its course. I'd never have interfered. I felt I hadn't exactly played a man's part. But Paul was different. I'd grown to love him, beyond reason. I had to do what I'd done.

Linda and I still watched together, but after that night no hospital nurse could have been more impersonal than she had become. She no longer stroked Paul's fair hair in that reverent way I'd found so disturbing.

In our long hours alone, I began to talk to her of herself. She told me of the church school where I marvelled her uncle had been able to send her. She spoke often of his generosity. She had a clean, grateful little spirit. I learned her ambitions. They were not lofty, but always dainty. She longed for a white house in Georgetown with green *jalousies* and a purple bougainvillea vine over the door. She would prefer to have the house on Main Street, because of the canal flowing through the centre, where great Victoria regia water-lilies grew. It would be nice, too, in the afternoons to drive out in a carriage to the sea-wall, where the band played and all Georgetown gathered.

But more than all else, I knew she wanted Paul Rainsford, and a lot of little blond children to play about under the purple bougainvillea.

Sometimes, while we talked, 'Marillo would come and tower in the doorway, showing his gleaming teeth, as though he were in possession of some rare secret.

Why had the stupid fellow ever brought the girl here? I remember thinking angrily.

Paul got well. It was a victorious recovery. He obviously had no memory of those nights Linda and I had spent with him. He seemed perfectly serene and sure of himself. In his battle with the lure of the Jungle, he had undoubtedly come off the conqueror. My relief told me how uneasy I had been.

We again sat on the veranda at night, and for the first time Paul began to talk to me of his people, especially of a certain sister, now married and gone to live in Johannesburg, and of the jolly life they'd all had together at "Home"!

Linda-Lu sang no more in the evenings. Jove! but she was a true, game little thing! When Meredith returned, I thought, I would make him persuade 'Marillo to send her back to Georgetown. This was no place for her. We would do something—Meredith would help devise something—for her happiness. I was vague as to what we would substitute for Paul!

Then, just when matters seemed to have adjusted themselves, the ghastly thing happened! They told me it was not unusual in placer mining. There was a cave-in. An enormous mass of earth had broken away. It had buried six men. They were all negroes. Murray said in an accident of this kind the men always saved themselves in the order of their white blood; the pure negro being the slowest thinker and the last to jump out of danger.

We dug out what remained of them.

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They were still living. We worked over them. But one by one they died, in an unforgettable black agony. We were many days' journey from a doctor. The only thing we could do was to help them through it. We used all the whiskey and morphine in the bungalow medicine-chest. But, you see, there was not enough! . . .

'Marillo was among them. The last time I saw his white teeth, they were bared in that death struggle.

When it was over and, sick with what I had seen, I staggered back to the house to wash my hands, I came upon a group of men sawing, into six-foot lengths, planks from a pile of lumber. Six of the lengths measured at least a foot longer than the others.

They were making the coffins! Already! Those seven-foot planks were for poor 'Marillo. And I had only just closed his eyes!

Good God! How horrible it was! To this day I cannot look upon fresh sawdust falling from the ends of planks!

This, then, was the tropics. Men were denied even those three days we give ourselves in which to become accustomed to our dead. There was no merciful veil of civilization to blur the cruel outline of fact! Here, they told me—and explanation was needless—men must be buried the day they die.

I recall laughing hysterically and saying something about our having only just dug them out.

Work shut down. Those who lived, shaved and washed. There was a search for a prayer-book. They found Linda-Lu had one.

By the time we gathered around the six rough boxes, the sky was already dark with low-circling vultures.

Paul read the service out of little Linda-Lu's book. His face was gray and his voice uncertain. I seem to hear him repeating: "Dust to dust . . . ashes to ashes." I seem to see again Linda's wide, childish eyes raised fixedly to him!

He did not appear that evening and I knew, of course, that he was with Linda.

In the chill of dawn he came to me: "The boatmen are waiting. I am going down to Georgetown with Linda—yes, I am going to marry her. She is alone now, you know, Mr. Holbrook."

He must have seen that I needed time, for he changed to: "Murray will take charge. You'll explain to Mr. Meredith. I'll return in a few days."

I recollect stammering and trying not to say anything he might remember, that might make it harder for him later on. I saw in a flash that he'd need friends, and I didn't want to lay even one brick in a wall between us.

But I couldn't let him go like that. What he was going to do was too monstrous! So I ventured——

"Have you thought it over? I don't need to tell you that its—" his heavy eyes answered me. He had thought it over all night.

"Don't hurry into . . . Wait—" I know my voice implored. I couldn't keep that quality out of it.

"Why delay what's to be?" He spoke with a finality that made me dumb. I had always known that if it came to anything with Paul, it would be marriage. That would be his idea of playing the game.

Meredith returned that night, three days overdue. Murray was in the mine. It fell to me to tell him of the landslide. He was grave, but things like that sometimes occurred. He was sorry I had had to see it. It was an ugly memory.

Then I added: "Unfortunately 'Marillo was one of them."

He gave a start. So the huge negro had interested him too! I remembered hearing he'd been long in Meredith's employ.

Down below, in 'Marillo's empty cabin, the negro boatmen who had brought Meredith were singing a river chantey:

"Dat City Hotel is de place where I dwell.
Fare-thee-well! Fare-thee-well!
My City Hotel!"

A tardy pair of macaws passed on hastening wings. Paul and Linda, I thought; must by this time be floating down the swift current of the Mazaruni; their boatmen perhaps resting on their oars and singing about "Dat City Hotel!"

"Why did Rainsford have to go to Georgetown?" Meredith spoke so suddenly that I started from my reflection that, after all, he had loved her, even if it

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had only been in the jungle way. I replied as quietly as I could: "He went with the girl, Linda-Lu. He is going to marry——"

"Linda-Lu!" Meredith fairly shouted. "Linda-Lu! Has she been here? . . . Why did 'Marillo? . . . This was no place . . . marry her! Good Lord, Holbrook! . . . Couldn't you've stopped . . . Paul! Marry her! . . . Why, in God's name, marry her?"

He had jumped up and was pacing up and down the veranda, swearing to himself. "Why, in God's name, marry——"

I stopped him. "Who is Paul Rainsford, anyway?"

"Didn't I tell you? I met his father years ago—on the gold coast—fine old English stock—I was under obligation—promised him then I'd give Paul a start—help make a big mining expert—the boy had it in him too! . . . And this—this," he groaned, "is what I've done!" He resumed his pacing and cursing, blaming himself in some incomprehensible sort of way.

Seven years later Meredith died, of course not at home, and not respectably in bed! He was hunting in Newfoundland. It had been one of those needless shooting accidents. I was greatly cut up about it. Then I got a letter from his wife, enclosing a sealed letter for me which she'd found among his papers. He requested me, in a way I couldn't refuse, to go to Guiana and settle up some matters for him.

That was how I came to be once more in Georgetown.

I jumped into a carriage at the dock, giving the man Paul's address. Everything seemed just the same—noiseless white draped coolies in patriarchal groups; solitary Chinamen; clusters of fat negresses, laughing and scolding, and an occasional Indian with featherwork for sale. There was the shop where Meredith and I had bought East Indian brasses. There was the club were we'd learned to drink and brew "swizzles." I felt once more the abject relaxation of Georgetown's moist heat. I heard again the rustle of its palms. It was all the same, just as though no one had died, and we'd left it only yesterday.

Everything stabbed me with the pain of vanished years. Then, my mind shifting, I thought "Well, at least, I shall know what that marriage has done to Paul!" I had sent him papers, books, magazines. In return there had been gifts of guava jelly, and affectionate letters which told me that he'd prospered; that Meredith had made him superintendent of all his large South American mining interests, and he always wound up with a message from Linda-Lu, who was well. But of the real Paul, I remained ignorant.

The carriage finally stopped before a white house with green *jalousies*, and a purple bougainvillea over the door. While I waited for some one to answer my knock, I saw that the Victoria regia lilies in the canal were blooming; and that, in a cage under the bougainvillea, a green parrot was untidily scattering seed.

"Qu'est-ce qu'il dit? Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" shrilled a bevy of golden birds in the palms. Ah! those were the "kiss-kadees," whose name Paul had explained to me. I recalled that Georgetown was always inquisitive with them.

I knocked several times, before a dusky retainer appeared and took up my card.

In a moment Linda-Lu was greeting me! She was all in black. She must have heard. But how could she have known what her dress implied, unless, indeed, she had had it long ago from 'Marillo? She saw my puzzled look, and I heard her saying, as if it cost her pain to bring forth the words: "Paul, you know, died, a fortnight ago."

I admit it hit me hard—strangely enough, harder than the death I'd come to tell her about.

When I could, I began to speak of Meredith.

"Ah! he is dead! I am sorry! He was very good to us always!" with the little upward tilt of her voice I remembered so well.

"But, there's something more to tell you. . . ." I hesitated.

"Yes, I know. . . . No, Uncle 'Marillo never told me. Mr. Meredith told us himself . . . just after we were married."

I was proud that my friend had been honest with them.

Linda went on: "He thought, I think,

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"Good Lord, Holbrook! . . . Couldn't you've stopped . . . Paul!"—Page 368.

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it would be a comfort to Paul." She laughed mournfully. "But Paul wasn't that sort." I recognized she'd caught some of Paul's expressions, as well as some of his poise. "It didn't matter to him who I was! . . . But to me—well, I was very glad! . . ."

It was intolerably pathetic to see the pride she took in being the illegitimate daughter of a white man, a man she thought great. She had made of it a little social niche, in which she'd placed herself. She didn't seem to consider at all that she was now what Georgetown would count rich.

All her thoughts went back to Paul, as did mine. I still didn't know what had become of Paul's soul in these years. Again I sacrificed her, as I'd done once long ago. I questioned her.

Paul had been on a prospecting trip far in the interior. He had died there, of bush-fever. He had been alone—that is, with only his boatmen. I felt my eyes dilate, as hers did, with the pictures our common memory drew. I didn't hear now the festive kisskadees outside. I heard, instead, the howling of red baboons and I saw fresh sawdust falling on the dank floor of the forest.

Linda's voice had sunk to an awed whisper: "After all—the—jungle—'got' him!"

My need for more knowledge was desperate——

"Linda!" I pressed. "Have you any—did you have any—children?"

"No, no," she faltered, "Paul wouldn't. . . . He said . . . we must 'play fair.' . . . We had each other . . . but it wasn't——"

"Wasn't what?" I couldn't wait.

"It wouldn't be right . . . to them . . . because . . . you couldn't be sure . . . of the color . . . you know!" she finished.

She sat nervously tying her lace handkerchief in knots. She didn't know that, in Paul's world, you don't use a lace handkerchief with the deep mourning she was wearing.

"Poor little Linda!" I breathed.

She raised swimming eyes. "Don't think he was unhappy! Don't think I ever let him know I cared! I never let him guess it!"

"Little Linda!" I cried, "you are wonderful! Don't you see the jungle never did get Paul after all?"

No, she didn't see. I explained: "He always won. Listen! The jungle wanted just one thing, didn't it? Just to have life going on, Linda! The Jungle didn't want Paul to marry you! Didn't care! It only wanted creation, without conscience or reason. That was what Paul feared. He had a horror of being governed by a savage instinct. As you've just said, he wanted, more than anything, to 'play fair.' You made it easier for him to turn into victory what came so near to being defeat. All along he did get the best of the Jungle!"

"But he died."

"We all do that, child. The point is, how. He died triumphant."

As I left, promising to return in the afternoon for a drive out to the sea-wall, an impulse made me pause to say:

"Linda, I wish you'd let that parrot out!"

"I know what you're thinking. . . . It hurts you, because you think it's like me—alone! You're remembering how they always flew in couples!" And, as she spoke, she opened the door of the cage.

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they try so hard to outblare each other, that of all books one has the right not to read it is the popular ones. I wonder how people who entertain all the best-sellers, letting each have the run of the whole place, ever have time for the quiet perusal of that shyest volume of all, their own soul.

It seems strange that one should permit the illiterate to have all the educational advantages of not reading. Consider the intellectual serenity of people who have never heard of the New Poetry or the *New Republic*. They can apply their days unto wisdom without being castigated by any reformers. Their happy confidence is never elbowed to the wall at meeting their betters in books. Not reading the newspapers, they know nothing of this present twilight of the gods, and so suppose the cheery sun still to be going about his business. It is as if the happy illiterate lived in sturdy crofters' huts, impregnable in ignorance, too humble for anybody to wish to assail them. But we who have been trained to an enforced hospitality toward all manner of information are weak-spirited if we merely envy the prerogatives of the untaught. We should not only envy but imitate. We luckless educated folk can be as secure as the illiterate if we will but rise and slam the citadel gates.

The advantages of the people who don't read books are only equalled by the advantages of the books people don't read. Many of us go through life bowed by secret shame because of famous volumes which it is a requisite of good breeding to know, but with which we have not even a bowing acquaintance. We have read all about and around these notables, but we have never read *them*. There is not a man who would not blush to acknowledge the distinguished titles that are to him but titles. This shame is needless. If there are any illustrious books happily unfamiliar to us, let us never lose their charm by reading them. The whole fabric of literary tradition depends on the dignity ascribed to the unread great. The classics are the pillars of society because they are panoplied in oblivion.

Could I preserve my mystic reverence for the Republic if I rudely entreated Plato that he should drop in and chat with me over the tea-cups? I appeal to any reader of these words to say whether the books he has not read have not a much stronger influence over him than the books he has read. I remember how I shuddered over Poe's tales until I read them, and felt all my fine horror reduced to the rattling mechanism of clap-trap. I am glad I have never read "Don Quixote" or "Urn Burial" or "Tom Sawyer." I thank God for my unknown gods. The Athenians were the most highly cultivated people who ever existed, and they recognized the advantages of ignorantly worshipping.

If I refuse admittance to the splendid strangers who dwell in classic aloofness, by so much the more do I clamp down my portcullis against the rabble rout of current news. To live apart from the contemporary may be the way to be obsolete or it may be the way to be eternal. From my far-gazing windows I can descry great stir and to-do out in the big world of events. Couriers go flying, doctors come speeding with manifold devices. Report has it that a new era is being born. It appears that everybody should go running, as in the days of old when the business of empires stopped to attend the advent of some poor little princeling. It is everybody's concern, so various wide-awake weeklies prod me, to see that the infant era does not emerge blind or halt or colicky. But it seems to me better both for this new world and for me that I stay quietly at home in my stronghold unperturbed by the knockings of newspaper bulletins. All parturition demands the instinctive secrecy which old Dame Nature always accords it. Better to let the universe bring forth its new epoch and get a bit used to the prodigious bantling before we rush in to examine.

I maintain my right to my own castle. I want to steal up its glimmering turret stairs toward the stars. I want no books about so noisy that I cannot hear the distant surge, and the stir of swallows in the ivy. I refuse to allow any one's published words to blur the wisdom of the universe, never to be compressed into print, and never to be comprehended but by those who have first read the quiet scripture of their own souls.

WHAT has become of old age? In my own youth it was quite in evidence, and its dear tradition still lingers in the willing minds of my contemporaries. We all agree that it should still

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be with us—so where has old age hidden away? It was very lovely and lovable, was exquisitely distinctive, and—what this present time is ignorant of—old age was beautiful. Yes, beautiful, in a very subtle and compelling sense. For that alone is intrinsically beautiful which is at harmony with its own central truth, the essential core that never changes. Being thus beautiful, old age drew us irresistibly to itself. It was both prophecy and history, promise and fulfilment. It was what we should be, what we were expected to become, and we liked the look of it, and knew that it was good. It was at once a model and an incentive, and its praise was better than a decoration. Its attire, demeanor, speech were faultlessly appropriate, and rare quietude was not the least of its charm. As it had made life's spiral and was awaiting the summons to come higher on a newer, wider round, it diffused a sense of rest while waiting: it was at peace in expectancy. How sweetly and readily it listened; how seldom it pronounced judgment; how often its delicate silence was the measure of its sympathetic comprehension! It was the beautiful end of life as a beautiful sunset is the end of day, and we regarded it with reverence and admiration. When old age wore the guise of a lady, she dressed in soft black silk on Sunday, with fine black silk mitts, and a beadwork reticule, and a small palm-leaf fan bound with ribbon, and a quaint black lace cape or mantilla (because in *her* youth no lady ever went into the street without a wrap), and a real bonnet with strings—all soft black, or else dove color, though sometimes the black and dove color were combined. She would go into the parlor after church, and sit in front of the fireplace of the square, old-fashioned, delightfully mellow room (a room presided over by the family portraits, there was a fascinating one of a great-great-uncle, a little boy in a green velvet coat with a red apple in one hand)—sit in a high-backed, haircloth, mahogany chair, and hold her weekly court. For all the family and many friends were then expected "to pay their respects" to old age in the person of this gracious lady. It was a half-hour never to be forgotten, especially if you were ten years old, and were called upon unexpectedly for the text. But that occasion meant family affection, reverence, obedience, loyalty—cardinal virtues that centre about the truth of old age. What are families, communities, the nation, going to do for lack of these, if old age be allowed to disappear with all its rightful attendants? What like old age so feelingly persuades us of the past? And woe to the individual and the nation that are deliberately ignorant of the past, that wish to live only in the present, that ask not to remember but only to forget. Yet this is the menacing ignorance and indifference that confront us to day. At a well-known summer resort, supposedly the paradise of the elderly and middle-aged, I looked about hopefully for fine old age. What a disappointment! There were old people a plenty, but nothing that approximated to real old age. No, at this resort there were old persons, indeed, and near-old, and near-near-old, and old-by-middle-age, but nothing comparable with that distinctive, loved and revered old age. How can age receive any particular respect when it casts aside its own truth and dignity and seeks to masquerade in the trappings of youth? Seventy-five, and dressed in white silk or white muslin embroideries, with white silk stockings and white high-heeled shoes, a piece of black velvet around a skinny neck that had better have been softened by folds of net or lace, quantities of false white hair piled upon the poor old head, with a jet butterfly on one side to stress the whiteness—ah, well it was a travesty of old age! She was there with a companion and a white poodle, as rootless as branchless apparently, belonging nowhere and going no whither. Is this the kind of old age that the present generation is to see and consider? Times change, yes, but they should change for the better, not the worse, and the disappearance of ideals of social conduct and responsibility is clearly seen in the disappearance of individuals that embody such ideals.

Old Age

And when old age wore the guise of a gentleman, there was really never anything more charming. He was generally a colonel, I think, because he had once served on the governor's staff; or perhaps he may have been a true military, with a background of Indian fighting and the Civil War, to point his bearing and lend color to his complexion and his tales. These details matter little; his incomparable manners were only matched by his perfect compliments. A

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lady *must* be fed on compliments, and a lady's reception of a compliment he shrewdly held to be no mean test of her ladyhood. To be sure, in his heart of hearts, he divided the world of women into two classes, young or old, pretty or plain; but for all conversational purposes he gallantly assumed that all women were lovely, and irresistible heart-breakers. It was very pretty social fiction and, when perfectly understood, added no little zest to the melo-comedy of social intercourse. These mutual assumptions were like costume and stage-settings, and enabled everybody to carry off the more skilfully the ordinary social drama. Even if they were all in a delightful make-believe, it was nevertheless one based upon aspirations for the most beautiful and the best. To-day's young people, with their degagé manners, alike devoid of principle and taste —for good manners are founded upon unswerving consideration for others—afford little promise for the future. But I am straying from my theme; though manners is a subject of perennial interest, a Rome to which so many roads unexpectedly lead. Yet if "noble manners" be indeed "the fruit of noble minds," then we must strive to regain that nobility of feeling and thought which is expressed in that fine thing we call manners, and which was so happily exemplified in delightful old age.

The People You Might Have Met

IS there anything in life you regret more than the people you have never met? There is the girl you might have married if cold reason had not prevented your getting off the bus and following her home when you had lost your heart to the timbre of her voice or the curve of her back hair. There is the man whose eye caught yours when the Subway guard indulged in a witticism that no one else in the car appreciated; you knew him for a kindred soul, but you didn't speak to him. There are the men and women into whose faces you have looked as you passed on the street, and felt instantly, with unalterable conviction, that the mere mumbling of your names by a mutual acquaintance was all that was needed for the establishment of a lifelong friendship; but no acquaintance was by to mumble. Chance kept you apart, or hesitation, or good breeding, or a sense of duty, or a New England conscience.

It is because friendships are the dearest things in life that these friendships which might have been seem to me the strongest arguments for eternity. When there is no more time we may find it possible to cultivate our neglected opportunities. My first undertaking when I achieve that state will be a hunt for a don of a certain Oxford college. It may be a long hunt, for I have no idea what the man looks like; you see I lost my heart to his study.

It was in July, after term time, and though there were a few summer students about, chiefly Hindoos, and a scattering of tourists, the quads and gardens were for the most part pleasantly deserted, the old walls dreamed in the sunshine, peaceful, gray, and undisturbed. I had spent an afternoon reading in a punt on the river, and was on my way home to tea by a leisurely route, winding in and out of college gateways as the fancy took me. In a gray, sunlit quadrangle, I think it was Jesus College, but I am not yet sure, a door swung half-way open. It was an oaken door, and the gray stone step beneath it led straight from the grassy quadrangle into a room. I looked in casually, and caught my breath. Then cautiously I put one foot on the stone step and reconnoitred. There was no one in sight. I stepped into the room.

It was large and high, and panelled to the ceiling, with oak I suppose; at any rate with some wood which turns in old age to a rich, warm brown with golden lights in it, like a girl's hair. There were two recessed windows, high, mullioned, diamond-paned. One looked out on the quad, the other on a garden behind. The window-curtains, pleasantly worn and shabby, were a soul-satisfying rusty red. There are so many shades of red in the world and so few right ones. This red had been excellent to begin with, and it had mellowed and improved with time. There were three or four big chairs about the room upholstered in the same mellow color. They were substantial, friendly chairs; the sort of chairs that make you want to talk, not just converse; the sort of chairs in which you can lie back with your hands behind your head and think. There were two writing-tables—broad oak affairs on which you could write, sprawling to your heart's content, both elbows extended, papers shoved to left and right, a dozen books piled in a semicircle within reach

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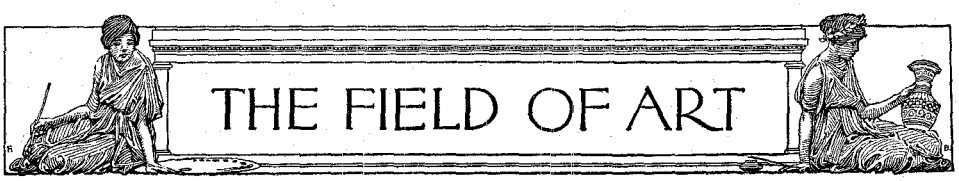
of your hand. There was a semicircle of books on each table, a book in one of the chairs, and more books in low cases built into the wall beneath the high windows.

Against the panelling there were just two pictures—oil-paintings—dimmed by time. Both were of Queen Elizabeth. That is one of my chief reasons for wanting to meet that don. Not every one shares my enthusiasm for the red-haired queen. It began, I think, at the age of eight, when I first read "Westward Ho!" If the don had had only one portrait of Elizabeth, I might have thought that he was interested in it from a mere artistic standpoint, as an example of some bygone school; but two pictures—he must have cared about the lady herself.

If I had not had a New England background, and if I had not wanted my tea, I should have sat down in one of those mellow red chairs and waited till the don came back to ask him about it. Of course, instead, I went sanely and conventionally home, and when next day I looked for the room again it had vanished. There were oaken doors in every quad, oaken doors above gray stone steps, and all of them were shut. I searched again and again for my door, but I have not found it—yet.



SOME NOTES ABOUT VELASQUEZ

By William Walton

[Mr. Walton, the author of the notes from which this article is made, was a well-known painter and writer, and at the time of his death had only recently completed an exhaustive study of the life of Velasquez. He was a frequent contributor to "The Field of Art," and was the author of several books.]

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE), "THE DUKE OF OLIVARES," BY VELASQUEZ. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE HISPANIC MUSEUM, NEW YORK

IT is only in comparatively recent years that Velasquez suddenly rose to pre-eminence after having been neglected by contemporary historians and ignored for a century after his death. The canvases before which, as before altars, the "higher criticism" of the day now proclaims the true gospel, remained forgotten for generations. And the painter, Raphael Mengs, who earliest proclaimed him to the world as the first in "the natural style," was one of the last in whom this discernment might have been looked for. This "last and feeblest of the Eclectics," says Justi, had yet sufficient of the painter's instinct to recognize the master in the artist who, "of all he had hitherto met, least resembled himself." Called to Madrid as first painter to the king, by Charles III in 1761, he made this discovery, but his message spread slowly. "The place Velasquez now occupies among painters of the first rank," said Charles S. Ricketts, "dates mainly from 1850." He "had sunk to the level of a local celebrity. Sixty years ago no one would have dreamt of ranking him with Van Dyck, and he was esteemed immeasurably below Murillo." "His influence upon art is still young," wrote R. A. M. Stevenson. "As yet but few painters enjoy Velasquez, or rightly estimate his true position in the history of art. Contempt, not to say oblivion, fell upon the man who preconceived the spirit of our own day."

With regard to the neglect by their contemporary writers, Curtis, in his introduction to his catalogue of the works of Velasquez and Murillo, says: "During the lifetime of the last his name was mentioned in but two printed books, by Ortiz de Zuniga and by F. de la Torre Farfan. Velasquez fared even worse, for he was mentioned by only one author, his father-in-law, Pacheco.

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Nor are there probably more than half a score of contemporaneous documents in existence in which Velasquez and Murillo are named as artists." To Velasquez's very short list, Señor A. de Beruete adds the name of the Aragonese painter, Jusepe Martinez, whose "Practical Discourse on the Art of Painting" was not published till 1866. The first biography of Velasquez he gives as that published by the painter Antonio Palomino in 1724. According to Justi, the name of the great painter first appeared in print in Vincenzo Carducho's "Diálogos de la Pintura" (1633).

The dissensions among the modern critics begin early. "So great has been the reaction," says Mr. Ricketts in his large work on the Prado, "that it is not uncommon to hear him given the first place among painters—a claim which need not be discussed seriously. It is made mainly by people who are ignorant of the world's masterpieces, or who think they detect in the reticent canvases of Velasquez their own limited aims. Such men merely say: 'Velasquez is a great artist, because he is like myself and my friends.' Velasquez did not even invent the terms he used in painting; he has merely recast them to suit his purposes. He is in no sense a creative artist; his very powers of vision achieve their result by something he withholds, by an outlook upon life which was partial and limited. A passionate student of the works of others, a constant student of the resources and limitations of his craft, the greatest quality of Velasquez is not a profound sense of beauty, but a profound sense of style. He has no new or passionate message for the world; he is great largely by the things he does not say." Against this Mr. Stevenson may be quoted: "'. . . A mere master of technic, wholly lacking in imagination.' So say those whose necks are stiff with looking at Italy and Raphael. . . . But with the best will in the world, some eyes really cannot see the side of Nature that Velasquez saw; while others are so bandaged by Italian prejudice that they may save themselves the trouble of a journey [to Madrid]."

"It is a curious fact that Joachim Sandrat, in the 'Academia Noblissimæ Artis Pictoriæ,' published at Nuremberg in 1683, the year after the death of Murillo, and twenty-three years after the death of Velasquez, gives an account of the life of the former artist, praising him highly. Velasquez is not named in that work, nor any other Spanish artist, unless Ribera be so classed, who did not see Spain after he left it as a boy. What makes the silence of Sandrat the more surprising is that he and Velasquez were personally acquainted with each other in Rome, and that Sandrat was one of the twelve painters employed by Velasquez to execute pictures for Philip IV, the subject chosen by him being the 'Death of Seneca.'"

Though he may have been neglected by the historians, he seems to have been justly appreciated by the painters of his time; and from the vast stores of modern critical approval it is difficult to make selections. "As he was thought of then he remains today," wrote Mr. La Farge; "of all artists, the most of a painter; as having most naturally expressed the special differences of painting from other forms of representation; the appearance of things and not their analysis being the special character of painting." Justi declares in the opening pages of his book: "Velasquez is one of those individualities that brook no comparison with any others. All attempts to sum up such persons in a single sentence end only in platitudes or hyperbole." And he quotes Charles Blanc: "Were painting but a second birth of Creation, then Velasquez would unquestionably be the first of painters." The distinguished historian of painters here seems to differ from the painter La Farge. Waagen did "not hesitate to pronounce him the greatest painter that has ever lived," without any conditions. Beulé called him the first of colorists; and Thoré, "the painter the most of a painter that ever was." Somewhat later Justi again quotes Charles Blanc as dubbing Velasquez the "Home Secretary of Nature," and he adds: "His works possess in a high degree that quality of originality which Palomino calls the 'canonization' of a work of art,"—an ingenious phrase. Ricketts quotes Jean-François Millet, who defined him as *un peintre de race*, and the French painter Ricard, who "at the time of Velasquez's first great vogue in the nineteenth century called him *le premier peintre de genre*." Of his latest portraits, Walter Armstrong says, in his "Art of Velasquez": "It is difficult to write about them. They are, all four, the outcome of more than forty years spent in exploring the possibilities of paint. They

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are all marked by the same miraculous skill in the management of silvery tones, by the building up of flesh by means so subtle and unerring that the eye is balked and disconcerted, and persuaded of the futility of its own attempts to analyze or imitate. The head of Philip, especially, sets all emulation at defiance. The pendulous anæmic flesh of a used-up *viveur*, of a *viveur* in whom propensity took the place of passion, and lethargy that of active vice, seems to be put upon canvas by a pure act of volition."

Señor de Beruete, in his scholarly work published at Paris in 1898, and with an introduction by Léon Bonnat in which that painter states that it is, and will remain, "the definite work on the great Spanish painter," defines his talent as "*viril et sérieux*" and as "marked by that supreme distinction which, under the forms of a pure naturalism, characterizes his inspired creations." The careful consideration of his works "one by one" demonstrates that he is "better than a naturalist. The accurate representation of the real, however skilful, however magistral it may be, does not impress us as do the works of the master. He was indeed the most powerful expression of the national art in this seventeenth century, which was so realistic; but he was, at the same time, in that which this movement had in accord with the Spanish race and the Spanish temperament, the most distinct representative of the art of the Renaissance which, before him, had never had its complete flowering in Spain. . . . Velasquez represented this naturalistic tendency of his race with as much vigor as did those of his contemporaries, such as Ribera or Zurbaran, who travelled the farthest on this road; but while remaining the most faithful interpreter of realism, he ennobled it and thus attained to the height of the great artists of the Renaissance. . . . What is it, then, that constitutes the essence of this genius? It is, in the first place, the constant perfection of the design; it is the harmony and the ponderation of the *ensemble*, it is, in fine, the exquisite refinement of his æsthetic taste, thanks to which the effigies of monsters and repugnant beggars interest us and captivate us, thanks to which the extravagant coiffures and the deformed vertugadins of the princesses enter into the domain of art, thanks to which such odious personages as the king's favorite, the Count-Duke Olivares, or such insignificant ones as Philip IV, become sympathetic and even imposing, thanks to which a scene as commonplace as that represented in the 'Meniñas' is ennobled until it becomes an incomparable masterpiece."

Naturally, these high encomiums not infrequently lead to those "hyperboles" which Justi wished to avoid, and to much "fine writing."

But naturalism, realism, are not unfailing passports to popular good-will, either among those who create or those who merely appreciate. The very, supreme, quality for which we have seen the painter extolled may, in many cases, serve to estrange. The difficulty—not infrequently unexpressed from prudential or timorous motives—which has been felt by many in comprehending this great modern movement, or demonstration, cannot perhaps be better set forth than in the words of a recent writer on this subject. "The art of Velasquez is a great puzzle for the student of painting, at least in the first years. That artist is accepted by competent critics as impeccable, as complete in all that the draftsman and the painter in oils need know, and as one of the most sincere and profound natures that have devoted themselves to art. And yet his pictures are found to have very little charm. They do not record an event, nor yet a legend, and so the first, most obvious, way to popularity is wanting; they deal with portraits or with themes not to be fully understood outside of Spain, or with subjects as hard to look into as Dürer's mysterious designs. And such grace as Raphael's is absent. The 'Forge of Vulcan' is without classical grace of form or charm of face, although Apollo is one of the personages; the god 'Mars' is a helmeted nude man—nothing more; the famous 'Mercury and Argus' has no Grecian atmosphere, no mediæval energy, no modern pathos. 'The Topers' (*Los Borrachos*) seems to defy rational interpretation, and is violent in its rendering of character. The court scenes are formal, stilted; even the famous picture of the 'Little Maids of Honor' (*Las Meniñas*), apart from its technical and purely artistic excellence, is a study of the ugliest costumes, giving the stiffest lines; and the strange horses with their conventional prancing action mar the royal portraits in which they appear.

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There is seldom an effect of deep and glowing color; never probably a gentle and pearly one. I remember well my first introduction to an important Velasquez, the 'Christ at the Pillar,' and the sad disappointment which seemed to await one whose memory was full of the charm of Venetian color. Indeed, it requires the maturity of one's judgment and experience to see in the work of Velasquez what it is that makes him great."

And he sums up philosophically: "In short, the student is not to be very much disturbed in his own enjoyment of art if he finds that he cannot take Velasquez for all the enthusiastic specialists claim for him. There is immeasurable joy to be got in the study of art without a full understanding of this exponent of pure technical painting."

This tendency to realistic rendering has been traced to a contemporary national trait, as evidenced both in the *bodegones*, kitchen scenes, still-lifes, etc., and in the religious paintings,—"regulated by church discipline," says La Farge, "these paintings never suggest anything but a natural impulse, and a wish to bring the facts to the eye of the religious mind. In that way, they are some of the truest expressions of religious feeling produced by art." "A prosaic corner," says Justi, "everywhere crops up in Spanish poetry and culture. By the side of the pale, gaunt steed of romanticism trots the ass of practical, popular realism." The realism of art is, of course (the nomenclature of art being nothing if not inexact), not absolute realism, which, as Stevenson said, if possible, would be a science and not an art.

Within narrower limits of the meaning of the term, we can understand the efforts to define the limitations of his art. Thus Justi: "Few others have given less rein to the play of fancy, or turned to such little account the opportunities of immortalizing beauty; few also have shown less sympathy with the yearnings of human nature for that unreal which consoles us for the realities of life." And Armstrong: "He seems never to have felt the slightest temptation to paint an abstract idea. No picture by him betrays the least inclination to moralize, sentimentalize, or preach. We cannot imagine any canvas of his bearing such a title as 'Love,' 'The Angel of Death,' or anything of that sort. His love of the concrete seems, indeed, to have been so exclusive that only in a few rare instances did he ever paint action. . . . As for strong emotion, the one picture in which he ventures upon anything of the kind is the 'Christ at the Pillar' of the National Gallery. It is no libel, then, to say that Velasquez got all his inspiration through his eye. You will search his works in vain for any signs of an attempt to enlarge the province of paint. He never tries to push the slightest action beyond the point to which the eye can follow it, for the horse of Don Balthazar is too frank a symbol to be an exception. He seems to have been as free as Frans Hals from the itching desire which has besieged most great painters to suggest ideas by running round them. What he could not say straight out, and with uncompromising directness, he did not care to say at all. He is therefore the most objective of all great painters, and his art consists more exclusively than any one else's of interpretation carried to the highest point."

Consequently he is one of the strongest of portraitists, being especially endowed with the ability to seize a speaking resemblance.

His pre-eminence established, it remains to discover, if possible, its sources, to trace those affinities, so dear to the schoolmen, between the conception and the technic of a painter and those of the earlier schools or his individual predecessors. In this instance some of the critics, as De Beruete, have not hesitated to declare that this supreme talent was largely self-formed; that still another of the great qualities of Velasquez was his independence. Any controlling influence of either of his two masters, Herrera and Pacheco, is practically denied; it is pointed out that that of the first, which some of his biographers, from the time of Ceán Bermudez, claim to have been decisive, must have been founded on a course of instruction of a few months only, for it was at the age of fourteen that Velasquez left his *atelier*. Between this turbulent and impetuous nature and the refined and restrained temperament of the young painter there could have been no sympathy. Justi and Armstrong quote Richard Ford: "The principles of Herrera's methods are to be traced in all the works of his pupil, improved indeed by a higher quality of touch and intention." The first thinks that this statement, though plausible, is open to some ob-

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jections; and the second, that the violence of the master soon scared away his pupil. According to Ricketts: "We can dismiss altogether the legend of Herrera's influence upon him," while Lefort, after summing up the supreme qualities of the pupil, concludes: "From whom, then, did Velasquez acquire all these if it were not from Herrera himself? We need search no farther; if it be absolutely necessary to find an ancestor for Velasquez, Herrera is assuredly that ancestor."

This writer, consequently, sets aside decisively any credit that may be claimed for Pacheco, and which, in fact, that master claimed for himself—appealing for confirmation of his opinion to Pacheco's timid and wooden manner of painting. Armstrong thinks, however, that to his careful advice Velasquez "no doubt owed much of his delicate and unerring draftsmanship."

Mr. Walter Armstrong finds that in some of the works of his middle period, "Bolognese influence—or, to be more particular, the influence of Guido—is unmistakable." The "Forge of Vulcan" and the "Christ at the Pillar," in particular, he qualifies as "Guido-fed productions." In another place he divides this honor with Poussin; in the works of these two dissimilar painters "he would find his own system carried out with less skill, indeed, but with an added boldness which he may have found suggestive." De Beruete states that these analogies exist only "*à fleur de toile*." "The sincerity and the fundamental simplicity of Velasquez are entirely opposed to the mannerism of the Bolognese painter." Another source of inspiration has been found in the works of Luis Tristan, of Toledo, one of the best pupils of El Greco. This was first discovered by Palomino, and repeated by Ceán Bermudez. Sir William Maxwell-Stirling accepted it unreservedly; Cruzada Villaamil and many others asserted it till it became almost an article of faith. Armstrong states that this influence "probably counted for something in his development." Mr. Ricketts waxes sarcastic: "Just as all critics are delighted when they can prove Vasari to have been wrong, so most writers upon Velasquez have sought to underestimate the testimony and example of Pacheco. They have therefore imagined the influence of Herrera and Luis Tristan—names that sound well since their work is generally unknown." Justi says that Velasquez had already developed his first style when he saw the works of Tristan at Toledo on his way to Madrid; Lefort's opinion is that this pretended influence has "*tout l'air d'une légende*"; and De Beruete thinks it "incomprehensible that such a hypothesis could have so long maintained itself." The latter, however, accepts the probability of the influence of El Greco, which has been maintained since Palomino, but limits it to "the addition of certain qualities of this extraordinary artist to those which Velasquez already had." Ricketts "dismisses" this legend "with reluctance."

There is somewhat more unanimity of opinion concerning the effect upon Velasquez of Rubens's visit to Madrid, on a diplomatic mission, in 1628. Several of the earlier writers, Villaamil among them, and one or two of the moderns, have discovered traces of the Flemish painter's free and opulent style in the severer one of the Spaniard —notably in *Los Borrachos*, "The Topers."

To Velasquez's admiration for the Venetians there is a good deal of testimony. Palomino records that "he was much pleased with the paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo, and other artists of that school; therefore he drew incessantly the whole time he was there." Boschini relates that he met him one day in the ducal palace absorbed in admiration before Tintoretto's great work, the "Paradise," in the Gran Consiglio. De Beruete concludes, from the "Forge of Vulcan" and "Joseph's Coat," that the artistic atmosphere in which he moved in Italy contributed to enlarge his horizon and to give more *finesse* to his color and more suppleness to his brush work. The doubter in this case is Armstrong: "So far as we can judge, he may never have pondered before the Titians collected by Charles V and Philip II at all."

The profitlessness of all this minute and painstaking research is sometimes felt even by the scholars themselves. "It is not necessary to seek the origin of the style of the first works of Velasquez in any outside influence whatever," says De Beruete, "but simply in the special temperament of the painter."

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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From a drawing by C. F. Peters.

"I WISH YOU'D TELL ME WHY OUR FAMILIES DON'T GET ON?"

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